F. Pierce

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THE

LIFE AND TIMES

OF

GEORGE FOSTER PIERCE, D.D., LL.D.

Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South

WITH HIS

SKETCH OF LOVICK PIERCE, D.D., HIS FATHER

BY

GEORGE G. SMITH

North Georgia Conference

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF METHODISM IN GEORGIA;" "LIFE AND LETTERS OF JAMES O. ANDREW"

WITH

INTRODUCTION BY ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD, D.D.

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ANN M. PIERCE

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MRS. BISHOP PIERCE.

To

MRS. ANN M. PIERCE

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED AT THE SPECIAL INSTANCE OF
HER LOVING CHILDREN, AND WITH THE
GENUINE AFFECTION OF
THE AUTHOR

PREFACE.

I HAVE endeavored to let Bishop Pierce tell his own story; I have not been able to put into the compass of these pages all I would have been glad to have published. The tributes of Dr. Lipscomb, of Dr. Haygood and others, I am obliged to omit; and the touching story of his life in California, as told by his cherished friend Dr. Fitzgerald, by an accident in mailing reached me too late for the printer.

I have not done the work hastily, but as speedily as I could.

I have left much unsaid, and yet the book is larger than is usual. I do not think my readers will complain of its length. I am much indebted to my friends Lovick Pierce, the son, and the bishop's daughters for efficient help in preparing the book, and .to Ruth and Ethel, the bishop's granddaughters, for very kind service. I am sorry my good friend Dr. Haygood takes so little space for his introduction, which I hoped would have been much longer.

I have been intensely interested in compiling and editing the book, and trust my readers will be so in reading it.

GEORGE G. SMITH.

VINEVILLE, MACON, GA.,
September, 1888.

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INTRODUCTION.

I LONG hoped that it might be my privilege to prepare for publication a volume in honor of two men, honored and loved by me as I could honor and love but few men. It would have been so much a work of gratitude to them that nothing I could have done in writing the lives of "the Pierces, father and son," could have satisfied me, to say nothing of others. For to these two men, great and good and loving, both of them, I owe much; they were, in many ways, above all by the inspiration to me to try to be a man that was in them, helpful when I most needed the help of wise and good people.

From 1860 to the time of their translation, I was much with Dr. Pierce and his son, our late senior bishop. I knew them both as well, perhaps, as one man can know other men. They were greatest and best the more intimately they were known; these men lost rather than gained by distance.

I was Dr. Pierce's assistant, "junior preacher," in the first "appointment" I received, Pierce Chapel, Columbus, Ga., and Girard, Ala., 1860. The half of nearly every Monday and Saturday was spent in the "old doctor's" study; most profoundly did his monologues concerning Bible teaching, Methodist history and doctrine and religious experience affect the whole course of my own life. My second appointment was Sparta, Ga., Bishop Pierce's family being in my pastoral charge. The affectionate intimacies begun during these years never ceased, they never will. I was often at the bishop's house, the venerable father always the centre of interest; they were often at my house. We were together

in travel, in preaching, in church work of many sorts, in scenes sad and scenes joyful, in differences and agreements, in public and in private. From the time I knew them till they left us, conversations and letters were as frequent as opportunity allowed. And as to-night I look back and think of them through all these years, having seen much of of them both in public and in private life, on great occasions and very small ones, I am sure they now seem to me greatest in private life.

In the truest and best sense these men are as much ours as they ever were. We do not lose our friends because they go out of the body. Indeed they are more ours out of the body than in it. If for no other reason, because we know them better.

There is a subtle philosophy here that I cannot put into words, and that I do not wish others, if they could, to put into words for me ; but I am none the less sure of the truth. Our disembodied friends are made manifest to our spiritual vision, which is the true seeing, as they could not be when we looked upon their natural bodies with our natural eyes. Then we saw them "as in a glass darkly." If we also were out of the body we would now "see them face to face."

Those who ever truly knew Bishop Pierce and his father, know them better now than they ever knew them. Had Jesus continued in the flesh his disciples could never have known "him as he is." It was "expedient for them that he should go away." And this is true of all good people ; true as to those who go hence and for those who stay here.

What a vast reach of Methodist and American history Dr. Pierce lived and witnessed ! When he began, most of Georgia was inhabited by Indians, and Methodism in America was represented by a few feeble Conferences, for the most part hugging the Atlantic coast. When he fell on sleep Methodism was rooted and grounded almost round the world ; it had spread nearly over the North American continent, the great movement in Mexico and Central America beginning during his last years among us. He had been active and use-

ful as a preacher—he would not wish me to write of him "minister," or "clergyman"—for nearly seventy-five years, when he went to heaven, to enter upon other and "greater works." He was full of confidence for the future of Methodism; not because it was Methodism, but because he truly believed that Christianity would itself take and hold this world.

Bishop Pierce did not labor so long, but as much as his father. Fifty years and more he was in the fore-front of every battle. Where the fight was hottest, there we always found him. He served, not more faithfully than his father, that could not be, but in a greater variety of labors. Preacher, college agent, college president, bishop, he was "in labors more abundant," always doing the best he could at the time.

The father knew better than the son how to economize his strength; Dr. Pierce "preached every chance he got," but he was more prudent in caring for his health. The bishop's splendid constitution served him so well that the need of sparing himself he did not apprehend till the time had passed. But this is true: if over-work really shortened his stay among us, the fault was more ours than his. He did not spare himself, nor did the Church spare him. He was always wanted "when he could be had." Many times during his last ten years among us he was earnestly and lovingly chided for not taking better care of himself; preachers and people begged him to rest and ended their exhortation by urging him to do some special work for them. Many said of him: "He is working himself to death." While "the old doctor," nearing his century line, was yet with us, we were wont to think of the son as a young man; when the father was gone, we suddenly discovered that the son was himself already an old man and we had not known it.

Far be it from me to judge one of Christ's servants, who, for half a century, in the love of God and man, did his best to make the world better, and did nothing else. It were a thousand times better to burn out with over-work than to rust away in the slow combustion of inglorious ease and self-

indulgence. Enough of us are "taking care of ourselves;" few enough of us can say, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," or so much as know what the words mean.

A reminiscence may be pardoned here. Bishop Pierce was by so many, and with such insistence and iteration, urged to spare himself that he was sometimes annoyed, particularly by those who were most assiduous and successful in taking care of themselves. When a lazy man exhorted him to rest, it vexed him.

It is but just to Bishop Pierce to give his latest words upon the subject of his over-working himself. Monday September 2, 1884, before the following Wednesday that he left us, he said to me that it was true that during that last summer he had sometimes preached when he should not. But that same day he gave his deliberate judgment of the matter, as it concerned his general course of conduct. When a friend, not this writer, remarked in his presence, "He has worn himself out," he answered, with a force of words and manner, not to be forgotten by those who were at his bedside:

"I have not over-done it. I have only gone on in the regular drift of duty. I have not made occasions, some of them I have resisted; I went as far as I could and stopped."

We cannot measure the worth of such men as Bishop Pierce and his father. When a mere money-getter winds up it is easy to measure him. A few figures give the sum-total of his life and his product. But we have no gauges for measuring results in the spiritual sphere. The good and the evil that men do cannot be compressed into or expressed by statistical tables. And it is a dull sort of blunder to try to do it. As well try to weigh in balances the perfume of flowers or the music of songs. We only know that these two great and good men threw the whole of their rich lives into the work of Christ Jesus among men. Thousands of us here have, in many senses, entered into their labors; for many thousands the world is different because these Pierces lived in it so long and so well, and for many thousands eternity will be different for their sakes.

Of their peculiar gifts, their marked resemblances and their striking differences, their personal qualities as to nerves and temperament, their intellectual and moral characteristics, their methods of study, of thought, and of preaching, I make no estimate here. These things are, for those who did not know them while still in the flesh, best studied in this volume, which tells of them in the best way. For the most part they tell their own story.

If there is less concerning "the old doctor" than he deserves or than the Church expected, it must be remembered that he kept no diary, and all the men and women, with few exceptions, who knew his first fifty years, left the world before him. Of those who could tell us of the first quarter or third of his century all are gone. We know these years were crowded with great labors, great in quantity and in quality; somewhere between 1830 and 1840 he attended seven camp-meetings in as many weeks. But the story has only one record; it is on high.

By the bishop's desire I preached at the burial of his father's body; by the request of the bishop's family I preached when his worn and wasted frame was laid away. If I could I would have fulfilled my promise made to the bishop, Sunday night, September 1, 1884, as he lay on his last bed, to "write the life of his father." Providence, not my choice, has ordered otherwise. Both men I honored and loved as long as they were on the earth; both I honor and love all the more since they went away and I could know them more perfectly; both I expect to love and honor forever.

I am very glad that the work of preparing this volume fell to one both men loved and honored much. He was near them in many ways and knew them in many sympathetic relations. Many gifts and providences have fitted my long-time friend and brother, the author and editor of this book, to do this work better than any other could have done it.

The Church will read this volume with growing profit; to young preachers it should be an education and an inspira-

tion. The biography of a useful man must itself be useful; that the biography of these two Pierces—I write it so, for one story tells of both men—cannot be written to the satisfaction of those who knew them best, is nobody's fault. The difficulty is in the subject and its conditions. Here are great lives full of work of an altogether noble sort; the records are meagre; and the popular imagination has already idealized them.

Four years and one day have passed since the son, our late senior bishop, rested from the work we had seen him toiling at so long; it may well be that he has done more and better work, and without toil or fatigue, during these four years and a day, than in all the years and days that went before.

ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD.

DECATUR, Ga., September 4, 1888.

LIFE AND TIMES

OF

GEORGE F. PIERCE.

CHAPTER I.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

Bishop Pierce's Sketch of his Father—Section I.: General Remarks—Section II.: Parents—The Family—Thomas Darley—Jimmy Jenkins—Barnwell—The Awakening and Conversion—Lovick Preaches—The Removal to Georgia—The Brothers Recommended to Conference—Admitted and Appointed to Work—Pedee Circuit—George Dougherty, Dr. Pierce's Recollections of Him—Simeon's Skeletons—Apalachee Circuit—Colonel George Foster—Ann the Daughter—Stationed in Augusta — Depression — Recovery — Columbia, South Carolina — Oconee District—Marriage—Section III.: Bishop Pierce's Sketch of Lovick and Reddick Pierce.

BISHOP PIERCE attempted to write the life of his father. He wrote four short chapters, which I have presented, if not in the order in which they were written, yet substantially unchanged. These chapters give us a view of the father to his twenty-first year, when he entered upon his second year's work in the ministry as a preacher on the Apalachee Circuit. The manuscript has four chapters. The first, which is here given entire, is headed:

SECTION I.—GENERAL REMARKS.

The life of a preacher is commonly so tranquil and uniform as to furnish but few incidents for the pen of a biographer. The story of a single year, with its labors and services, is sub-

stantially a statement of facts which embraces a long career. The itinerant system, with all its changes of place and appointment, has so little of variety in its scenes and associations as to realize, after all, well nigh the monotony of a settled pastorate. The Church is a unit—the work is the same, and whether the minister fills a mission, or a station, a circuit, or a district, his line of action is formulated by an established order. Hence the history of one man is the history of another, and of all. Superior talent, eminent service, general popularity may invest one man's services with an éclat not common to his brethren, but there is often not enough of romance and adventure, of anecdote and incident to constitute the materials of an interesting narrative.

The majority of readers are attracted by what is brilliant in character and daring in action, rather than by the less splendid achievements of faith and piety. The hero with his garments rolled in blood; the statesman in the halls of legislation, protecting industry by law, stimulating commerce by opening new channels of trade, or in the councils of the cabinet scheming for empire, these are applauded while they live, and their fame perpetuated in the records of the nation. The servant of Christ, however, distinguished by all that is holy and useful, must wait for his honors in the revelations of eternity, and expect the due estimate of his labors only as they are written in the tablets of heaven.

By private letters and personal appeals, by resolutions of conferences and other Methodist associations, I have been urged to write the life of my father, the Rev. Lovick Pierce. As the first-born of his house and his companion more than any other member of his family, and his fellow-laborer in the ministry for well nigh fifty years, the task, with some propriety, devolves on me. Yet I have hesitated. My physical condition, taken in connection with my official duties, frequent and long absences from home, the weariness when I returned, enjoining rest, the correspondence which had accumulated and must be attended to, and in all candor my aversion to writing, all these things have made me pause.

Now that I am vocally disabled and cannot occupy the pulpit as aforetime, the thought has occurred to me that the best thing I can do will be, in this interval of a very active life, to execute the task providentially assigned to me.

The great trouble inheres in the work to be done. Dr. Pierce was a man of mark—he filled a large place in the world and he occupied it a long time. He impressed himself with power upon public interests and had a large share in the confidence and affections of the people. He lived to a great age, but his ministry was fresh—*that* never grew old. He never commanded more attention than in the last years of his life. Indeed, not only did the Church and the world render to him the homage and veneration due to his extreme age and long service, but they heard him with a zest and wonder and admiration unsurpassed even in the meridian of his strength. The writer cannot meet public expectation by any record of his life. Not to stress my incapacity for the work (though I feel it sensibly), no one could realize the public ideal, strange to say, mainly for lack of material.

My father kept no diary, no journal. There are no facts, or dates, or records outside of fragmentary notices in the public prints and the Conference minutes. My own memory is the sole depository on which I can draw I persuaded him, twenty years ago, to write an autobiography. This he did at great length—not so much a narrative of himself, however, as a comment upon his times. This document was unfortunately left in Columbus when he came to live permanently with me; and in the confusion of the war and the removal of his furniture from place to place, this, with other manuscripts, was mislaid and cannot be found. This loss is irretrievable; all the more so, when we remember through how many strata of modern civilization a man must have passed, who lived in the world nearly ninety-five years. The comments and reflections of a mind observant and philosophic would have been invaluable in the work before me. In the absence of such a record, or any substitute corresponding to it, the writer is wholly dependent upon his personal recollections.

During my father's sojourn in my family, it was one of our nightly pastimes to induce him to talk of the past. He was never garrulous, did not live in the years gone by, like other old men. He lived in the present and scanned the future almost with a prophet's eye. Current events, the prospects ahead, these were the staple of his thoughts and the topics of his conversation. He was well-nigh always serious and meditative, yet for his own relief and for the entertainment of his grandchildren, he would indulge in reminiscences of his boyhood and his early ministry. He enjoyed these interviews very much, and my children and children's children will never forget how "old grandfather" at once amused and instructed them in these fireside talks. He and I alternated in our morning and evening devotions, and these episodes fell in on this wise: As we rose from our knees and resumed our seats, with sparkling eyes and face aglow, he would say: "George, the psalm you read to-night carried me back to my beginning. In 1806 I heard George Dougherty preach one of his mighty sermons" on such a verse, quoting it and telling of the wonderful results. Then he would dilate upon the preacher, in his judgment the greatest man in all Southern Methodism. Starting thus he would describe scenes, narrate incidents, illustrating men, society, and the times. Out of these scraps I must write the following history. As the story comes down to the days of my own majority, I shall be less dependent on mere memory.

Once more my filial relations will embarrass my pen. Suffice it to say, whatever my heart might prompt and however partial affection might tinge my conceptions, it is not my purpose to write a eulogy. Nevertheless, I shall write with freedom, assured that the strongest thing I may say will find its endorsement in the concurrent verdict of his generation. I shall outline my father's character literally, truly, without exaggeration and without concealment. Thank God, in a thorough analysis of character and an intimate knowledge of private and public life there is nothing to hide, nothing to be ashamed of. There were infirmities, some

weak points here and there, but these leaned to virtue's side and were attributes of which others were the beneficiaries, while he was the victim. I never knew a purer man. I claim for him no "perfection." He did not profess it as an attainment in his Christian experience, even while he taught it as a doctrine of the Bible and of Methodism. Indeed, while often highly demonstrative in his religious emotions, he was reticent and reserved as to any strong declarations about himself. His convictions were strong, his principles deep-rooted and controlling, his habits regulated by a tender, discriminating conscience. There were no chasms nor spasms in his religious life. All was steady, consistent, equable, save as physical causes might effect moods of mere sensibility. Conduct always responded to the claims of duty, as the dial to the sun. He was not religious simply in the gross aggregate of life, but apprehended Christian principle in its most subtle refinements and most delicate application. His eye was single, and to please God in all things so steadily aimed at, that he was independent of all emotional conditions. Sometimes he mounted up on wings as an eagle, but when the flight was ended and experience had subsided to its ordinary level, his religious character was so adjusted and sustained, that, if he ran, he was not weary, and if he walked, he did not faint. The motive power in him worked efficiently under every degree of pressure, and the heavenward movement knew no pause and was equal to every burden and every emergency. Next to his personal salvation, the purity of the Church was his chief concern. Every other subject was of transient interest. Family affairs, political events, financial convulsions, could neither turn nor check the current of his thoughts. The policy of the Church, its discipline and administration, ministerial fidelity, revivals, expansion of circuits taking in new ground, Sunday-schools, Christian education, these were the themes which absorbed him. Of them he never wearied. To meet with a man like-minded, from whom he could learn something, or whom he could impress, was the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

These points will all come out in fuller development as the narrative of his life unfolds. If the telling of what he was and what he did may be made useful to the great interests for which he labored so long, I shall feel that I have furnished an appropriate sequel to a noble, consecrated life.

SECTION II.—PARENTS.

Philip Pierce, my grandfather, whom I remember well, was a plain man, of fine physique, an open, magnetic face, in repose with a thoughtful, rather serious expression, but when he smiled, radiant and beautiful. He commanded the reverence of his entire family by the dignity of his manner, and the instinctive impression of latent power, a power to be feared, if he were offended or unduly aroused. He was a quiet, peaceable man in all the relations of life, amiable, affectionate, full of sympathy, and always ready to work, but somehow deficient in those qualities which insure success in business pursuits. He was thriftless; he never prospered in the world, never accumulated property, he never owned slaves, whether from poverty or conscience I never knew. He had very little education, but had a vigorous, incisive intellect, one inclined to be phlegmatic, needing occasion and stimulus for its activity. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor yet bread to the wise, neither riches to men of understanding, nor favor to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all." God governs the world and dispenses the bounties of providence according to his wise and sovereign will. The causes of failure among men are often apparent, easy to understand. Want of judgment, lack of promptness, irregular action, deficient labor, attempting too much, all, or any of these, entail defeat. Yet often quick, ready, strong men, wise men, men of understanding are thwarted, disappointed, embarrassed all their days by the intervention of incidents and occurrences unexpected and unmanageable. The touch of some men will turn the clod into gold, while another fails to find it in a

mine. Making money is a gift. Some are highly endowed with it, and rapidly accumulate fortunes, while others can hardly wring a living by incessant toil out of the most favorable conditions. Poverty (not pauperism) seems to have been an heirloom in our generations. Short incomes, meagre support, a simple, decent living has been the best we could do.

When I first knew my grandfather he was old and disabled, incapable of manual labor, and the family was sustained by the needle of the daughters and the pen of the youngest son. The two older sons and two of the daughters were married and had families of their own, and lived far away. All the circumstances of the house were humble, but the members were honest and industrious, and were recognized respectfully by the best society. The youngest brother, Everett Hamilton Pierce, was a Secretary in the Executive Department of the State of Georgia, under Troup, Forsyth, and Gilmer.

Lydia Pierce, the mother, was a rare woman, of small stature and delicate organization, and in her youth of great beauty. My father greatly resembled her in head and face. She had a bright black eye, brilliant at fourscore, an open brow of unusual height and configuration for a woman, and a mind quick, sharp, humorous, ready in repartee, and capable of pungent expression. Her education was scanty, and her reading limited largely to the Bible. She thought profoundly and expressed herself with great propriety. From her I think my father derived both his moral and mental qualities. The husband died in a good old age, but she survived him many years. Perhaps my father's longevity, his wonderful power of endurance, came also from the maternal side. The whole family were intellectual, quick to learn, comprehending facts and principles readily. Dr. Pierce says of them:

"My father and mother were sprightly and affable, cheerful and happy. They were of that class of poor people whose views and feelings in points of propriety always belonged to the higher order of aspirations and views. From

them we inhaled only pure and lofty aspirations in as far as incentives to any human virtue were involved.

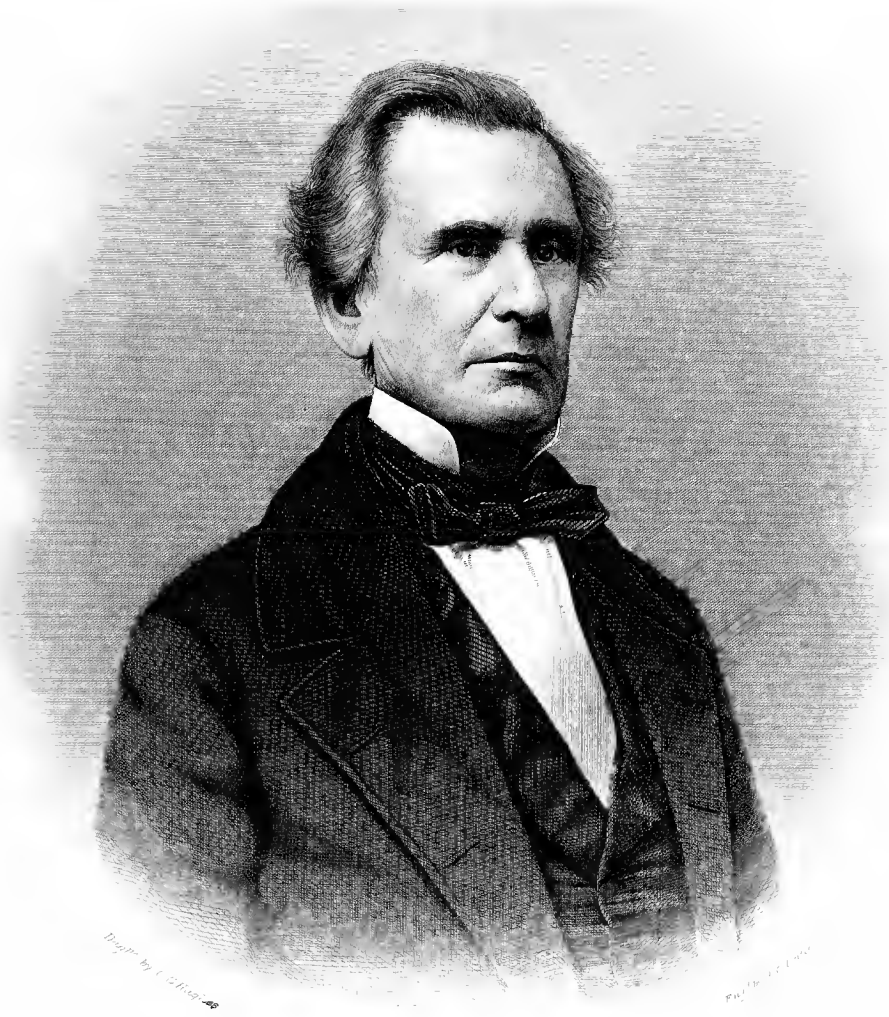
"They were models of industry. That work was honorable, as it was necessary and useful, was an axiom in our house, and the precious leaven of it has, in a good degree, leavened the whole lump. There has never been one of our blood that was constitutionally lazy. I am glad I was born of working parents." The Bishop continues:

"The Rev. Lovick Pierce was born on March 24, 1785, in Halifax County, N. C. He was the son of Philip and Lydia Pierce, and was, I believe, the fifth child in a family of nine—three sons and six daughters. Of his ancestry very little is known; the tradition is that two brothers, perhaps three, came to this country from England. Two settled in the North and one came South. Of him (the grandfather) nothing is known. Philip, the son, married Miss Lydia Culpepper in Portsmouth, Va. The young couple settled on Roanoke River, in Halifax County, N. C. The family was humble, poor, and lived by personal daily labor. The absence of all records, memoranda, and traditions indicate the obscurity of all who had borne the name and the hopeless resignation of their descendants to their seemingly destined lot. While my father was yet a boy, the family removed to Barnwell District, S. C., and located on Tinker's Creek, about twenty miles below Augusta, Ga. The country was new, sparsely settled, and society ignorant, rude, and vicious. The streams were full of fish and the woods abounded with game, especially deer. I have heard my father say that he had often seen forty and fifty wagons pass his home, all laden with deerskins, en route to Charleston. Venison, horns, and hides were the staple articles for trade and barter. Hunting was the chief occupation of men and boys. Agriculture was largely limited to bread-corn. The cotton patch, though a necessity in family use, was a small affair. The cotton, when picked, was relieved of the seed by the fingers of the women and children as they sat around the fireside by night. The lint was then carded, spun, wove, and dyed, all at

home. Out of the material thus provided the family were clad. This was common among the people, indeed an universal custom; cotton was not raised for market at all. What a revolution the cotton-gin has made! General living was rough but easy. The streams and the forest supplied the meat, and the virgin soil responded generously to the plough and the hoe. Wants were few and simple, and both the labors and pastimes of the people allowed ample leisure for social life. Reddick Pierce was two years older than his brother Lovick, but they grew up together, companions in sport and toil, very unlike in person and mental characteristics, and yet wedded to each other in indissoluble fellowship. Of course they fell in with the manners, customs, and habits of the settlement in which they dwelt. Both became experts in the use of the gun. In this Lovick excelled, especially in the use of the rifle, which was his favorite instrument, even down to old age. When I was a boy his exploits in this line were marvellous to me, nor did this cunning forsake his hand until his eye waxed dim.

"In those days the waters were translucent, and gigging trout by torchlight was a favorite sport. I have heard these brothers tell of their adventures by day and night, and the memories of those simple times seemed to refresh them under the burdens of manhood's middle day, and even when hoary hairs had crowned their honored heads. Hunting, fishing, working in the field, filled up the time. Of books, there were none; the newspaper was a thing unknown; schools were few and far between, and of lowest grade. There was no stimulus to thought, no outlet for ambition; and mind and energy could only expand themselves in channels which barred all improvement, and left the young to renew and perpetuate the history of the old. The state of religion conformed to the existing order of things. It might be an interesting question, whether the social status was determined by the prevalent type of religion, or whether the type of religion inspired and shaped the social condition of the people. The influence was doubtless reciprocal. The

history of the times is so scanty as to leave us in doubt as to which priority belongs in the way of an active moulding agency. Society was, however, homogeneous. Public opinion was a compound of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry. The ministers of the Gospel gloried in their ignorance, because knowledge was considered a bar to that inspiration which they claimed for their pulpit performances. The people, benighted by their superstitions, accepted without inquiry the deliverances of their teachers as the dicta of the Holy Spirit. Both parties, well satisfied with themselves and their creed, became exclusive, malignant, and rejoicing in what they esteemed a goodly heritage; felt no pity for others less favored, and repelled with violence and scorn every intimation of a better way. Hence the introduction of Methodism, an antipodal system in doctrine, spirit, and practice, was the signal for the bitterest, most unrelenting persecution. In this better day we have no conception of the hate, the denunciation, the vengeance which was stirred up. All the vials of wrath were uncorked and the contents emptied, with hands and tongues that never slacked, upon the vile heretical intruders. The Primitive Baptists, better known as 'Hard Shells,' then as now distinguished by all that is peculiar and distinctive in that denomination, dominated the country. They held and preached the boldest ironclad Calvinism. Predestination; absolute, universal, eternal election; hopeless reprobation, and immersion and final perseverance—these were the points in every discourse, and the staple of general conversation. They accepted this stern theology with all its logical sequences. Imputed righteousness was substituted for personal morality and obedience. Immersion was the sign and seal of election. If sin defiled their profession, they charged the act upon 'the flesh,' for which they claimed a large indulgence as one of the privileges of the saints. The knowledge of sins forgiven they denounced as presumptuous phariseeism. The witness of the Spirit they ignored and denied, both as a doctrine and an experience. Drunkenness was a vice common to the clergy and the Church, and the



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privilege of drinking liquor at will was asserted to be a natural and constitutional right, inalienable and most precious. The physical effects in those days were not so sudden and pernicious as now, when men are drinking the vile compounds of the chemist and the fraudulent manufacturer, but the moral effects were gross and degrading. The militia muster, twice in the year, was the great holiday, when the people gathered *en masse;* then liquor flowed freely, and the scene was enlivened by fist and skull battles, which multiplied as the hours passed on, and the day wound up oftentimes in a general mêlée of the drinking and the drunken.

"None of my father's family were members of the Church. All, however, from the force of their surroundings, affiliated with the sentiments and prejudices of the Baptists. My grandfather, whom I remember very well, was a quiet man, reticent in conversation and inclined to repose, but capable, when roused, of intense excitement and of bitter prejudice. The stagnation of thought and sensibility which resulted from an extreme Calvinistic theology harmonized with his leading characteristics, and he resisted and resented all disturbance. Hence when the Methodist preachers came along with 'another gospel,' with new ideas, with intense personal appeals, dealing much in the terrors of the Lord and calling upon every man to work out his own salvation, he was stirred with a hearty indignation. They outraged his notions, spoiled his creed, disturbed his self-satisfied rest. He became very hostile in his feelings, and for a long season refused to hear them at all. . The family, however, were put under no interdict.

"The first Methodist sermon my father ever heard was delivered by Rev. James Jenkins. He was a son of thunder, and preached a gospel of fire and power. Under that sermon Reddick and Lovick Pierce were awakened. Who can estimate the results of that day's work? How little the preacher knew of the good he had done! Just then there was nothing visible to distinguish the scene from what was common in the daily experience of these early preachers: a log-house, a

congregation of poor, obscure people; an unlettered preacher, but full of zeal and faith, expecting the presence and unction of the Holy Ghost upon the word, the power of God revealed in awakening and conversion. This seemed to be all, and this was the history of wellnigh every day. No man could forecast the possibilities of the future. Yet out of that little humble woodland throng came two ministers, men of might, one of whom lived to preach the Gospel for fifty, and the other for seventy-four years."

Dr. Pierce says, in his recollections: "We were both awakened to a sense of sin; both proceeded right on in the search of religion, both obtained it, and both became itinerant Methodist preachers; were both admitted on trial the same day in Charleston, S. C., during Christmas holidays in December, 1804. I suppose we were the first young men ever known in those days to become religious, and—especially under Methodist views of religion—to aim to live without sinning.

"I joined the Church in the summer of 1802. The circuit was under the care of Thomas Darley, assisted by John Campbell. Campbell took me in, my father and mother and oldest sister having joined three weeks before, under Darley. I was converted in August, 1803, Darley on the circuit. On that day was seen the introduction of that moral power that characterized the first decade of the century—the sudden falling down of sinners as the first sign of conviction, which event almost always issued in a clear and manifest conversion. I was never the subject of this power only in a limited degree."

The Bishop says: "After I entered the ministry and was stationed in Charleston, I occasionally met 'Jimmy Jenkins,' as he was familiarly called. He was then old, broken down, superannuate; but the fire of his youth still burned in his bones. He commonly declined to preach in the city, but would conclude service with prayer. And such praying! Soul, voice, strength, all went in. The sound was as the roar of a tempest, ablaze with lightning, and pealing with thunder. I gazed upon the old man with a holy awe, and felt that his speech was a benediction. He was one of 'the

thundering legion' who saved this country from French atheism and from the debauchery of universal dissipation. All honor to the fiery old saint, whose courage and fidelity, whose faith and zeal pioneered the Church in the wilderness, and helped to bring her into 'a large and wealthy place,' a goodly heritage of honor, influence, and usefulness.

"The brothers—young, ignorant, without books or examples or instructors—wandered long in darkness. Under deep conviction for sin, they could only weep and pray. Lovick was in his sixteenth year. Reddick was two years older. But neither could help the other. How they longed for the preacher to come again, that he might tell them words whereby they could be saved. They were strictly what the old Methodists called 'mourners.' Under deep conviction, afraid of God, upbraided by their own conscience, isolated, forlorn—what a blessing an intelligent believer, who had himself passed through the process of salvation, would have been to these weary, wretched penitents! In all the range of their acquaintance, none such were to be found. They fasted, they wept, they prayed, and communed in the solitude of the troubles peculiar to themselves. The preacher was off on his circuit, and no sympathizing friend was at hand to guide their doubtful, tottering steps. But they tottered on, tempted, cast-down, ready to faint, yet resolved. Reddick, after months of struggle, was the first to find deliverance. Lovick wandered on in darkness for near two years. Strange to say, I never heard my father relate his experience in its details. Nothing more than general statements did I ever hear from him either in private talk or public discourse. Modesty and reserve marked all his communications when himself was the theme. He never magnified his attainments in grace under the guise of professing what the Lord had done for him. A low view of his religious condition was common to him through all the stages of his long life. The explanation is, not that he walked in darkness, or lived irregularly, or fluctuated in desire or purpose or enjoyment, but that he was always conscious of the disparity between what he was

and his ideal conception of a pure and perfect Christianity He said to me once, in a free conversation, speaking of his life and labors, 'After all, in looking to the future, I stand abashed at the thought of the holiness of God,' and added, 'Watson's dying declaration that he felt like "a worm crawling into the presence of his Maker," expresses the view and the feeling ever present with me.' Here is the key to this comparative silence about what he felt or had attained. He was dumb, but his light shined and was its own interpreter. If he shouted in the fulness of his rapture, as he often did, no one who knew him felt surprise, as if a strange thing had come to pass. It was not inconsistent with his life and spirit and conversation. It was not an annex to his character—something added for a purpose and a time—but the legitimate outgrowth. It was the well of living water rising up to everlasting life. Everybody felt that 'praise was comely for the upright.' That long, mellow shout of his, so full of soul and hope and heaven, can never be forgotten by those who heard it. I heard Dr. Few once say, 'There was a thrill and power in it which belonged to no other human sound.'

"In the outset of his religious life there were occasional clouds upon his sky. Assurance flickered. The young convert had not learned to discriminate his own mental moods. A little abatement of feeling, the absence of positive conscious joy, alarmed and distressed him, albeit there had been no neglect of duty and no commission of sin. He never doubted his conversion, but sometimes mourned the loss of grace as some flitting shadow fell upon his spirit. This tenderness and apprehension are, after all, moral safeguards. They are not to be depreciated, certainly not rudely crushed. They need intelligent regulation, and then they become both healthy stimulants and, at need, wholesome restraints.

"The conversion of these boys was the first great quickening impulse in my grandfather's household. This gracious event changed the whole current of thought. New ideas of life, this life, religious life, and the life to come, came like

rain upon thirsty soil. It was the agitation of a stagnant atmosphere. The change inspired hope, roused ambition, and projected life-plans upon a higher plane. The family was brought into new associations with better people, a higher class—higher, not in finances and culture, but in morals, sentiments—a better creed and of purer life. One by one the parents and the sisters came into the Church, the father, I think, last of all. These boy-converts became active workers in the Church straightway. Reddick was soon licensed as an exhorter; Lovick was appointed class-leader in the little society to which they belonged. The Hard Shells had denounced the Methodists as heretics, false prophets, deceivers of the people, sorcerers who flung their spells upon all who came near them, and the excitements which attended their meetings as wildfire enthusiasm, hypocrisy—all more to be dreaded than the frogs of Egypt. With a full knowledge of what they might expect, on a certain Sabbath the brothers went with the family to one of the monthly meetings at the old accustomed place. The preacher was an old man, greatly admired and beloved by his people, an oracle of wisdom in their estimation. As usual, Methodism was the target of all his arrows; they flew thick and fast, barbed and poisoned. When he had delivered his message he concluded by remarking that if anyone in the congregation wished to add a word, the privilege would be allowed them. For a moment silence reigned, when the older brother, to the utter consternation of the younger, rose and commenced a fiery exhortation. He spoke with all the fervor of his first love, feeling that Providence and the Spirit had furnished the opportunity and called him to work for the Master and for souls. With close-shut eyes, as if he would hide from his vision all that might embarrass him, and with stentorian voice he poured out the terrors of the law and the invitations of the Gospel. Soon the power of God came upon the people, and they fell from their seats till the floor was covered with their prostrate bodies. Screams and prayers and shouts from the awestruck crowd mingled in wild confusion. The voice of

the speaker, unbroken, rung clear and distinct above the roar of the multitude. Many leaped out at the windows and fled in dismay. The exercises went on till the slant shadows of the evening grew long and warned them of approaching night. When the storm had lulled and the old preacher was about to retire, he rose, wiping his eyes, and said: 'Well, brethren, we have seen strange things to-day, and I can but own the presence of God.' This scene was inexplicable by any of the cant theories then current. A beardless boy, one of themselves, a neighbor's son, well known among them, had come right into their camp, their own meeting-house, on the regular day of service, and, in the presence of their venerable minister, by a few words of exhortation had enacted the same scenes which they had ascribed to witchcraft. The spirit of persecution was scotched, though not killed. New friends were found, for fresh converts were made.

"This incident illustrates the difference in temperament of the brothers. Of this I will write more fully in another chapter. As the history runs on, several things will serve to show how unlike they were, but dissimilarity never interrupted their fellowship or diluted their brotherly affection."

Lovick Pierce's conversion, of which the Bishop writes so charmingly, occurred in those remarkable days of the first decade of this century. A revival of religion, or rather a great awakening, such as had never been seen before or since in America, was in its full tide. Dr. Pierce told me that, on the day he found comfort in a conscious faith, his emotions were intense and uncontrollable. He felt as if he was sinking through the floor, and when he found the Saviour nigh, his emotions of joy were alike intense. He had his hours of darkness a few days after this, but at last he settled down into a calm serenity of religious life. This continued for some time, when the impression that he was called to preach became very decided. He, from early boyhood, before he had been converted, had thought he was to be a preacher He would sometimes find himself preaching as he was walking alone, and was sometimes so carried away by his feelings as

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to be overwhelmed with weeping. After his conversion, he felt he must preach. He resisted the call for nearly two years, and his religious peace disappeared. He said to himself: "I am not called; I am too ignorant." "It never entered into my mind," he said afterward, "that a call to preach is a call to prepare." He adds:

"But, after all my well-grounded apprehensions and withering fears, I was led out by the Spirit and became a preacher. The following was the process:

"My pastor, Rev. Thomas Darley, knowing my trouble of mind, gave me of his own accord a license to exhort, and appointed me class-leader at a new preaching-place twelve miles from my father's. The people all concluded I was a preacher, and so announced me, and on my first appointment, when I reached the place—it was a private house—every hole and corner was a jam of people. My father was a military officer—militia, of course—and my brother and myself had accompanied him to so many large military parades, for in those days militia musters used to be as regular, and nearly as certain, as the changes of the moon, that we had become widely known, and the report that the son of Captain Pierce would preach at this place was enough to bring out all the country, and so it did. I was never in such a fright in all my life. I halted, tried to pray, wallowed on the clean grass, afraid to go back and give it up, and felt as if to face the crowd as a preacher was more than flesh and blood could endure. I cried to God for help and direction, until I must go in or give it up. I did go in, and that day sealed my destiny as to preaching. I read a lesson, sang a hymn, and exhorted, all of which consumed about thirty minutes. I left without dinner, because my mind was so agitated that all desire for food was gone; and now my mind was plied with the very natural temptation that I had done wrong, because my religious comforts were all wasted, in my long refusal to obey my impressions to preach; Satan himself now admitted that there had been a time when I might have done it, but that now I had sinned away the Spirit and could not rightfully do it. In

this perplexed state of mind, I said in my heart as unto God, I will fill my next appointment, and if there is any sign of the divine approval I will never ask for any other sign of assurance that it is my duty to preach. I went at the time, and the Lord came down in mighty power, and in a few weeks nearly every family in the settlement was in the Church. I kept my promise, and have never doubted my call to preach from that day to this."

We return to the Bishop's manuscript.

"Of course, under the circumstances I have outlined, the education of the children was scanty. My father told me that he never went to school but six months in his life. The two older boys had to work with their father in the field to provide support for the numerous household. This necessity pressed upon them up to the time they entered upon their itinerant career. Their minds were greatly stimulated by their conversion and their call to the ministry. Their reading was confined to such books as the preachers brought along and sold to the people. These were better adapted to quicken and deepen their piety than to enlarge their intellectual stores. But they were consecrated to Christ, and availed themselves of every method of improvement their case afforded. Circuit-preaching, quarterly meetings, camp-meetings were all great occasions, and embraced with eager delight. I have heard him say that often, after ploughing all day and hastening home to feed the stock, his brother and himself, without waiting for supper, would run five miles to attend a prayer-meeting. This they did without a thought of sacrifice or hardship. Such zeal marked the converts of those days. They were not held to duty by arbitrary rules, nor lashed on by a scrupulous fanatical conscience, but were swept along by the fervid impulses of a new nature, athirst for God, and assured of a joyful interview with Christ, whenever his people met together. They found their highest enjoyment in the communion of saints and in those labors by which sinners were brought back to God. Weariness was all forgotten in sympathy with the shout of a new-born soul. Personal incon-

venience was not to be taken into account when an opportunity offered to bear witness for Jesus by presence and service, or to pluck a brand from the burning by direct appeal or by co-operation with the Church. I do not say the former days were better than these, but the loss of this prompt, active, self-denying element in religious life is greatly to be deplored. Indeed, when the love of Christ does not constrain and impel to effort, to sacrifice, to yearning for the salvation of others, I confess my inability to reconcile the absence of this power with a sound, safe conversion. If the modern Church has not fallen away from Bible teaching and example and from the experience and practice of primitive Methodism, then I have strangely erred in my conceptions of what religion was, and is, and ought to be. Culture, worldliness, imperious fashion, an artificial social life, have all come in to modify and repress the normal action of a simple, hearty, earnest piety, until the imperfect movements of the Church resemble the tottering steps of a Chinese woman whose feet have been compressed until they are incapable of their natural functions. The evil is irreparable in the one case; whether there is a remedy for the other is a question that must be referred to divine power. Natural laws and agencies can never work out the readjustment of purposes, principles, and habits indispensable to restoration. A pure, unadulterated revival of pure religion, free, courageous, independent, even defiant of the criticisms of modern civilization, is the great want of the times, and nothing short of it will save the Church from ritualism, decay, and death, or the country from corruption and a gross, licentious infidelity. My father's old age was burdened and grieved on account of the defection of the Methodists, as he thought, from the strict morality and spiritual duties enjoined by the General Rules as compiled by Wesley and endorsed by American Methodism in her Book of Discipline.

"About this time the family moved from South Carolina to Georgia, and settled on Buffalo Creek, in Washington County. From this point Reddick and Lovick Pierce started upon

their long itinerant career. They were admitted on trial in the South Carolina Conference in December, 1804. The conference territory embraced a large part of North Carolina, all of South Carolina, and all the settled portions of Georgia and Florida. Not long before his death I asked my father when and by whom he was licensed to preach. Smiling, he answered: 'You will be astonished when I tell you I never had any license to preach, except the appearance of my name on the conference minutes. I was simply an exhorter when the Quarterly Conference recommended me for admission on trial. I never had any other authority but my reception, and my appointment, till I was ordained a deacon.' The brothers were both received at Charleston, neither of them being present. The present rule was not then in operation. Reddick was sent to Little River Circuit, and Lovick to Pedee. When notified of their appointments, they went forth very much like Abraham, not knowing whither. They had never travelled, were ignorant of the geography of the country, and had very indefinite ideas either of places or routes. With the scanty outfit of a Methodist preacher, purses light enough to be easily handled, saddened by their first separation from home and friends, embarrassed by their ignorance of the world, and oppressed by the tremendous responsibility of their mission, they wandered on, each to his appointed place. After several days of gloomy riding, late one evening Lovick called at a country-house and asked for a night's lodging. He was kindly received. On entering the house he found quite a company gathered about a glowing fire. The weather was cold and he had been exposed all day, but, feeling the awkwardness of a raw country-boy in the presence of strangers, he took a seat outside the circle and held it all the evening. After family prayer and the retreat of some of the company, and others about retiring to bed, the man of the house came to him and said, 'Are you not a preacher?' He answered affirmatively. 'I expect you are the young man sent to our circuit this year?' 'My name is Pierce, and I am trying to find the Pedee Circuit.' 'Well, you are

in it now. Your appointment was at Prospect, not far from here, to-day, but you did not come, and we had a prayer-meeting and dispersed. To-morrow you are expected at Smyrna, five miles from here. I and my family are all Methodists and we will go with you and show you the way ' This was cheery information. The goal was reached and the opening was propitious. Relieved of anxiety, the long journey ended, the young itinerant, composed and happy, lay down to rest. The next day he inaugurated the longest term of effective service in the annals of Methodism. God was eminently with his young servant that day. The sermon, I expect, was a fervid exhortation, but there was power in it, saving power, and the service ended with *eight new converts!* Is it wonderful that this young, inexperienced, simple-hearted preacher was somewhat elated and overrated himself? Not realizing the source of his strength, the cause of his efficiency, he vainly thought to-morrow will be as to-day, and the year an unbroken success. To-morrow came, and with it darkness, confusion, defeat! For several days no light, or freedom, or power. Now came despondency, humiliation, shame, terror, heart-searching. A great lesson was learned. 'Not by might or by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.' 'Without me ye can do nothing.' Every preacher knows this theoretically, but it is not always a conscious fact. To feel it consciously, profoundly, is a high and gracious attainment. None but a holy man filled with the Holy Ghost and faith can keep the feeling ever present, always controlling. The subtle deceitfulness of the human heart, in spite of conviction, knowledge, and experience, will occasionally, nay, frequently will, betray any other into vanity and conceit. With advancing knowledge the temptation, I fear, grows stronger, the tendency more impelling and less alarming. When a man, however good, with small brain, little instruction, and general ignorance feels, as he sometimes may, the inflation of this vanity, this conceit of self, a sober second thought, or a mortifying discomfiture works him up to the utter absurdity of the self-magnifying emotion, he sees and surrenders. But when a man

of genius and culture, of large and varied scholarship, after study and preparation has equipped himself for the conflict, he feels an instinctive confidence in his armor. It is natural and humanly reasonable—it is unavoidable unless the soul is saturated through grace with humility and self-abnegation. Failure may demonstrate the fallacy of the judgment, unmask the pride of the emotion, and overwhelm the man with chagrin, but he will find some explanation of the disaster outside of himself. It was the weather, an unfavorable physical condition, bad air in the house, want of sympathy in his audience, or Richard was not himself that day. Such an exegesis, such an argument, such a peroration *must* have power. Such a staff laid upon the dead body need not wait the coming of the Master. Who can exorcise such a thought, such a feeling, utterly cast it out, and say, with authority and without reservation, enter no more into me? Alas, even the spiritual man has his confession to make on this point, and truth must struggle often and long for the mastery.

"The young preacher had a good year, on the whole, but his pulpit efforts were irregular—now strong and effective, now beclouded and powerless, and his whole experience checkered with lights and shadows. But he had put his hand to the plough, and dared not look back. So he went up to Conference for another appointment."

So far the son writes.

Lovick Pierce was not twenty years old until the March following his appointment. The Great Pedee Circuit was a very large one, in Eastern South Carolina. The timid boy made his way to it, and began his work. As we have already seen, he had but little education; he knew but little, and had no skill as yet in using what he knew. He had heard little preaching, and that which he had heard was of the crudest kind. To scream, to stamp, to wildly gesticulate was, in the opinion of many in those days, to preach. He does not mention his senior preacher, nor do I find any notice of him in after-history He does, however, pay a deserved tribute to one of the most remarkable men in early Methodism.

This was his presiding elder, George Dougherty. He said of him:

"In those days it was my good fortune to become familiar with the preaching of George Dougherty. He was the only man in the South Carolina Conference of any real scholarship, and his education was only academic—mainly, I judge, self-secured. I have myself assisted him, when he was poring over his Hebrew Bible; read to him from the English version, that he might test translation. In him, unlearned as I was, I could perceive a breadth of mind and an accuracy of language, as also a logical acumen, which made me thirst for knowledge, and made me the fast friend of education and an educated ministry. I owe the first inspiration of an outspread of mind, into the regions beyond, to him. He heard me exhort, not with my knowledge, but by lying in wait to see what he should say of me, and, being thrown together, at night he asked me: 'Have you ever read Paley's "Moral Philosophy?"' I told him no; I had never seen it. To which he replied: 'Get it and read it, and it will make a man of you; but don't you read it and think you are a philosopher.'" The tender friendship of Dougherty for the boy under his charge continued as long as he lived.

Dr. Pierce says: "There was little to inspire a young beginner in the way of literary taste or attainment. All were alike unlearned, save Dougherty, and, as might have been expected, Simeon's 'Skeleton Sermons' were all the go for a while. Accordingly I made haste to get a copy, and it was well I did. The contempt I felt for the book and for myself, when I woke to the littleness of employing another man's mind to do my thinking and planning, was an upward step in my mental pathway." It is not possible, interesting as the subject would be, to trace the victory of this remarkable young man over the obstacles of his early career. He began to study, and he began to study the best books, in his first year; he began to think, and did his own thinking. At the Conference in 1806, which met in Camden, S. C., not far from the circuit he travelled, he was

sent to the Apalachee Circuit in Georgia. The State of Georgia at that time had two districts and eight appointments. Perhaps the most important circuit of the eight was the Apalachee. It included all of Greene, Oglethorpe, and Clarke Counties, and was at that time thickly settled, and in the twenty-eight societies scattered over this section there were 646 members. It was a time of great awakening. Stith Mead had only a few years before lit the fires on all these hills, and now Samuel Cowles was presiding elder, and Joseph Tarpley was the preacher on the circuit. Hope Hull and Benjamin Blanton, now local, were living in the bounds of the circuit, while General Stuart, Major Floyd, David Merriwether, William Pope, Benjamin Pope, John Crutchfield, Thomas Grant, and Daniel Grant his son, all lived in the bounds or near the bounds of the circuit. Greene County was largely peopled by Virginians, and many of them of the Presbyterian stock which had peopled Prince Edward County in Virginia, and founded Hampden Sidney College. Tarpley, the senior, was a very stirring preacher, and, could young Pierce have been much with him, he might have profited by the contact. As it was, he was thrown almost entirely upon his own resources. He has told us little of these days.

He could preach much better than one would have supposed possible with his limited cultivation; and the grace of his manner, his unaffected piety, and his sterling good sense attracted the best people to him, and so he had the entry into the best society of that section. Colonel George Foster, of Virginia, a planter of considerable means, had removed his residence from Prince Edward, in Virginia, to Greene County. He had married, ere he came out to Georgia, a Miss Flournoy, of the old Huguenot blood, and Presbyterian in her leanings.

Ann, her only daughter, was born in Prince Edward, Va., December, 1790. Her parents even then resided in Greene County, Ga., but the mother was on a visit to her kinspeople in Virginia. She was brought up in the gayest circle of a

gay community. "She was taught," said her husband, "that to dress and to dance was indispensable to woman's finish. When I made her acquaintance, in 1806, she was as gay and vain as a woman of her sense ever gets to be. Of ornamental dress she was extremely fond. She was active, industrious, and domestic, and kind as love and sympathy could be; her mind strikingly quick in its perceptions, and practical in its workings. In May, 1807, at a camp-meeting in Greene County, she was awakened, and came to the altar as a seeker, which she did with the most decided and determined purpose. I was witness and party. She immediately joined the church as a seeker, and laid off her ornaments, and became plain and Methodistic in all her attire and habits. She continued a manner of subdued and inquiring heart, until the month of July, at a camp-meeting in Hancock County. In her father's tent, at a late hour, after a struggle of intense penitence and prayer, she was blessed with one of the most clear conversions I ever beheld."

This is the account Dr. Pierce gives of an event which had much to do with his future, for Ann Foster became in an after-time his wife. Whether they became affianced at this time, we know not; probably not. The distance in social position between them was great. He was a Methodist preacher, only twenty-one years old, without education or property, and in the second year of his ministry, and she the gay daughter of a wealthy planter. Conference met in Sparta, December, 1806, and the young probationer was there to be admitted into full connection. There were only twenty-nine members of the conference, and they were almost all entertained by one man, John Lucas, and the conference was held in his house. At this conference Lovick Pierce was appointed to Augusta. Methodism had gained a foothold in Augusta only seven years before, and the church-building had been built only five. There was only one other church in the city—St. Paul's Church, in which the Presbyterians had service. The Methodist church was located out on the commons, and the race-course was where the present

Greene Street Baptist Church is. The main city was near the lower market-house, the chief business-houses being on Broad Street and Bridge Row, and the better class of residences were on lower Broad and lower Reynold Streets. The Methodists were the sport of the godless and wealthy, but even then they had gathered into the society some of the more earnest Christian people in Augusta, and had a small church of sixty members. Dr. Pierce told me, in later life: "I had a passably good supply of homespun clothing, some of it made of cotton, with rabbit-fur in place of wool; but on my first Sunday in Augusta I saw I must get some new clothes; so I did. I got me a new suit—of course, cut Methodist fashion—and, among other things, I got a *pair of suspenders*, for, really, I could not get along without them; but I had to hide them out of sight when Brother Myers came my way, or he would have thought me sinfully worldly."

He had been preaching twenty-eight times a month, but he had, however, little use for more than twelve sermons during the year, for one could supply him an entire round; but now he must preach three times every Sunday, and once on Wednesday night, and he must lead a prayer-meeting once a week. He had everything to learn. The people who went to church in Augusta, in the main went to the Methodist meeting-house — some to worship, many to mock; and the young men would take their places on the corners, and as the pale, thoughtful young preacher passed by them to his pulpit, they would roll up their eyes and groan in mockery. The poor young man, sensitive as a flower, shrinking, refined, conscious of what was demanded of him, and painfully conscious of what he was, at last broke down under the load. Deep depression settled on him, and a gloom dark as midnight enveloped him. He had back-slidden. He had lost God's favor. He must give up his place as a preacher. This was what he felt. The hour was critical; but Asaph Waterman, a shrewd, systematic, judicious, Connecticut man, of great purity and of broad views, came to the rescue. He had taken the Metho-

dist Society into his care, and had taken the preacher to his house. To him he went with his tale of woe. He understood him. "You must go up the country for a month; shut your church, leave your books, go back to Apalachee, and rest." He did so. Perhaps he found Colonel Foster's, and perhaps he found the fair young daughter, Miss Ann; but the visit to Greene, and the dear old mother in Baldwin, and a good camp-meeting or so, gave new life to the young heart, and the shadows fled. Then he went the next year to Columbia, S. C. Here his brother Reddick had been stationed the year before him, and then he returned to Georgia and was sent on the Oconee District. His district stretched from Athens to St. Mary's. There were eight appointments in it, but he could not reach even these more than once or twice during the year. He was but twenty-four years old. He had begun his work with scant resources, but he had been so diligent and laborious, and had learned so rapidly, that he made full proof of his ministry and was now a preacher of remarkable power. He had learned how to preach in the best school a young man ever attended—in the pulpit. He had, however, formed a wretched habit of speaking, which cost him much suffering, and really threatened his life. His utterance was rapid—speaking, as he expressed it, "from the breast outward;" neglecting a full inspiration of his lungs, he exhausted them by his utterance and brought upon himself a physical exhaustion which made so much preaching a great labor. He was sent to the district in December, 1808, and in September, 1809, he married Ann Foster, at her father's home in Greene County. He continued on his district, being absent from his home, which he made at Colonel Foster's, at least eight weeks out of every ten. On February 3, 1811, while he was still on the district, George Foster Pierce, his first child, was born. It was a snowy day, and the snow was on the floor of the open entry of the double log-house. The old colonel took the babe and, baring his tiny foot, he made his footprint on the snow. The young elder, leaving his fair wife and his babe at the home in Greene, went on his way. She had taken him

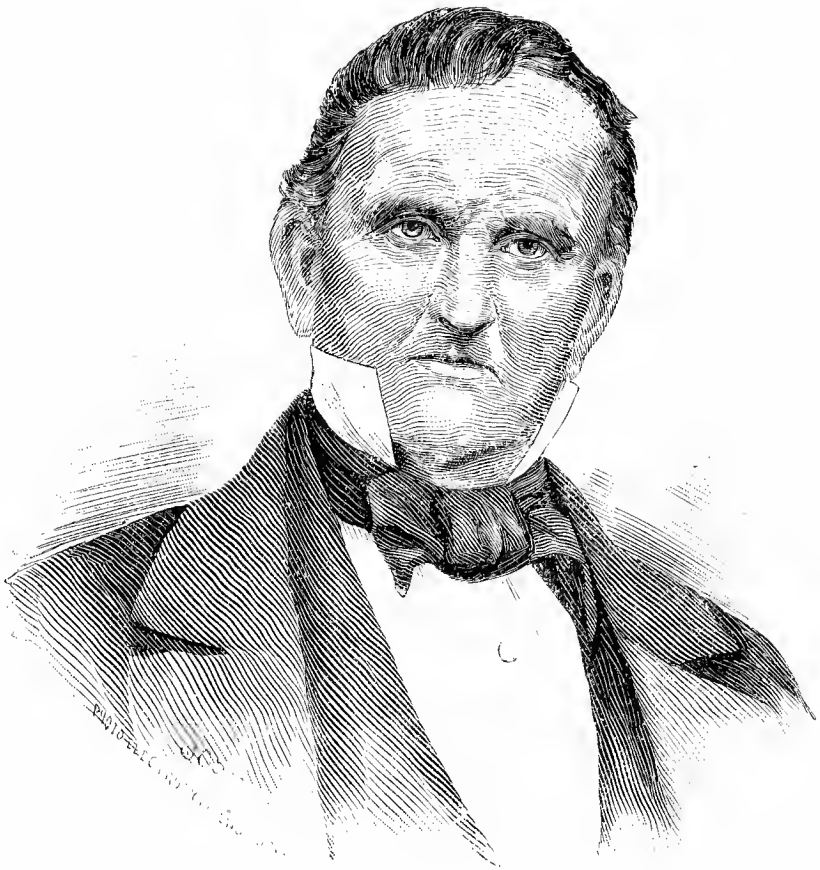
a preacher, and she had determined never to say stay, and she never did.

The narrative of the Bishop ends with the Apalachee Circuit, and the whole manuscript with the section which follows. It somewhat breaks the continuity of the story, but the section is worth too much to be left out.

SECTION III.—SKETCH OF LOVICK AND REDDICK PIERCE.

I have already said the brothers were very unlike. This was true in wellnigh all respects. Reddick was low, squarely built, round of body and limb, full-fleshed, weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds; his head was, phrenologically considered, well balanced, frontal developments high, round, smooth; hair sandy, inclining to red, complexion florid, his eye light hazel, features clean cut and strongly marked. His whole contour indicated an active mind, a mercurial temperament, and a fearless independence. He had great muscular power. There was weight and solidity in his step, expressive of his general character. His voice was strong, full, enduring, with no great variety of modulation, but always distinct and clear, whether in speech or song.

His mind was of high order—capable of profound thought, of deep investigation. The logical faculty was supreme. Perhaps "Fletcher's Checks," one of the first books he ever read, and the fact that he was brought into contact and conflict with the Scotch Seceders, who were intense Calvinists and very outspoken, and the necessity of defending Arminian doctrine, then everywhere denounced as heresy, falling in with his mental proclivity—all conspired to give a turn and tone to his ministry. He was fond of controversy. He liked to dissect error, to disentangle sophistry, to wrestle with a knotty question. He rarely preached without an assault upon one or more of the "five points," and in the latter years of his life, when the victory had been achieved, he frequently fired a gun to warn any surviving foe, and to keep alive in



REV. REDDICK PIERCE, M.D.

the Church some knowledge of the weapon by which the field was won.

He did not take rank among scholars. He was no linguist, no belles-lettres man, and yet his information was extensive and varied. In chemistry, astronomy, general politics, questions of commerce and finance, as well as general theology, he was well posted, both as to the past and the present. While he knew what others had written and spoken, he was an independent thinker—had his own ideas, his own theories, and could defend them in any presence. With a full, active, inquiring mind, he was a great talker. For thirty years before his death he was deaf—extremely deaf—indeed, the deafest man I ever knew. Fond of social life, and unable to hear others talk, he talked himself, but talked wisely and well. He was careless of his person, dress, and manners; not a sloven or a clown, but indifferent as to fit, quality, or gracefulness. His mind was too full of graver matters to spare a thought to these things. To be understood was all that concerned him, in style. He was no elocutionist; posture, voice, gesticulation were all forgotten—merged in concentrated thought and intense earnestness. To convince, beyond a possibility of escape from his argument, was his object, and to reach this he disdained all strategy, and relied upon the force of truth plainly presented. Which was the greater preacher was a question decided by the respondent's relation to South Carolina or Georgia. Reddick lived in the Palmetto State, married there, bestowed his labors there, and there was best known and most highly esteemed, and his friends claimed preeminence for him. Georgia, on the other hand, for the same reasons, asserted the superiority of Lovick. It is to the credit of both that there was no rivalry between them. In honor they preferred each the other.

Like his father before him, he did not succeed in secular affairs. Disabled by his deafness for pastoral work and encumbered with a large family, at one time in his life he located and tried farming. The plan did not work satisfactorily, and he returned to the Conference. After a few years of active

service, his growing infirmity forced him into the relation of a superannuate. Through long years of trouble and sorrow, poverty and bereavement, he struggled on to a good old age. After the death of his wife and one or more of his children, and the marriage and settlement of the rest, he was alone in the world in many respects, a forlorn, broken-down old man. But he had a strong, sturdy spirit; naturally and by grace he was patient and resigned. He was not gloomy, never complained. Cheery and hopeful, his faith never faltered. He trusted God and waited in joyous tranquillity for his change.

He was a deeply religious man. His piety was a principle—a habit, no intermittent fever. Steadfast, regular, unmovable, he abounded in the work of the Lord. I remember, when he was old and feeble, he was at a camp-meeting in Georgia. The weather was oppressively hot—but he went to every service, day and night. My father said to him, "Brother, why do you weary and exhaust yourself, going to service so often, when you cannot hear a word?" He answered, "I go to fill my place, as every man ought." That remark was the key to his experience and was, in fact, the epitome of his life. He always filled his place—was where he thought he ought to be.

Lovick Pierce in his youth and prime was a fine specimen of manly beauty; he was taller than his brother, slender, more erect in his carriage. His physical structure was of large bone—well braced with integuments and muscle, but spare of flesh; in height, five feet ten and a half inches—his maximum, in weight, one hundred and forty-five pounds; his complexion was dark, swarthy, bilious; his hair was black; his eye—deep, dark hazel, full of expression—could interpret every emotion, and in speaking glowed and flashed as a coal of fire. In repose the light of it was soft and gentle, and, except when fixed in thought, was active, sweeping the whole field of vision. Every feature of his face was fine, and all harmoniously blended—an intellectual brow, a thin, prominent nose, and a flexible mouth, and each responded to the thoughts and passions of his soul. His voice was strong, deep, full, and as

flexible as a flute. Speaking never made him hoarse. I have known him to preach three sermons in a day, each three hours long, and then sing the doxology with as clear a tone as when he rose in the morning. There was no flagging, no crack, no strain. It was smooth—distinct—and, at will, percussive as a peal of thunder. Its volume and force was better adapted to the terrible than the tender. It was a rare combination of power and melody His mind was naturally of the highest order and, despite the absence of scholastic advantages, was admirably trained. His reasoning powers were well developed. He was distinguished for metaphysical acumen. His imagination was bold and fertile, both creative and inventive. These faculties were all prominent, and neither dominated the others. They were reciprocal and co-operative. They were all trained for their distinct functions. In a regular discourse, each had its place and performed its work. If in the progress of a mental process on a given line, where the draft was upon one faculty, either of the others interjected a thought, there was no clash, no confusion, no diversion. It was a help, not an interruption. His power of concentration exceeded any man's I ever knew. He could hold his mind to a chosen subject with military precision. His thoughts never broke ranks. There was no straggling. He had so educated his mind that he could focalize his attention at will. Indeed, the trouble with him was, to let go when he wished. The habit had grown too strong for volition. The whole machinery had to be ungeared before the wheel would stand still. He could not lay aside his thoughts with his garments; hence his sleepless nights. His mind never rested. He was a student to the last. He was largely a man of one book. His reading was never extensive or varied. Theology was his theme. He never read history; not even ecclesiastical history, much. With light literature he had nothing to do. Milton's "Paradise Lost," Young's "Night Thoughts," Pollok's "Course of Time," he read once. They were not books of reference, even. Shakespeare he never read at all. Of Byron he knew nothing. The only novel he

ever read, I think, was the "Fool of Quality." In this connection, pardon an anecdote. Dr. Olin and my father were great friends; each, I think, thought the other the greatest man in the nation. Both looked with contempt upon novels, tales, and general poetry. Dr. Olin came to our house—as he often did—and one day, in conversation, my father said, "Brother Olin, I am reading a *religious novel.*" Olin, with a sneer and a tone I have never forgotten, answered, "Religious grog," and then, with a hearty laugh, ridiculed the book and all its kith and kin. My father's defence was that Wesley recommended the book. My impression is that he finished the reading. Thus began and thus ended his only essay in that style and order of composition.

Lovick Pierce, in all his instincts, tastes, and sentiments, was a born gentleman. He did not have one set of manners for the parlor and another for the bed-chamber, one for company and another for his family, but in private and public, in the sanctuary or on the highway, he was always polite, considerate of all the proprieties of attitude, speech, and behavior. He was cleanly, neat, nice in his person and his dress. I never saw him out of order. His apparel always fitted him and was kept scrupulously tidy. Travelling in stage or car, in dry, dusty weather, while all others were stained and dirty, he managed to keep himself wellnigh unsoiled. How this was done I never knew. Often we have journeyed together, and on reaching home my wife would say: "Why, Mr. Pierce, how came you so covered with dust and your father so free from it? Didn't you ride in the same conveyance, and were you not exposed alike?" My answer usually was, "Perhaps he can explain it, I cannot. Dirt sticks to me very kindly, but it has a peculiar respect for him." One explanation of his uniform tidiness is to be found in the fact that he never perspired, like other people. I have known him to preach two hours and a half, when the thermometer was up among the nineties, without a sign of moisture on his head or face. Both were as dry as if he had fanned them for the same length of time. His body perspired freely, but, like

Gideon's fleece, when all around was wet with dew, his hair and face were dry. Hence his collar and cravat never limbered and fell down, as with other men, an unsightly, sweat-stained mass. (Let the physiologists explain this, if they can.) He was fastidious in his ideas of clerical dress, both as to color and fashion, never outraged his taste himself, and felt some disgust toward those who did. He was jealous over the ministry in all things, great and small, and was devoutly solicitous that they should give no offence to Jew or Gentile or to the Church of God.

My father, while bold, independent, outspoken in the pulpit, was nevertheless constitutionally timid—easily embarrassed and disconcerted by an unexpected turn of things. He was not lacking in physical or moral courage when occasion called for its display, but, naturally modest, he was distrustful of himself and was wholly wanting in self-assertion. Hence though fluent, always ready, his mental powers trained to obey his will in undisturbed discourse, he was no debater. In conference, when a subject was under discussion that interested him, he would give his opinions freely, and sometimes at large, but he never wrangled for victory. The reasons for this may be found in the following facts: First, he was naturally impatient, quick of temper, and always sought to avoid any provocation to an unseemly display of this infirmity. Secondly, his tender respect for the feelings of others disinclined him to subject them to the mortification of defeat, or to wound them by sharp-cutting sarcasm. His power in this line of thought and expression was unsurpassed. But he never indulged it, save in the pulpit, when he was discussing, not persons, but principles, passions, and vices. Moreover, in his estimate of them, religious assemblies were not debating societies, where men contended for partisan ends or personal supremacy, but literally a conference of grave men who were seeking to know the truth, the right, the best thing to do. Agreeably, when he had delivered his opinions he felt that his duty was done, and left the issue to the light of truth and the adjudication of conscience. His

views generally prevailed, either because of their intrinsic wisdom or through deference to his age, character, and long experience. These sketches are not full, of course, but simply comparative, and intended to illustrate character by contrast. In one case the features presented will be brought out more distinctly, and the more important facts into fuller statement in the progress of the narrative.

The religious character of Lovick Pierce was shaped and determined by the mould of original Methodism. Say what we may, account for it as we will, there was, in the experience of the men of my father's generation, a strength of conviction for sin and of sin, a depth of repentance, a simplicity and grasp of faith, a spiritual, fervid communion with God, an utter self-abnegation, accepting without complaint all the hardships and sacrifices incident to a conscientious piety, to which modern professors are strangers; nay, which they reckon among the superstitions of the past, the narrow ideas of an ignorant era, the morbid conceptions of an overwrought excitement. The contrast is painful and alarming to those who believe, with the writer, that in the great facts of Christian experience the first state of the Church was better than the last. The views, principles, purposes, and aims which were formative factors in the very commencement of his religious life never forsook him. They survived all changes, personal and relative, were never modified by the discovery that they were wrong, that the idea of their necessity was a mistake, or to accommodate the clamors of the flesh asking for larger liberty, or the demands of social progress claiming rights and indulgences subversive of all real religion; nay, verily! they grew with his years, his knowledge, his study of God and man, and asserted their authority and maintained their supremacy over his convictions and habits when he was ninety-four years old as when he was sixteen. I knew him familiarly in his public and private life, his sentiments and habits, his business and conversation, and now bear witness that I have never known a more consistent, painstaking, uniform Christian man. He was sometimes highly demonstrative but com-

monly quiet; yet always tender, quick of feeling, and ready to respond to pathos, in word or scene or Providence. He was full of all generous sympathies. Charity, the bond of perfectness, girdled all his virtues. The law of kindness was upon his tongue. He spoke evil of no man. Fertile in apology for the wrong, he was always prompt to condone and forgive. Guileless and unsuspecting, his credulity made him the victim of the plausible and the artful, and, when deceived and wronged, he would excuse and confide again. Although out of place in this chapter, lest I forget it in another I wish to put it upon record that I never heard him speak adversely of any preacher, or pronounce a harsh, or even unfavorable judgment of any sermon. Even where a man was under charges, and the evidence strong against him, he would hope against hope that the case was not as bad as it seemed. When a sermon was dull, dreary, insipid, and all were muttering in complaint or disgust, he could find something good in it. Young men often dreaded to preach before him, but he was always the kindest auditor in the crowd, the easiest to please, and the most certain not to find fault. His brethren will remember that in conference business he was always on the side of mercy and forbearance. An idle, secular, worldly minded preacher he could not tolerate, and he introduced into the Discipline the clause which invests the Annual Conference with power to rid itself of the unacceptable—the secular and the inefficient.

And so the manuscript ends—a beautiful tribute to a beautiful character.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH, 1811–1829, AGED 1 TO 18.

Sketch of Greene County — The Home near Greenesboro — View of Georgia Life in the Early Years of the Century—Lovick Pierce in Milledgeville—Chaplain in the Army—Studies Medicine—Settles in Greenesboro—George's School—The Boy Enters College—Athens —Dr. Waddell—College Life in those Days—Some of his Associates —Robert Toombs, S. G. Hillyer, Thomas F. Scott—His Home— Asbury Hull—The Revival—His Conversion—Call to Preach—Struggles—Refusal—Debate with Thomas F Scott—Graduation—View of a Georgia Commencement.

WE return, now, to the young presiding elder. His work gave him but little time for home, and so the baby-boy and his mother were left at Colonel Foster's, three miles from Greenesboro, while he went on his way. The County of Greene had been settled at this date only about thirty years. It had been in the last purchase from the Indians made by Sir James Wright, and, being one of the frontier-counties and exposed to Indian forays, had been less rapidly peopled than the counties east of it. Colonel Foster had come out from Prince Edward County, Virginia, as we have seen, and settled a plantation in the neighborhood of the county-town. The country was remarkably fertile and beautiful, and at this time was in its brightest youth. Cotton-culture was but beginning then, and all those substantial products which made a Georgia home in those days were produced in great abundance. The dwelling of the colonel, as his neighbors called him, was a large double log-house, with roomy sheds around it, and a wide piazza in front. The immense fireplaces were piled high with hickory-logs in the winter, and the large table was lavishly spread with all the comforts which a good

liver provided for his household and his guests. There was independence and abundance. There was a large family of happy, contented slaves, who were well cared for. In this home the future bishop spent his infancy and early childhood, and to it he often returned in later years. The good grandfather and the grandmother were earnest, faithful Christians. The father continued on the district for the full term of four years, and left it, when his boy was three years old, for the Milledgeville Station. He did not move his wife and little family from Colonel Foster's, but went himself. It was only a day's ride from Milledgeville to his home, and Milledgeville was quite a small village at that time, although it was the capital of the State and did not demand his constant presence. While he was stationed here, the war which had begun with England in 1812 was still raging, and a draft of the militia was ordered, and Lovick Pierce was drawn as a soldier. The regiment to which he was assigned was ordered to Savannah, and he was appointed its chaplain. He had been a preacher near ten years, and had in that time preached not less than three thousand times. His method of preaching, he says, was execrable, and brought on a weakness of the lungs which seriously threatened his life. He now had two children, and his income in the six years of his married life had not reached a thousand dollars all told. It was evident that he must locate, and he began the study of medicine, and read assiduously, while he was in Savannah. Peace was declared the next spring, and he went on to the medical college at Philadelphia, where he graduated in the early part of 1816. He returned to Greene, and settled his family in a home in Greenesboro. Greenesboro was a sprightly country-town in the centre of a populous and wealthy county. There was a fine moral tone in the society of the village, and a considerable amount of cultivation. Mr. Archibald Scott, a descendant of the old Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who settled the Valley of Virginia, and a graduate of Washington College, was teaching the High School, and his excellent and gifted wife taught the little children. Mr. Scott, who was the father

of Rev. William J. Scott, of the Georgia Conference, was a Presbyterian minister, and in connection with others organized the Moral and Polemic Society, a debating club.

Vincent Sanford, Nicholas Lewis, Colonel Thomas Foster, John Bethune, Nicholas Howard, A. B. Longstreet, historic names in Georgia, were among the members of this society, which was organized in 1817. The old minutes are before me. In one of them, Dr. Pierce is announced for a lecture in the court-house. There was a weekly debate on some topic of general interest. Sometimes the question was purely religious, sometimes metaphysical, sometimes political. Among the disputants on the question, "Are there any innate ideas?" Thomas F. Foster, A. B. Longstreet, W. C. Dawson, Julius Alford, and L. Pierce are found. Of these, Foster and Alford were members of Congress, and William C. Dawson was United States Senator, and A. B. Longstreet a Judge of the Circuit Court.

This picture gives us an insight into the culture and refinement of the little village in which Bishop Pierce spent his childhood. He was six years old when his father removed from the country-home to the town. The house in which Dr. Pierce lived is still standing. On the grass-covered summit of a beautiful hill, with a long avenue of silver poplars leading to it, is the mansion, somewhat the worse for age.

An old memorandum-book of Dr. Pierce has in it these entries:

House and lot	$1,300	Smoke-house	$290
Carpenters and bricklayers	500	For office	200
Painting	105	For secretary and bookcase	140

These figures show something of the social condition of the family, and of the surroundings of the boy's early life; culture, refinement, plenty, and, for that time, simple elegance, were about the home. The father soon became one of the leading physicians of the county; the uncle was one of the leading lawyers, and the grandfather a leading planter. There was a little log Methodist church on the outskirts of the village, in which the doctor preached his wonderful ser-

mons. George was six years old, and Julia younger, and they were sent to Mrs. Archibald Scott. The entry on the old book has it:

Tuition, second session, 1817 ....$15.

It was a time of great political excitement in Georgia, and Dr. Pierce was not a negative man. He fully indorsed "Troup and the treaty," and was all the more popular because of his known views on this subject. The great revival wave was not yet sweeping over the State, but the earnest, eloquent preaching of the first preacher of the State, as Dr. Pierce was called by more than his partial friends, was preparing the way for it. There was quite a little family at the Greenesboro home when George went to Athens to college. The children were very bright, and George went at once to the head of his class, much to his father's delight, but not at all to his astonishment. Mrs. Scott was his first teacher, and when he was older Mr. Scott took him in hand. The Bishop says of him: "He was one of the most famous teachers of his day. One peculiarity of his teaching was this—the pupil was at perfect liberty to do what he pleased, but he had to have his lesson. When the lesson was not perfect, Mr. Scott had a good supply of hickory, and the muscle to use it. As a result, the lessons were generally perfect."

George seems to have been a bright-eyed, fun-loving, frolicksome boy, never very studious, but always head of his class. There were few Sunday-schools in Georgia in those days, but the good mother taught him the old Wesleyan catechism. The Sabbath was carefully observed, and every Sunday there was preaching somewhere in the village. If he had any great religious awakenings in childhood, he does not record them. The camp-meeting at Hastings, a few miles away, was held every year, and the doctor's tent was always open for guests, and the preacher made it his headquarters. His house in the village was a Christian home, and the voice of prayer arose from the family altar night and morning. George was never a bad boy, never a prayerless

one, never a scoffer, and never had the slightest taste for the low or vulgar. He was full of life, well-grown, wiry, and with a healthy appetite; a capital shot with a rifle, an enthusiastic angler, fond of his pony, and a daring rider. The playmates called him "Bulger," and Bulger led the boys, and the Bishop afterward led men.

His grandfather gave him a pony which he named Bibo. One day the lad concluded to make Bibo useful, and so, taking his grandfather's steady saddle-horse, he hitched the two to a wagon, and went to the new ground after wood. Few things were more relished by the small boy of those days than to drive a two-horse wagon, and George was sitting proudly on the wagon, handling the reins, his feet dangling beneath, when in the rough new ground his leg struck a stump. There was a cry of intense pain as he fell to the ground. His leg was broken. His grandfather set the leg in splints, and, save a few weeks' confinement, no harm came from the accident.

The sprightly boy did not seem to study much, but he always knew his lessons, unless it happened to be arithmetic; figures were an unceasing puzzle to him. But with Mr. Archie Scott's impartial rod ever hanging, like the famous sword of classic story, over him, he made such progress, even in the mystic characters of Smiley's Arithmetic and Day's old Algebra, that he was able to enter the freshman class of Franklin College, the State school, when he was a little over fifteen years old.

He wanted a wagon, or cart, probably for that yearling calf which all the boys of his time had such pleasure in breaking to the yoke, and he and his companion, the overseer's son, went to the woods for the black gum, to make the wheels. The gum-log with which he had much to do after he was a bishop was not much harder to manage than this toughest tree of the forest was to the boys, but they brought down the tree, and, with cross-cut saw, at last cut out the wheels, and the cart was made.

Ere George went to college the doctor felt that he could

no longer remain out of the regular ministry, and as he had found out the true cause of his lung-trouble, and had learned how not only to prepare sermons but how to preach them, he returned to the pastorate. He did not remove his family from Greenesboro, but went himself to his charge, and remained at it as long as his duty called him to stay. He spent every Sabbath on his station, and made hasty visits home to his family. In 1823 he was stationed in Augusta, in 1824 and 1825 in Washington, Lexington, and Greenesboro, and in 1826 in Athens and Greenesboro.

These memoranda merely give us a glimpse of this remarkable man at a time when he was nearing the zenith of his fame as a preacher. The sketch given of him by his son gives us an accurate picture of him at this time. His life, since he began his ministry in 1804, had been one of constant mental labor. He had overcome the defects of his early training, and by hard and constant study made up for the want of a school. Grammar, including rhetoric and logic, moral philosophy, physics ; medical science, including anatomy, pharmacy, physiology, as well as the practical parts of it, had engaged him constantly. He had received with his wife a dower which had placed him in comparatively easy circumstances and provided him with facilities for improvement. The section of the State in which he was to exert his greatest influence was Middle Georgia, at that time in its most prosperous and populous state.

Through the kindness of the Rev. W J. Scott, of Atlanta, I am permitted to give a view of old Greenesboro, as it was in those days, from an octogenarian who lived there at that time.

From Colonel Lewis to Rev. Dr. Scott concerning Bishop Pierce's Boyhood.

ATLANTA, May, 1888.

It is true I was reared in the same county and village (dear old Greenesboro) with Bishop Pierce. Greenesboro had about a thousand, at the utmost not more than twelve

hundred people, and never had village of its size a finer circle of intellectual men and beautiful women within its limits. There was ex-United States Senator, afterward Judge Thomas W. Cobb, of whom so discriminating a person as Judge Charles Dougherty once remarked, "He resembled Mansfield more than any man we ever had in Georgia;" Judge A. B. Longstreet, so widely known in every intellectual walk, more especially as orator and author; Mr. F. Cone, in power and profundity unsurpassed, almost unequalled at the bar; the successful politician and United States Senator, William C. Dawson; Colonel Y King; and last, but very far from least, the always attractive and brilliant Colonel Thomas F Foster, likewise a member of Congress, who was also his uncle, and resided in his father's family; but especially was he indebted to your venerable father, his first teacher, as he was mine. I always recur with special pleasure upon the period passed under his tuition. Penetrated with veneration, gratitude, and sensibility for the memory of the man, he would fear idealization of his old preceptor, as teacher as well as gentleman, were it not that his own was always confirmed by the universal testimony of his contemporaries. One of the secrets of his great success was his sympathy, almost paternal, with the progress of his scholars. No blarney or ostentation of sympathy, but the palpable fact, and manifest, genuine feeling itself—a passionate lover of the classics, he seemed to teach as much to diffuse scholarship as for remuneration for his labor.

The patriarch of higher learning in the South, the Rev. Dr. Moses Waddell, President of Franklin College, and who placed the university on the track of all its subsequent successes; the man who taught William H. Crawford, J. C. Calhoun, Mr. McDuffie, Judge Longstreet, Senator Cobb; the great educator and college president, declared that Mr. Scott sent his students better prepared for college than any teacher of his time.

It is easy to imagine, from the contact of two such minds, how thorough a foundation in classical learning Mr. Scott

must have laid in the mind of such a boy as George Pierce before he left his academy for college.

In another particular the boy was most fortunate. I have spoken of his uncle, Colonel Thomas F. Foster, who lived in the family of Dr. Lovick Pierce his brother-in-law, and father of the future bishop. Colonel Foster was a very polished gentleman, a fine scholar, of rare and brilliant conversational powers, and singularly fascinating in social life. Colonel Foster's buoyant spirits and fine intellectual enthusiasm, seldom off the wing, made a favorable impress on all the people of the village How much more potent the spell, the social and mental habits, in daily intercourse, of this distinguished gentleman, would leave upon the susceptible temperament of the bright, ambitious boy, it is not at all difficult to imagine.

From thorough acquaintance with Colonel Foster, the writer is satisfied that to no single circumstance (all most propitious) was the future bishop more indebted for culture and early pulpit distinction than to the counsels and companionship of this accomplished relative. The writer, several years the senior of Bishop Pierce, was never in school or college with him. He can only remember him as a handsome and, from village rumor, bright and ambitious boy, anxious for the "honors" of his class, and generally successful in winning them.

I pen this only because, being requested to give such recollections as I possess, I thought that the influence of his peerless teacher, Mr. Scott, and of his brilliant and accomplished uncle, Colonel Foster, upon the boyhood of the bishop, not being, possibly, thoroughly understood, might not be sufficiently emphasized in his biography.

Thrown apart by changes of residence, I never heard the bishop more than twice: one of these sermons was surpassingly beautiful. To his poetic imagination was doubtless due his early distinction in the pulpit. That imagination was simply tropical. It had every variety and hue of plumage, for flight; every flower, gorgeous or delicate, for ornament.

That he was, however, profound as beautiful we have no doubt; for proportion and symmetry in her works is one of the invariable prime laws of nature.

Franklin College in Athens was the only college in the State of Georgia in 1826, and to it Dr. Pierce decided to bring his bright boy George. It was only about a day's ride from Greenesboro to Athens, and the faculty minute has it George Pearce was examined and admitted into the freshman class. The State of Georgia, as far as the White Settlements were concerned, extended to the Flint River on the west, and to the Cherokee Country on the north, only some twenty miles from Athens. In this area in which the white people had their homes, there was much wealth and intelligence. To this State college came young men and boys, not only from the State of Georgia, but from Florida, then a territory, from Alabama, and Mississippi. They were nearly in all cases children of wealthy parents. Moses Waddell was president of the college, and he, with two professors and two tutors, made up the faculty. The town of Athens had been peopled mainly by those who had settled homes in it, for the purpose of educating their sons, and was the centre of much refinement and wealth, and on the hill overlooking the river and stretching to the westward were the homes of perhaps eight hundred or one thousand people. There was the College Chapel, in which Dr. Waddell, or Mr. Alonzo Church, his professor of mathematics, held service every Sunday, and there was, besides, the Methodist church, in which there was preaching by the preacher in charge of the circuit at least once a month. The president of the college had been teaching boys for nearly forty years. Strictly orthodox in his theological views, there was no doctrine he more devoutly believed than that of human depravity, especially the depravity of boys, and he watched for every manifestation of it. The boys, knowing that they were expected to be mischievous and tricky, took particular pains not to defeat public expectation. In looking over the record of sixty years ago I

find some facts which cast light on the trials of good Dr. Waddell, and give a view of some of the dangers to which our young student was exposed. The boys were many of them daring and somewhat lawless. Here is the story in some old records of a stubborn fight between two young Georgians who, in after years, belonging to the same party, stood side by side in Congress ; and here the charge is made, in Johnsonian English, of the contemptible and disgraceful conduct of some of the boys having chickens which were dishonestly obtained, cooked in their rooms, and one of the culprits I find to have been a captain in the army in after-time; and here, in the same old record, is the statement that, as the bell had been stolen, the students should assemble at the sound of a trumpet; one had some spirituous liquor brought into his room, for which he was dismissed ; and here is a bold letter of rebellion from the boys refusing to recite two lessons in mathematics a day, which letter they ingloriously withdrew when they were told it was to withdraw the letter or withdraw themselves.

But the story of vagaries does not give a fair insight into the true character of the students. There were many hard-working, steady-going fellows among them. In his own class there was young Nathaniel Crawford, who walked at once to the front rank and held his place without contest. This class of less than twenty gave presidents to three colleges, professors to two, and bishops to two churches. Others of the class became distinguished. During nearly four years in college there was never a time when he was called before the faculty for even an explanation.

Dr. Waddell, the President of Franklin College, was a learned, stern man. He had taught boys for many years and had, while the principal of a high school, wielded the rod more energetically than any man in the commonwealth, and now that he could not, as president of a college, use the rod longer, he did the next best thing he had power to do, he fined the boys and sent them back to the grammar school, or told them to depart from Franklin College in quick time.

When George Pierce came to Athens, to board with Asbury Hull, he was but little over fifteen years old. He was as rosy as a girl, and almost as beautiful; active, full of life and spirits, good-natured, gentle, kindly, and pure. He had met his very opposite in the genial, tempestuous, brilliant Bob Toombs, it may be, before he came to Athens; but if not, he met him soon after, and between the great statesman and the great preacher a friendship began in boyhood which lasted as long as life. Dr. Shaller G. Hillyer, a distinguished Baptist preacher, was also in college with him. Dr. Hillyer says:

"Bishop Pierce, when young, was very handsome. His physique, in size, in shape, and symmetry was about faultless. His face was manly, his head noble, his eyes lustrous and expressive. His movements were easy and graceful, without the least appearance of effort or affectation. As a student his standing was high. When our class graduated he shared the third honor with his room-mate, William Smythe, of Washington. His deportment as a student was without censure. I never heard of his being a party in any college mischief. And yet his manners were genial and friendly. His companions loved him, and he was greatly respected by his teachers. And to crown the whole, his moral character was without reproach. A character more completely rounded and finished has seldom come forth from any university."

The summer after he came to Athens, Stephen Olin was elected Professor of Ethics and Metaphysics. This event had, perhaps, as much to do with the intellectual future of the lad as any other event in his early history. Stephen Olin was his father's friend and admirer, and at the home in Greenesboro George had first met this famous preacher, great in body, great in brain, great in heart, and great in piety. Classic in taste and culture, a born teacher, a born philosopher, he was immensely popular and influential with his students. He had a sweet little cottage in a grove of young oaks, very near the college, and to it, no doubt, his friend's gifted son was a frequent visitor. Although his health was exceedingly precari-

ous, he managed to do the work his office demanded for a term of two years. His department was Ethics and Metaphysics, and in this department young Pierce was greatly interested. He was a good student in every study but one, mathematics. For it he had no taste. He joined the Phi Kappa Society, and was selected as the champion debater on the public debate. The speech he made is now before me, and I give some extracts from it, to show what he was at eighteen years of age.

The old manuscript has it thus :

"An oration delivered in the University of Georgia, by George F. Pierce, in opposition to one spoken by Thomas F. Scott, on the propriety of admitting more States into the Union.

"Affirmative, Scott; negative, Pierce."

Thomas F. Scott, his antagonist in this debate, became a distinguished Presbyterian minister, in after-time, and left his church and became an Episcopalian, and a bishop. When Bishop Pierce was on the Western Coast, a Methodist bishop, he found him in charge of a diocese. The debate was held in March, 1829. The young debater certainly makes a very strong argument for his side of the question.

. . . . . .

"But again, if Congress refuses to annex these territories as States, the negotiation there will cease. For it is not to be supposed that any citizen of a free, sovereign, and independent State, who possesses the right of suffrage, who has his interest represented, his industry rewarded, and his ambition excited, and enjoys all the blessings which flow from the administration of equal and impartial laws, will fly from the jurisdiction of that State to a dependent territory over which a comparative tyranny is exercised. But here we are met with this objection : that man is a restless being ; that he has a natural disposition to wander abroad in pursuit of wealth and happiness. This class of emigrants will never be numerous, and even those who do migrate are the unenlightened, whose loss, like drops taken from the running stream,

will never be perceived. There must be some more powerful cause to produce the effect for which the gentleman contends. There is a charm in the name of home which engages all of his affections; there is an attachment to early associations; a magic in the voice of friendship, that strikes rapture from his soul and forbids a dissolution of the sweet enchantment. Think you that, allured by the prospect of gain, he will desert the green fields of his childhood to seek a home amidst a land of strangers? No, never while memory lives and revives tender recollections of the past, and fancy decks the future in her glittering robes, and hails it as the herald of brighter scenes and more lasting enjoyments. No, the people will never move from the jurisdiction of their government until Freedom is dethroned and Despotism's steel-clad form is reared in its stead.

"It will strike anyone who looks over this country, that our population is very small when contrasted with many of the nations of Europe. It has been estimated by our political economists that the population of this country doubles itself every twenty-five years, but that the ratio of produce for the sustentation of human life bears no kind of proportion to this increase. It becomes, then, a matter of speculation what number of inhabitants the soil will support with ease and convenience.

"We find in the Chinese Empire, which has an area of four millions of square miles, that a population consisting of one hundred and fifty millions are supported—which is the most extensive of any in the world. Agriculture in that country is rude in the extreme—it is, in fact, nothing when compared with the highly improved husbandry of Europe. Very few individuals labor for the production of more than is necessary for their own subsistence. The only thing which is remarkable is that they take care to bring every spot under cultivation. The rugged mountain is made to smile with the yellow harvest as well as the fruitful valley; a soil not so exuberant by half as our own, and yet how vast the difference in population. From the immense number of inhabi-

tants, and from the exigency of their wants, great improvements have been suggested, both with regard to her internal policy.

"Admit the States, and you create a diversity of interest, a conflict of claims and sectional prejudices, consequences pregnant with danger. The increased number of Representatives in Congress must cause more dissension and generate more party feeling when any move is proposed for general adoption. The Northern and Western district of the empire, conceiving it advantageous to them, and reckless of the Southern interest, may combine to silence the vote of this portion of the country. But we are told that it is straining an argument to suppose that any subject will be prepared for the deliberation of that body, and passed by its authority, which would militate against the general welfare; that the Legislature of each State protects the individual rights of that State; that the connection between the several parts is so close that whatever is aspersion to the one must be repugnant to the other. But these objections to the argument are perfect nullities. Self-interest is the *primum mobile* of every assembly of men, and to suppose that, in a collection as numerous as our Congress, there will be no clashing of claims, is to suppose something which never did and never will exist.

"The gentleman forgets the passage of the Tariff of 1828—that cormorant that sits in the tree of life, devising death to those who live; a law selfish in its ends, unequal in its operations, unjust in its demands, and securing a hateful monopoly to those for whose benefit it was passed.

"Secondly, the Legislature of every State protects the particular rights of that State, says our opponent; but if the General Government chooses to enact a law circumscribing our rights, there is no safety but in submission, for if the State passes a law in contradistinction to it, it would be utterly void, and resistance would be vain. It would be the contest of a stripling with an unshorn Sampson; as a feeble victim within the clutches of the monarch of the desert.

"The connection between the several parts is not so intimate as the gentleman would have us believe. Already has the repulsion been so great as to strike a panic to the patriotic bosom, and make it grieve with a fearful-looking for of woe and desolation. Already has discontent lifted its giant form and looked around upon the peaceful scene with a malignant smile that bodes no good to this now happy Union.

"It was this extension of territory that overthrew the Roman Empire, for it created so much dissension among the several provinces that she was compelled to resort to oppression in order to silence their murmurs, but in the act she wakes the slumbering fires of a nation's wrath. Rebellion loosed the ark of political safety from her moorings, and drifted it out upon the ocean of Revolution, an object for every contending storm which, by its angry war, came out to battle for the prize or to disport itself in fearful gambols upon its tremulous bosom. Yes, admit these territories as states and you bring within the pale of the government those wild and turbulent spirits who have fled from the serenity of law to indulge in unrestrained passion, or to quench, in solitude, the burnings of a remorse which reaches their bosom with an intolerable agony."

This oration, from which we have given extracts, gives a fair view of the young man's culture and taste at eighteen.

While George was at college, Dr. Pierce was engaged most constantly and effectively in his ministerial work. A revival, such as America had not known since 1802, was now in progress in Georgia. In Washington, in Lexington, in Greenesboro, in Macon, in Clinton, and in many of the country-churches, there were meetings of most remarkable power. Stephen Olin, James O. Andrew, John Howard, and Lovick Pierce were a corps of evangelists who moved together. The number of distinguished men—lawyers, judges, and planters—who were converted was remarkable, and up to this time never equalled.

There had never been a revival in the college, or in Athens, in its history. The preaching had been strictly or-

thodox, and the discipline of the College and the Church had been rigid and stern, but no revival had ever followed; but Athens was now to share in the general blessing. A young Baptist preacher began a prayer-meeting among the boys, which drew the more thoughtful and serious under its influence. Dr. Lovick Pierce was in charge of the station; Thomas Stanley was living in the town, teaching a Female Academy; and Thomas Samford was presiding elder, and a four days' meeting was appointed. To the help of these came Joseph C. Stiles, of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Stiles was then a young man, and a Presbyterian evangelist. He had been converted under the ministry of John Howard in Savannah, and had given himself to special work in revivals. He was really a preacher of remarkable ability. Among the class-mates of Bishop Pierce were Nathaniel Macon Crawford, afterward President of Mercer University, and Shaller G. Hillyer, professor of the same college, both of whom became distinguished Baptist preachers; Thomas F. Scott, who became a Presbyterian, and afterward a Bishop of the Episcopal Church, and John N. Waddell, who was the Chancellor of the University of Mississippi, and then of the Presbyterian University of the South; whether they began a religious life at this time I cannot say, but I think it certain they did. The revival was all-pervading, and George Pierce, a boy aged sixteen, became deeply concerned. He told me of his conversion, but did not give any extended account of it. He had never been a vile boy. He had deep convictions, but they were not agonizing. He had been an honest seeker for a thorough conversion. He sought for pardon, for power over all sin, for conscious peace with God, and for a pure heart. He sought for some days. One night he told me, after having gone forward for prayer he was sitting near a window of the church; he had been earnestly praying and he now realized that Jesus was his Saviour. There had been no excessive alarm before; there was no high excitement now; but the fulness of peace, the sweet consciousness of entire surrender and acceptance were here. He

said the moonlight never fell so sweetly and the sky was never so bright. Just then his father came to him: "George," he said, "you must trust your Saviour." "And I do trust him, pa," he said. With a beaming face the glad father took him by the hand and led him to his mother. The good mother had not forgotten how to shout, and she burst forth into a glad acclaim, in which others joined, and there was a happy time in the Athens Church that night. The conversion was thorough, the consecration was complete.

From this time there was a complete, a positive and controlling religious principle in all the life of George Pierce. The young convert had few struggles. He had made a full surrender; he had asked for a full pardon, for a clean, pure heart, he had sought for the abiding witness, and he secured these blessings. For months, he told me, for near twelve months, not a cloud ever shadowed his sky. Then came the impression that he ought to preach. He dismissed it at once, as a delusion. He lost his peace of mind; clouds came; temptations came; but still he wavered not in his integrity of purpose. He was not called to preach. He was sure the impression that he was, was a delusion. His joy was gone, he could not tell why; but he was as steady in his attendance to his religious duties as he had ever been. The struggle went on for over two years of his college life. He told no one, not even his father. During three years of his college life he made his home with Asbury Hull, the son of Hope Hull, the famous pioneer preacher. Asbury Hull had graduated in 1814, had been a tutor in the college, and had built his home in the town for two years. He had retired from the college, had gone into business as a banker, and was living in great comfort, a man of means. He proposed to Dr. Pierce to take his boy, as he took in aftertime the daughter of Bishop Andrew, and to give him his board. In this happy family young Pierce spent over three years. Asbury Hull was a man of great wisdom, of great integrity, and of genuine, unaffected piety He had nearly reached his threescore years and ten when one morning he was called to break-

fast from his study, and not responding, they went to him and found him with his Bible opened on his knee and his eyes closed in death. Mr. Hull had a fine collection of the best books, and George read in all his leisure moments and became acquainted with all the English classics. He took good stand in his college classes, and graduated in August, 1829. He divided the third honor with W W Smythe. His speech was on natural science. The accounts in the old newspapers say there was a large crowd at Commencement, and speak highly of Mr. Crawford's speech, but say nothing of him who became the leading orator of them all. The Commencement of Franklin College, sixty years ago, was the event of the year. The visitors came from far and near. Not only Georgia, but the neighboring States sent up their delegations. To the expectant graduate the time was of intense interest, and to his parents not less so. No son of an itinerant Methodist preacher had ever graduated in Athens before. Dr. Pierce had not regarded highly the traditions of his brethren about dress, and did not himself wear the uniform of his order. And he was not willing to have his handsome boy contrasted with his classmates, and so he ordered the tailor to make George a full suit of blue broadcloth, with bright brass buttons and velvet collar. George was indeed a handsome young fellow, and on that August day, as his eye flashed and his cheek glowed, dressed in attractive garb, when he made his graduating speech and his rich voice sounded through the chapel, he was in appearance to the Methodist of the time sadly unlike one who had abjured all the pomps and vanities of the proud, vain world. It requires but little effort of the imagination to reproduce the scene. Such a scene as will never be presented in Georgia again. The lumbering carriages from the low country, with their black coachmen and footmen and four horses; the gay city belle from Savannah or Augusta, the heiress of the sea islands, the daughter of the owner of a hundred slaves; the young gentlemen from the plantations, with their handsomely equipped saddle-horses and old-time gigs and sulkies; the

heavy-laden stage-coach, were all here from Saturday to Wednesday. Old Doctor Waddell, now presiding for the last time as President; the Governor and his staff, the Board of Trustees, the visiting clergy were on the platform; crowds of fascinating young ladies, who were now most assiduously attended by the college boys, filled the pews. The class was a fine one. The Valedictory was won by Nathaniel Macon Crawford, the son of the great statesman, William H. Crawford. "Very tender," says the *Old Athenian*, "was the farewell to the old doctor and the faculty, and many tears were shed." The reporter had nothing to say of the other speakers on that day.

The commencement day closed, and the college boys passed out into the busy world, and George returned to Greenesboro, to make ready for life.

The old memorandum book gives the following items on the cost of his education:

GEORGE'S COLLEGE EXPENSES.

Last term, Freshman year	$9 00
Board	25 00
Books and Fines	5 43
First Session, Sophomore	18 00
Ditto, and Library	19 00
Junior Year.	
Tuition	18 00
Books	6 00
Tuition	19 00
Senior Year.	
Tuition	37 00
Books	5 00
Board	50 00
Clothing and Incidentals	250 00
Total	$436 43

He had been three years and a half at college, and received his diploma of A. B. before he was nineteen years old.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY DAYS OF HIS MINISTRY, 1829–1833, AGED 19–22.

Greenesboro, Alcovi, Augusta—College Days Ended—Greenesboro again—Attempts to Study Law—Failure—Effort at Diversion—Failure again—Bishop Andrew's Interview—The Application for License—John Collinsworth—The Brass-buttoned Coat—The License—The Young Preacher—Rev. W R. Branham's Account.

HE graduated in August, 1829. He was eighteen years old the February before. The inward struggle still went on. Was he called to preach or not? If he was, he would not confer with flesh and blood; but was he called? The question must be settled now, for his college course was at an end, and his way through life must be chosen. His father was in the field, should he join him? He decided that the impression that he was to preach was not divine, and he entered his uncle's law office to study law. The study had, however, no charms for him.

He tried to centre his mind upon Blackstone. The effort was a vain one. He was very restless and unhappy. The days of sweet heavenly communion with God had long since passed. He attended church, took the sacraments, went to class-meeting, prayed in private, but still his heart was hard and cold. One day, after a vain effort to read Blackstone, he rose, and laying his law-book on the mantel, said: "I'll quit this, anyhow!" He concluded to try diversion, and so he spent every evening in the company of the young ladies of the village, but all in vain.

James O. Andrew was stationed at Athens and Greenesboro. He knew and loved very dearly this oldest son of his first Presiding Elder. He was satisfied that God had a special work for him to do. So one day he sought an interview with

him. "My young friend," says Bishop Andrew, "was exceedingly frank in his communication with me, and received all I said very kindly. Our conversation was close and honest, but very friendly, and I left him without knowing what might be the result. In a week or two, however, he told me that God had sanctified that interview to his good, and that it had awakened him to a sense of his real condition and duty, and from that day as long as he lived he should devote himself to the service of God in the itinerant ministry." This was evidently just before Bishop Andrew went to the Annual Conference, which met in Columbia, S. C.; for young Pierce was at that Conference and Greenesboro was again in the Apalachee Circuit with another pastor. The preacher in charge of the circuit, was John Collinsworth. Collinsworth was a man of iron. He had no fear of man and sought no favor from man. Men all stood as men to him. He believed a Methodist was, by his very profession, a peculiar man. He must show by every mark, external as well as by every inward one, that he was not of the world, and when they told him that George Pierce, whose hair stood up from his forehead, and did not, like his or Asbury's, lie down upon it, that George Pierce, who came to church with a suit of blue broadcloth, *with brass-buttons*, whose cheery smile betokened to him a thoughtless heart, that this George Pierce was going to be a preacher, it was too much for his credulity; but the application for license was made early in the year 1830, and he must act upon it. The young man had already been licensed to exhort, and had been in the pulpit at Walker's church, with Henry Hilliard, and now that he wished to go further should he hold his peace? He honored the father, he honored the mother, but he must not allow any mere feeling of regard for others to influence him. George Pierce must come down, and be more humble as a preacher, serious, and plain, or he could not be licensed by his vote.

The Society was to decide upon the young man's fitness before the Quarterly Conference could hear from the application.

James O Andrew

The day of the church session Brother Collinsworth met George, and said to him, affectionately but decidedly, "George, these people want you to be recommended for license, but if you get the recommendation you must take this coat off. No man can be licensed to preach in such a coat as this."

"Well, but, Uncle Collinsworth, I have no other Sunday coat but this, and it would not be right to throw it away and ask pa to get me another one."

"I tell you, my son, this coat must come off."

"Well, if they are going to license my coat, and not me, I will change it; but I don't expect to change it until I am obliged to get another."

The church meeting was called, and his application was laid before the Society. They were some time on his case, but the preacher was in a decided minority, and George and his swallow-tailed coat held the field.

"George," said Brother Collinsworth, "why do you wear your hair as you do? All the rest of the preachers wear their's like Bishop Asbury did, brushed down, and you brush yours up."

"But, Uncle Collinsworth, I have a cowlick; God made my hair to grow up, and I can't make it grow down."

"Oh, George, you are too airy!"

Indeed he was airy, as that word was generally understood. His bright black eyes flashed like diamonds, his step was as springy as a deer's, he weighed one hundred and thirty pounds. His face and his form were faultless, and he bore himself like a prince; a smile which was witchery itself, flashed like a sunbeam over a complexion as fair as a girl's. Add to this a sweet, unaffected simplicity of manner and a character as spotless as a maiden's, and the true picture of the young applicant is painted. He was recommended, and in March he was licensed. The father says in the old memorandum book: "George was licensed to preach, March 20th, and preached his first sermon in Monticello, Ga., March 28th, 1830, on the text, 'They seemed to him as one that mocked.' The Quarterly Conference which licensed him

was held in Eatonton, and presided over by William Arnold. The faithful Collinsworth was on hand and used his best effort to prevent the license from being granted, but the objections were too trivial, and the young man was licensed to preach by a large vote. Let no one censure the good young preacher, for he was not an old man, not forty years old; he meant well, and in most cases of like kind he would have done well. He had no personal dislike, no pique, no prejudice. He was aiming to do his Master's will, and not even the son of the leading man in his Conference and of his truest friend could turn him aside from his pathway. Up to this time the Methodist preachers had been uniformed. A straight-breasted cut-away coat, a white cravat, a broad-brimmed hat, made a uniform somewhat becoming, indeed very much so to a middle-aged man of fine personal appearance, but to a young fellow like George Pierce or Henry Bascom it was a burlesque. But the brass-buttoned claw-hammer coat was only excusable in a young preacher who did not have another. Dr. Lovick Pierce was on the Clinton and Milledgeville appointment, and it was no doubt on a trip with him to Clinton that the young preacher preached his first sermon in Monticello, Jasper County, March, 1830. It was nearly a year before he was to join the Conference, and he was now to make preparation for his life-work. He read the Methodist standards and preached very frequently. A bright young man, the brother of Ben H. Hill, was his associate and preached with him. They went to camp-meetings, protracted meetings, and on the circuits, and excited immense sensation. Rev. W R. Branham says of him:

"I heard what was among his first sermons from a tall pulpit in the Old Union Church in Eatonton. He spoke with great rapidity, began with rather a high pitch, both of voice and fervor, was highly figurative in style, and closed with but a few pauses from beginning to end."

If this biography was to be read by Methodists and by Georgians alone, it would not be needful to make some explanations that I make now and then; but Bishop Pierce was

a man of the people, and many will read this story of his life whose church affiliations are not with the body to which he gave his life, and without defence or discussion, I will give a little insight into the economy of the Methodists as it was sixty years ago, and as it is largely now.

License to preach does not confer on the person receiving it the right to hold a pastoral relation, nor to administer the sacraments. To be made a pastor one must enter the itinerancy, or the travelling connection. Bishop Pierce always held to an opinion, not the general one, however, of the Church, but his own, that the call to preach the Gospel meant to give one's entire time to it, and if the man was a Methodist it meant the travelling connection and nothing short of it. The prospect before a brilliant young man in this connection sixty years ago, considered from a worldly stand-point, was not attractive. At this time the severe privations and dangers of the early day were not encountered, but the compensation was still small and the work hard. There was not a Methodist college in the world in 1831, and few educated men, in the generally received meaning of that word, entered the travelling connection. The Bishop's kinsmen and friends believed he was guilty of almost madness in this visionary course. His mother and his father, however, had different views, and with their hearty concurrence he applied to the Georgia Annual Conference, which met in Macon, January 5, 1831, for admission into the travelling connection. With the preachers of the Conference he had been associated since his infancy. He was known to many, and loved by all who knew him. Lewis Myers, his father's early friend and Presiding Elder, was temporary President of the Conference, as no bishop was present. He was a sturdy little German, with unmistakable brogue. Firm as a rock in his positions, brave as a Spartan ; a man whose, it may be, narrow views were always supported by such faithful following of conduct that they won respect. Thomas Samford was elected president, and John Howard, his father's neighbor in Greenesboro, was the secretary. William Arnold, the saintly poetic evangelist,

who had licensed him to preach; James O. Andrew, who had led him into the ministry, and his father were among the older members of the Conference whom young Pierce had known and revered. Men who, trained by Asbury, had as yet broken away from few of the traditions of English Methodism, which he had brought to them. Then there was a body of sturdy, bright young men just coming to the front. Ignatius Few, not a young man, but a young preacher; Isaac Boring, who had won the spurs of a brave knight by hard work in the Florida swamps; Jesse, his brother, who, not yet an elder, had thrilled and amazed the people by his weird-like eloquence; Wesley P Arnold, whose great soul turned at once to this bright young man, and who loved him more as the years went on; W. J. Parks, the black-eyed, stern-looking, plain man of the people, who for the first time was put on a district, and who, while he lived, was one of Pierce's most valued friends, and Benjamin Pope and Andrew Hammil, gentle, cultured, pious. These were some of the young preachers with whom he cast his lot. The applicants were eleven in number; of these, Archelaus H. Mitchell and Abraham B. Elliot are all of this class who are still living. Mitchell, Pierce, and Elliot were all college men. The circuits in those days were large, and two preachers were sent to them. The senior preacher had all the planning of the work, and the junior was to act under his direction. The circuits had generally in their boundaries twenty-eight preaching places, which were often in several counties. At this time the church buildings were plain and rude. When young Pierce received his appointment it was to the Alcovi Circuit, with Jeremiah Freeman as his senior preacher, and with his old friend, John Howard, for Presiding Elder. The circuit began in Jasper County, included a considerable part of Newton, nearly all of Putnam, and all of Morgan. There were twenty-two appointments. Jeremiah Freeman was in charge. The young preacher had a Canadian pony named Prince, to whom the Bishop, in his old age, paid this affectionate tribute: "In my first circuit I had a little Canadian

horse, whom I named Prince, after a Cherokee chief. I rode him up hill and down hill, and never knew him to tip his toe. He was a great favorite with the ladies, to whom I often had to surrender him. Only one horse have I seen who would take the water like him. I would put him in any stream, and with his head piloting above the water, his tail spread out like a fan, not more than one-third of his body would sink in the water, so that the saddle-bags would never get wet. I afterward sold him to Major Hall, of Greene County, who used him for twenty-five years in the collection of taxes."

Bishop Pierce had no patience with a whining Methodist preacher, and a self-seeking young man was his abhorrence. Because, forsooth, the young fledgling had a diploma in his pocket, was that a reason why he should shirk a junior preacher's place on a hard circuit? Nay, verily. Never did one enter more joyously or heartily into his work than he did. He had lived in ease, the home in Greenesboro had been one of real comfort. His mother was a lady born and bred, and the blood of the old Huguenots was in her veins. He had just come from college; he had been fêted, and praised, and petted, but he felt that the place the Conference gave him was high enough and heavy enough for him. He preached every day, and often at night; he took the fare of his circuit as it came; he hunted and fished with the country boys on his rest day; he sat around the large fireplace of the log cabin, and talked with the old people of every-day matters, until his visits were looked for as a benediction. Rosy, fresh, sparkling, manly, he won all hearts. Was a stream swollen, in went Prince and his buoyant master, and the brave pony swam the stream. Was rain falling, or snow pelting, the appointment must be met. One day he said: "I rode ten miles, through a drenching rain, to Flatrock Chapel, only to find two persons there, a man and a boy. I was wet to the skin and benumbed. After waiting a few minutes and no additions coming, I said: 'We might as well leave here, as there will be no congregation.' The man quietly responded, 'Through five miles of pelting rain I have come to hear

preaching.' I saw at once my duty, and said: 'You are right, you are entitled to it;' and for one hour I addressed my little congregation, and was never heard with more attention."

The health of his colleague failed and he was in charge till J. F. Weathersbee came to his help.

During this year he preached two hundred and eighty-seven times, and received into the Church over one hundred and fifty members. During this year there was a camp-meeting at Hastings Camp Ground, in Greene. His old friend, John Collinsworth, who lived in Putnam County, was at the camp-meeting. It had rained and rained. The young preacher came in dripping with water. He had ridden all day. He changed his wet clothing, and came into his mother's tent for supper and was sitting at the table when Brother Collinsworth came in. "Why, George, you here?" "Yes, sir." "How did you get here?" "Partly by land, largely by water." "Did you swim any creeks?" "Yes, I swam three." A broad smile passed over the questioner's face. "Well, George, you'll make a Methodist preacher after all."

The following entries in the old memorandum book give us the only insight into the finances of the young man, whose allowance was one hundred dollars, but not all paid:

MONEY TO GEORGE, 1831 AND 1832, BY HIS FATHER.

To go to Bethel	$5 00
Augusta for hat	5 00
Ditto for horse	3 00
Greenesboro, trunk	5 00
Ditto for handkerchiefs	1 75
Money to go down	5 00
Paid Bill to Haff and M.	6 00
Cunningham	26 25
Redds cloth	22 50
	$69 50
Received George	30 00
	$39 50
To come home	10 00
To Schoonmaker	43 00
	$92 50

The Doctor makes an error against himself of $10 in the addition, but as it was a *pro forma* matter, it perhaps never affected seriously the result, for it is not very likely the account was liquidated or payment was ever expected.

His old college mate and friend, Abram B. Elliot, who entered the Conference with him, is still living and writes:

"LEEDS, JEFFERSON COUNTY, ALA.,
"April 18, 1888.

"REV. G. G. SMITH.

"DEAR BROTHER: I noticed in the *Nashville Advocate*, a few numbers back, a letter from you, in which you stated that you desired all the data you could obtain in reference to the early life of Bishop Pierce, as you were writing his history And I thought, as I was intimate with him in his college life, and afterward as fellow laborers of the same Conference, viz., the Georgia Conference, I might furnish you with a few incidents in his college and itinerant course, of which perhaps you were not in possession. I entered Franklin College, Athens, Ga., in the year 1827. I entered the sophomore class, half advanced, and found George F. Pierce in the junior class, with Archelaus H. Mitchel (now Dr. A. H. Mitchel, of the Alabama Conference). We three, I think, were the only Methodist students in college—perhaps another or two. We were all members of the same literary society, viz.: the Phi Kappa. Consequently, being so closely associated together, we had the opportunity of knowing each other's characters, talents, piety, merits and demerits, etc.

"We sat under the ministry of such men as James O. Andrew (stationed at Athens before he became bishop), Dr. Ignatius A. Few, and Dr. Stephen Olin (professor in college). We attended class-meetings together (for those were the days of class-meetings), and often were made happy. I love to dwell on the sweet reminiscences of those halcyon days of college life. In reference to my early and life-long friend, George F. Pierce, I have to say, I loved him first and

last like a blood-born brother. Indeed, he was universally beloved by the Presidents (Drs. Waddell and Church), the professors and students of the college.

"In our society meetings George did not participate often in our debates. Indeed, he often said he could not debate. He always, when he spoke, had a written speech, and read it in the society; but they were speeches indeed. They were redolent with figures and flowers. Such lofty flights of imagination and eloquence! so rapid in enunciation that it was difficult to keep up with him. It may justly be said of him, 'Nascitur orator.' I know the old adage is, 'Poeta nascitur, et orator fit;' 'a poet is born a poet, but an orator is made.' Brother Pierce's first year in the itinerancy was on the Alcovi Circuit, the circuit in which I was raised. He was junior preacher with Rev. Jeremiah Freeman. His praise, as a preacher, was on the tongue of all who heard him. He had overcome his embarrassment about off-hand debating or speaking. When I heard him last his manner was moderate, cool, calm, and deliberate, yet the ardor and fire of his college days had not expired. George had a streak of humor and fun in his nature in his college days, and it developed itself often after he became a preacher.

"Your octogenarian brother and friend,

"ABRAM B. ELLIOT."

Mr. J. N. Wilson, of Decatur, Ga., gives us the following pleasant chapter of recollections:

"I remember him. I was a boy of some twelve years; lived near a church in the bounds of his work that year, where my father had his membership; it was in Putnam County, and the church had a large membership; in the midst of a wealthy community, the congregations on Sunday were very large, and the young preacher would hold them spellbound during the delivery of his sermons, which never exceeded thirty or forty minutes in length. He was a magnetic speaker, a perfect orator, of splendid appearance, combining all the essential elements that go to make a charming,

popular preacher; indeed, it was the oft-repeated prediction of many, that the danger was 'he would become very soon a spoiled chap,' from the flattery and encomium heaped upon him. There were a few well-educated, refined, and beautiful young ladies of his congregation that were his most interested hearers and admirers, and it was expected by some that the famous orator and preacher would be captivated by their charms before the year expired; but nothing of the sort—he was invulnerable to all the beauty and captivating manners of the young ladies. I wish I could give you some points of decided interest, so that you could incorporate them in the history and biography of the wonderful man whose life you are writing; but I can call to mind no event of special interest as occurring during the year 1831; except, I might say, his preaching did build up the church, and many additions were made. At a night service at the church I have mentioned, there were several converts among the many mourners at the altar. I distinctly remember the pony he rode, mention of which was made in an interview had with the bishop by a *Constitution* reporter a few days before his golden wedding in 1884. He was indeed a superb pacer, rapid and sure of foot; he was about as fine a specimen of the horse as was his owner of the 'genus *homo*.' I here declare what I have often said, and what others, perhaps better judges of such matters have said, that George F. Pierce was the finest-looking man I ever beheld. His like, in everything, appearance, magnetism, eloquence, and true Christian character, I shall never see again. The next year, 1832, he was sent to Augusta as junior preacher, J. O. Andrew being preacher in charge. My father used to go to Augusta frequently in the fall of every year to sell cotton. He would make it a point to get to Augusta on Saturday, and lay over until Monday, so that he could attend church on Sunday and hear George preach—he was a great admirer of him. From this time until he became President of the Wesleyan Female College in Macon, I saw nothing of him. At a camp meeting in Meriwether County, near the Warm

Springs, in 1841, he preached at 3 P.M. on Sunday, and created the greatest excitement I ever witnessed. The altar was filled with penitents; many were converted, and the shouts of new-born souls, together with the hosannas of the Christian people, were truly great. No more preaching that evening, though the shouting and singing went on until a late hour in the night."

The Conference of 1832 met in Augusta, and of course he attended it, for while the system of examining young preachers on a course of study did not at that time obtain, and probationers were not always expected at the conference session, yet as the place of meeting was near home and as it was pleasant to go, he went. At this Conference two young men came for admission who were, as long as they lived, to be his true yoke-fellows and among the number of his dearest friends, Caleb W Key and Samuel Anthony. Caleb, as he called Key, as long as he lived was very dear to him. He was a man of affairs, clear-headed, courteous in manner, pure in speech, an earnest, effective preacher, who filled for many years the best appointments in the State, a man who could always be trusted to do the work given him. Anthony was a man of most remarkable traits. Converted after he was married, at that time almost entirely without education, he became a man of fine theological attainments. His piety was wonderfully deep, his iron will was always on the side of the true and good. His preaching was with real power, and almost marvellous effects attended his labors. He labored side by side with Bishop Pierce in many a field and they stood together in many a combat.

Bishop Hedding presided, and when the Conference was over, James O. Andrew and George F. Pierce were sent together to Augusta.

Mr. Andrew had been elected to the General Conference, and as it met in Philadelphia and he expected to be gone for three months, it was needful to supply him with an assistant.

James O. Andrew was then in the zenith of his glory as

a preacher, and his fame was in all the land. The church in Augusta in which Lovick Pierce preached in 1807 was still standing, and only changed by being lengthened. The sensation produced by the young orator was immense, and continued all the year through. He was the wonder of all. Now just twenty-one, graceful, handsome, simple in habits, and blessed with all the needful qualities of an orator, he drew great crowds to hear him. He made his home with Bishop Andrew, and when Andrew went to Philadelphia he had charge of the church until after his colleague returned, a bishop, when Cassell Harrison was sent in charge. The two young preachers moved on harmoniously and happily together. There was a dangerous atmosphere for such a young man in Augusta then; but, added to his native good sense and pure piety, he had the home influence of Bishop Andrew's household. Amelia Andrew was old enough to advise him, and young enough to understand him. She loved him as an older sister would have loved him, and he loved her; and when her husband had made up his mind to go to Africa as a missionary, if the Church said so, she wrote that "George Pierce says he will go with us."

It was greatly to his advantage that he had such friends, and years afterward, when he preached Bishop Andrew's funeral sermon, he told of how much he owed to him and his good wife in this critical period of his history. Although he was surrounded with so many perils he lived so humbly, so purely, so consistently that not a stain was on his fair name. He had but one aim—to save the souls of his people. He preached three times each Sunday and once during the week; the revival was continuous during the year, and having done his work well he went to the Conference at La Grange for his new appointment. La Grange was directly across the State, over two hundred and fifty miles from Augusta, and the whole trip was to be made by private conveyance. There was no railway, no steamboats; the roads were wretched. For a hundred miles the country was comparatively new. The discomforts of the journey of near ten days over most execrable

roads were many, and formed the topic of many a merry conversation in after-time. La Grange was a charming young town, and many of his old friends from Greene were already established there. Bishop Andrew presided at this time. A young man came into the Conference who was to be closer to George Pierce for fifty years than perhaps any other man of the body, and who was to enjoy, and who deserved to enjoy, his fullest confidence until his death. This was James E. Evans, the son of a Methodist itinerant preacher, who had been forced to location. Descended from old Welsh stock, he had inherited a magnificent body and a gifted mind. That rich affluence of language, and that warmth of emotion which belong to the gifted Welsh, belonged in high degree to him. Deeply pious, highly gifted, graceful in manner, strong in good sense, an orator born, he won as many trophies for his Lord as any man of his day.

When the Conference closed George F. Pierce found himself placed in charge of Savannah, with Andrew Hammill as his presiding elder

During these first years of his ministry he found himself speculating, as nearly all young preachers do, and some of those great unanswered, and perhaps unanswerable, questions which theology as a science propounds, came before him. He came to his father for light, and in a long and most carefully prepared article the doctor makes effort to answer the question as to whether the Divine Nature suffered in the sufferings of Christ.

With what satisfaction the son received the answer I do not know; but I remember he told me once that in his early ministry he had a strong inclination to turn aside into the realm of speculation, but "I saw," he said, "it would ruin me, and I dropped it at once." So ended the two years of his novitiate. He was now admitted into full connection, and placed in charge of the leading station in his Conference.

Savannah, to which he was appointed, was the largest city in Georgia, but there was no community in the State in which Methodism had had such a struggle for existence, and

REV. JAMES E. EVANS, D.D.

in which it had been for so long a time so feeble. A succession of gracious revivals, however, beginning in 1818, had established the Church upon a firm footing. The city had, at this time, perhaps eight thousand inhabitants, and the Methodists had one church, which was located in the oldest and least fashionable part of the city. It was the same church which James Russell had sacrificed himself to build, and in which Lovick Pierce had preached when an army chaplain in 1814. The most prominent and useful men of the South Carolina Conference have filled the station before the division of the Conference. William Capers, James O. Andrew, John Howard, Ignatius A. Few, had been there, and Elijah Sinclair had just ended his pastorate. For years every man who had been sent to the station had been a man of mature years, married and settled, but now the work was put in charge of a young man, not yet ordained an elder, who was only twenty-two years old. He says of this appointment, in his speech at his golden wedding:

"In 1833 I was stationed in Savannah. From some cause there was a division in the church, and I could not board with one party without alienating the other. The bishop advised me to occupy the parsonage. So I set up house-keeping—a regular 'bachelor's hall.' A dreary, monotonous time I had of it. I endured it more than half the year and then engaged an old sister in the church to come and keep house for me. She relieved the solitude a little, improved my fare very much, but did not fill the vacuum. The fact was, I needed a helpmeet in every department. I testify to the Scripture doctrine, 'It is not good for man to be alone.'"

The fame of the young orator had preceded him, and he attracted much attention at once. The crowds were large, the hearing was all he could ask, but, alas! there were no results. No mourners came forward for prayer; no one was converted. This state of things became so painful that he began to suffer the greatest agony of soul. One Sunday morning he preached a sermon with which he hoped to move the sinners to action. He preached with fervor and eloquence. He expected re-

sults and he made his proposition; but not a person moved. He went home in deepest grief, disappointed, miserable. He told me he felt as if he could not live. He ate neither dinner nor supper, and when he went to the pulpit he went so burdened that he could not preach, as he thought, at all. After concluding, as he expressed it, some kind of a sermon, he decided to try again, and again invited seekers of religion, and the altar rail was crowded. A revival thus began, which continued during the year. Among his parishioners was Benjamin Snider, a prosperous young merchant. He had come from the old Saltzburghers stock and had been converted under John Howard's earnest ministry, and a few years before this time had married a young New York widow. They had a sweet and happy home, and in it the pastor found a cordial welcome. To Savannah, with her sister, some ten years before, came Ann Maria Waldron, a fair young maiden. He met her. The rest of the story he tells himself:

"This year I met Miss Ann Maria Waldron. She was small, spry, active, elastic as a willow-twig, and buoyant as a bird upon the wing. She weighed about ninety pounds. Since I took charge of her she has developed into fair matronly proportions. But I anticipate. On further acquaintance I found Miss Waldron modest, sensible, practical, religious, and poor. She was no heiress, and I was no fortune-hunter. I used to tell my mother and sisters that when I found an orphan girl with few or no kin, and no more property than I, if she suited in other respects I would marry. I was poor, but proud and independent, and was firmly resolved that I would never wed a wealthy girl. I was afraid she might, in some of the irritations of life, taunt me with the fact that I was living on her money, that she supported me, had lifted me from the ashes and given me position in the world. Anything like this from the lips of the woman I loved I felt would be an immedicable wound. I did not mean to risk it. I intended my wife should depend on me, and that we would rise or sink together. Miss Waldron filled my bill, but the young lady was shy—retiring—and I had to court her. I was a

MISS ANN M. WALDRON.

young preacher, and I had to be prudent, cautious, in order to avoid gossip. Well, things moved on in the natural way to the end of the year. There had been no decision, no understanding between us. The time had come—I must know my fate. I went round to interview the young lady. I was honest, honorable—did not mean to deceive in anything. I drew a gloomy, woful picture of a Methodist preacher's life, its changes, hardships, inconveniences — its slender uncertain income, and that I had nothing outside of it. 'I am going up to Conference, not knowing the things that will befall me there.' I made out a strong unattractive case, for I meant to test the little woman's pluck. 'Now suppose I am sent to Macon'—then a new town—'will you go with me?' She did not look ugly nor mad, but she dropped her head and turned her face away I pressed for an answer. Like Isaac's servant, when he was sent for Rebecca, I said 'I would not go until I had gotten an answer;' and at last, like Rebecca, she said, 'I will go.' I was returned to Savannah, with private information from the bishop that if Dr. Capers was transferred to Georgia, then I was to leave and go to Charleston. We concluded if we could live separately in either of these cities we could live together. So we married on this night fifty years ago.

"In a few days a letter from the bishop ordered me to Charleston. It was necessary now for me to look into my financial condition. This was short work. I overhauled my assets and found that I owed no man anything, and that I had a free cash capital of *eleven* dollars. I said, 'Ann, how much money have you?' She answered, '*Five dollars.*' Eleven and five make *sixteen*, and this was our outfit for a pilgrimage of half a century. We landed in Charleston, strangers, in a strange city, all expenses paid and an unexpended surplus of *two dollars and fifty cents.* The rain was falling heavily, the streets were empty, not a carriage to be found, and, getting a dray to carry our baggage, we footed it through a drenching shower, two miles to the parsonage. A more forlorn and bedraggled pair as to our outward seeming

it would have been hard to find. But our hopes did not decline nor our love grow cold. This was the first and darkest shadow upon our pathway—and the last."

In that same speech the bishop says of the maiden he had chosen: "If my wife will forgive me, I will say I might have found a more beautiful maiden—one of more literary culture—but a truer woman, a better wife, a more prudent counsellor, a wiser manager, a more fertile, tidy house-keeper, I could not have found between Tybee light-house and Rabun Gap, or Tallulah Falls and the lakes of Florida.

"I reckon we have had about as much of sunshine as falls to the lot of humanity. I wish I could say I have never spoken a harsh or hasty word; but candor compels me to say that sometimes, not often, yet more than once, I have transgressed. Nor is my better half absolutely sinless. We are both quick-tempered and impatient, and now and then, in the worry and fret of life, we have spoken unadvisedly; but by mutual agreement we had a prompt and efficient remedy for these little irritations. When we had retired at night something like this has taken place: 'Mr. Pierce' (so she always calls me), 'I spoke cross to you to-day; I am sorry for it. Forgive me. Kiss me, and let me feel that you are not hurt with me.' Suffice it to say the kiss was always given. Or, perhaps, I would say, 'Ann, I answered you abruptly this morning, and you thought unkindly; but I did not mean it so. It is my purpose never to wound your feelings.' At once the sky was clear, the winds hushed, the billows were still, and we were at rest in our usual domestic haven."

I have anticipated a little. We return.

The year passed happily and profitably, and he went to Washington to the Conference, over which Robert Emory presided. It was at this Conference that Olin and Few crossed swords on the question of what Georgia should do for Randolph Macon College in Virginia; few contending for the Manual Labor School here and Olin for the College in Virginia, and that Allen Turner boldly opposed them both, stating that Georgia needed a college of her own, and should

have one, and more than that, she would. Whether young Pierce, who in after-time always took a full hand in conference debates, raised his voice in this discussion I cannot tell, but that he was intensely interested in it no one can doubt. There were grave reasons why he should for the time being change his conference relations, and after the appointments were read out he was transferred to the South Carolina Conference and appointed as second man to Charleston; so to Charleston went the young preacher and his fair bride.

Methodism had gained a foothold in Charleston thirty years before she had done so in Savannah, but from the very beginning the Church had been sadly torn by discords, and one of the most serious, and needless, and painful divisions in her history had just taken place during the year preceding Mr. Pierce's appointment as one of the trio of preachers who were to fill the Methodist pulpits in the city. There were three churches, Trinity, Bethel, and Cumberland. There were three preachers, and nine sermons were to be preached every Sunday, and three during the week. The Rev. William Martin, one of the bishop's colleagues, is still living, and he writes:

"COLUMBIA, S. C., January 16, 1888.

"My love for the father and the son was so great, while living, that it is pleasant still to think of them. My acquaintance with them began in January, 1830, and the friendship then formed continued without interruption until they, one after the other, ascended to the regions of everlasting life. George, a lovely young man, was then reading law, which he soon after laid aside, with all its alluring prospects, and entered into the 'glorious ministry of the blessed God.'

"In January of 1834, George, at the close of his third year of his ministry in the Georgia Conference, was transferred to the S. C. Conference, and stationed in the City of Charleston. I met him at the wharf, and conducted himself with his bride to the parsonage, their new home, where we became one family for the year.

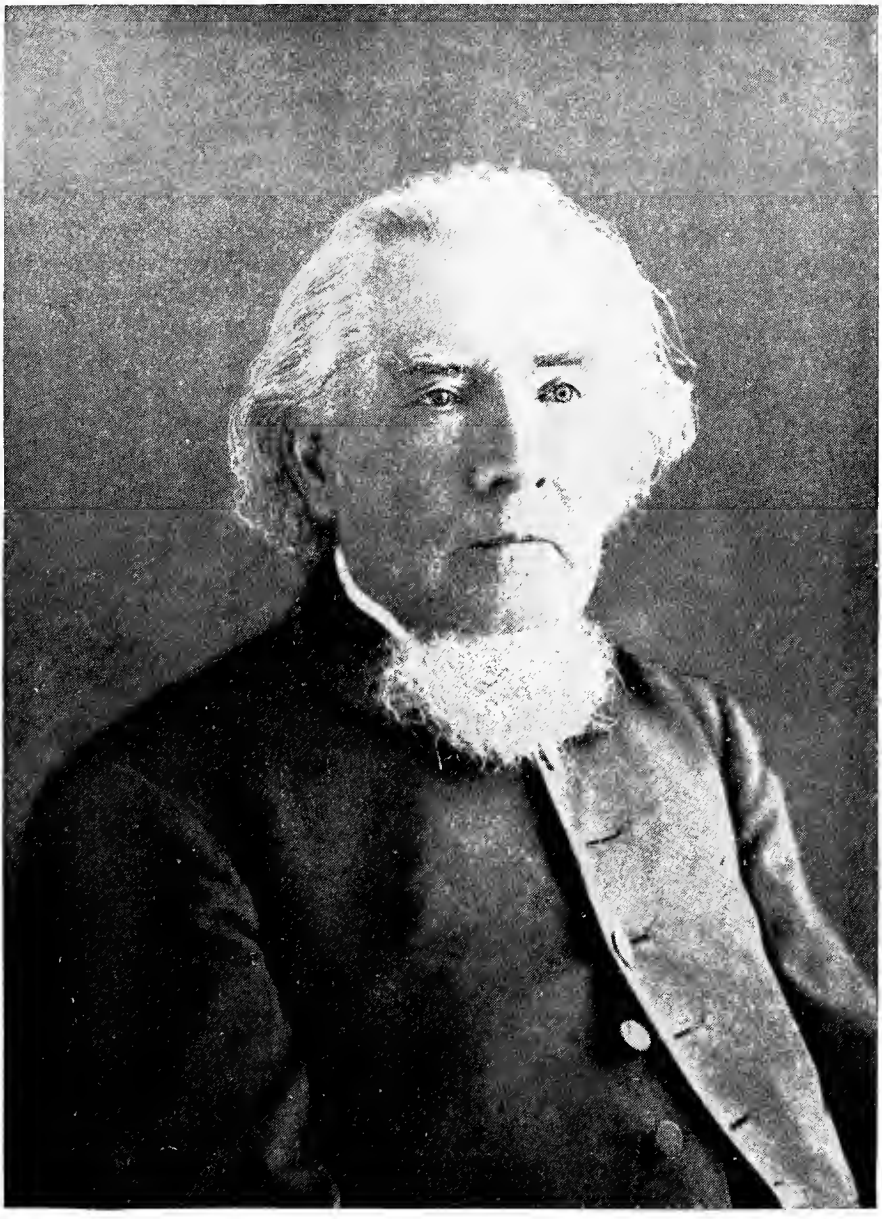
"His fame as an orator had preceded him, and all our people were in eager expectation, and they were not disappointed. The universal testimony was that he had never been equalled in our pulpits. Crowds followed him; all classes, the high and the low, rich and poor, white and black, hung with almost breathless attention upon the breathing thoughts and burning words that fell from his lips. I seldom heard him except at our week-night meetings, but even there he was truly, grandly sublime. Nor was the word by him in beauty and sublimity only, but attended with power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit; there was Divine unction in it. At camp-meetings, where he preached to between four and five thousand people, the effect of his preaching was overwhelming. This was only the fourth year of his ministry.

"As to his personal appearance, take him all in all, his entire make-up from head to foot, I thought then and I think still, that he was one of the finest-looking, most perfectly formed men I had ever seen. His like in personal appearance, mental ability, and preaching power I have never known.

"It so happened that on a certain Wednesday night, the regular appointment for George to preach, there was a very strong inducement for himself and his young wife to be elsewhere. Seeing and appreciating his position, I proposed to preach for him; but after a few moments' thought, he said, 'No, I will fill my appointment, that is the path of duty.' I went with him, and he preached on the text, 'My heart shall not reproach me, so long as I live.' Job xxvii. 6. The congregation was small, but the preacher seemed inspired, and the house was filled with the glory of God. His presence was felt by all, and I doubt if one present ever forgot that sermon. I presume most of those present that night are now with the glorified preacher in heaven. That text was his motto through life; it has been mine.

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM MARTIN."



WM. MARTIN.

The young Georgian was the marvel of Charleston, and men who had not been used to attend the Methodist chapels, as they called them, were found in their places every Sunday. During the year before there had been a great secession of negro members, but still a large number filled the galleries. During the autumn months the great camp-meeting near the city was held, and thousands attended it. Here he was in his element, and his preaching was marvellously eloquent and moving. He lived in the parsonage with his bachelor colleague. The gentle wife received and has preserved for over fifty years the following letter from his father:

"ATHENS, March 1, 1834.

"MY DEAR ANN MARIA: I am quite unwell, sitting by a small fire and the wind whistling around me in chilling blasts. And having read as long as my failing eyes can well bear, I concluded I would send you a few fatherly lines. My hand trembles so I am almost deterred from my purpose.

"You have, in becoming a minister's wife—especially an itinerant minister—engaged in one of the most responsible stations ever occupied by a woman. It is to be a helpmeet, not only in secular and temporal things, but in saving souls. Therefore have it deeply and piously engraved upon your mind, and upon your heart, that no talents ever imparted to man, nor labors done by him, can be largely useful, unless his wife be blameless in her life, pious and consistent in her manners, and co-operating in her expressions, feelings, and principles with her husband in his high, holy, and peculiar functions and duties. A faithful and useful minister's wife, if she be a true yoke-fellow in the kingdom of Jesus, is one of the most respected and valued beings in the world, by all good people. George has selected you to be his partner, as well in his toils and sorrows as in his ease and comforts. And such I fully believe you aim and intend to be. You will necessarily have many privations and sufferings not common to wives of merchants, planters, etc. And so also will you have many pleasures not common to them. All depends

through grace, on being satisfied with having your inheritance beyond this *terrestrial scene.*

"My dear Ann, I have seen many of our young preachers make themselves contemptible, by what they alleged to be a *respectful compliance* with the wishes of a fond wife, in neglecting their ministerial duties, and letting the idea get out that their wife could not bear their absence, and all such nonsense. I hope you and George will banish from you such *disgusting foolishness.* Always remember that *fondness* misplaced and overacted is weakness, ignorance, and folly displayed. Persons without fortitude enough to sustain them under life's common demands ought never to marry. And persons who might have it, but affect a want of it to bring themselves into notice as *uncommonly attached,* are always despised by all well-bred persons. Excuse my freedom of address, for I am persuaded better things of you both, though I thus write, and things that accompany good sense, good breeding, and constant piety. Be faithful, pray much, and live a life of daily *self-sacrifice.* If you can't read this scribble, George can. I am to-day very nervous. I left home eight days ago.

"Make George study a great deal, and as far as you can, do you do the same.

"I am, affectionately yours,

"LOVICK PIERCE."

During the year he was in Charleston he preached one hundred and seventy-two times. The Georgia Conference had merely loaned him to South Carolina, and the bishop recalled him at the next Conference and sent him to Augusta in charge of the station.

Of this period of his ministry there are but few records. He was now not only becoming famous, but, young as he was, he was the most famous man of his State. Great crowds followed him. His style was rich in its luxuriance, and he held the congregation he had gathered by his wondrous gifts. The Augusta church, to which he ministered as a junior preacher,

now received him as its pastor. There was the old church built by Stith Mead, and the little wooden parsonage built by Bishop Andrew in 1820. The church was plain, unpretending. It was of wood, eighty feet long by forty wide, two tiers of windows, and a gallery. The membership was less than three hundred, but there were some substantial and even wealthy people in it. The growth of the church had been very rapid for the several years since Andrew came, and it was now a strong church. The young preacher and his young wife took up their home in the parsonage, and during that year Ella was born. Years afterward, on her birthday, her father wrote her of the joys of that morning, and of how he gave his daughter back to God, and of how he had always been grateful to God for the gift of his little girl. He had his hands full of work. He preached three times every Sunday, and on Wednesday night. On Monday night he had prayer-meeting, on Tuesday afternoon class, on Wednesday night preaching, on Thursday night leaders' meeting, on Friday night love-feast and society meeting. The success attending his work during the year was not equal to that of some years. He had received about seventy into the Church. He was a very diligent and careful student of the standard works of Arminian theology, and kept up with all the good literature of the times. His fame had reached other sections of the land, and Dr. Olin, who knew him well, was exceedingly anxious to get him to Randolph Macon to take a professor's place. From the letter which follows, it seems to have been almost settled that Mr. Pierce should go to Virginia. His letter we do not have, and why he refused the flattering offer of a professorship he has not told.

From Stephen Olin to George F. Pierce.

"R. M. COLLEGE, December 7, 1835.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I received your favor from Savannah by the last mail. Brother Andrew's letter had indeed given me some hope, tho' but little. A rumor put afloat by Alfred Mann tended a little to confirm it, and still more a

letter from E. Sinclair assured me that you had concluded at last to come. Still our necessities were so pressing, and any other arrangement so near impossible, that I was full of anxiety upon the subject till I got your letter. So doubtful was I of your course that I had applied to a young man whom we had concluded to employ as tutor if you should fail us, and my perplexity was increased by learning from him that he could by no means attempt so high a work as to fill the place of a professor. We had held a consultation the very day I received your letter and had nearly concluded to attempt another arrangement, which our judgment rejected and which we had reason to know the Board would not approve. I only thought it better than to stop altogether, to which we seemed destined if, in addition to Professor Sims' absence, a storm should rise at our Conference which would induce Brother Parks to leave at once, which I deem, from the signs of the times, far from improbable. You may suppose that under these circumstances I was very glad to get your letter. My trust has been in God. I have felt compelled to be importunate, nor am able to see how we could get along without you. I do not wonder at your attachment to the itinerancy. I have felt it all. I cannot doubt that you will find a field for usefulness here, different but even greater than the one you leave. This you will not see till you have been here a few months; then I think you will see it. I confidently hope that your religious influence will do much good. A hundred young men of equal promise were hardly ever assembled. Half are religious. Nearly everyone is methodistical. I doubt not twenty of them should preach. They wait, however, for signs, etc. I do what I can, but my health does not allow me to mingle in their class- and prayer-meetings, etc. This you can do, and, by God's blessing, in doing so you can help their piety, enlarge their views, and show them their duty. I cannot doubt that you will be the instrument of raising up several preachers from year to year. Thus may you send out many substitutes into the field you leave so reluctantly. You think me visionary. I think this a

practical view. I will speak freely. I want your help. I am sure we shall be of one heart, zealous, simple, catholic, methodistic. I go for the Church now and at the long run. We must have enlightened ministers as to mind. Here is the place to make them. We have the material. With God's help upon our united prayers and incessant efforts we shall succeed. This can't be expected when there is dissatisfaction to the Church, want of zeal and right views. Messrs. Garland and Blackwell are true men and excellent Christians. So is Brother Sims, but he is timid and as a preacher not efficient and active. G. and B. you know as laymen. I have taken board for you at Brother Carney's; a good place, genteel family. Ten dollars per month is the established price. You will have time to think about housekeeping. Professor Parks' house will be vacated in June, a very pleasant place, next door to me. I hope to see you live there.

"As to the route, take the Piedmont line at Greenesboro, come on to Milton and then drive up to this place, sixty or seventy miles. This is the best way. Avoid a sea voyage in the winter. If, however, you come to Norfolk, you can go to Petersburg by steamboat and thence ninety miles by rail and stage to this place.

"I regret to hear of the Georgia Conference College. It is said they propose to take the endowment pledged to this college. This I think impossible, as it would be a breach of faith to us and to the donors. I do trust our enlightened friends will save the Conference from such a stigma; I should feel a deeper mortification than I can express. Give Mrs. O's love with mine to Sister Pierce. Also to Brother Waterman and family, to Brother Mann and family; tell him Alfred is doing *very well.* I heard him speak in love-feast last night, very affectingly. Remember me especially to Brother and Sister Andrew. Also to your father and family. I cannot look over this, excuse blunders.

"Truly yours,

"S. OLIN.

"REV. G. F PIERCE."

His home, as we have seen, was in the old parsonage. It had been built while Andrew was on the station; its four not large rooms were large enough for the young family, and when their baby-girl was born there were few happier households. During this year, according to his old record, he preached one hundred and fifty-seven times, but the record only gives the number of times, and not places nor the texts.

The old record of the church shows the care with which he kept his books. He was all his life remarkable for the systematic modes in which he worked, and there was nothing he stressed more in his talk with the preachers than the duty of constant carefulness and system. It is but just to say that, in the modern idea of a pastor, he was not at that time, nor at any other time, a good one. He had little fancy for mere conventionalities. To go and see people merely to say he had gone, and to have no special object in view, was irksome. He liked to sit with Jesse Kent in his store and chat with the unique old man. He liked to seek Judge Longstreet in his office and talk with him, or to spend an evening at John H. Mann's, or to go to Sister Danforth's for a prayer-meeting or a religious talk. He liked to mingle with the sinners in their places of trade, and to see the sick and distressed; but merely to run around was his aversion. He saw no good in it; nothing but a catering to an absurd requirement, born often of a sense of personal importance and kept alive by selfishness. He said that piety which had to be nursed by a pastor in order to keep it alive was a poor affair, without stamina. I have not, and I may as well say it here, thought a biography the place to air one's own opinions, nor to defend or condemn the subject of the story. I think it my duty here simply to tell the truth of the life of the pastor of the Augusta Station of 1835, and that truth is that he preached three times on Sunday, held a meeting every night in the week, held two class-meetings, visited the sick and distressed, and did not visit the well and well to do, merely to get round. He did not like to walk;

he did not like chit-chat. He had his hands full of work, and he had no time for ceremony and mere perfunctory work.

His salary was small, but with the gentle wife's close management it was enough for their simple wants, and he closed the year 1835, when he was twenty-four years old, after a successful pastorate, and went to the Conference for a new appointment.

Bishop Pierce believed in the itinerancy He had little sympathy with any man who was so tied down that he could not move. He moved every year for the first four years of his ministry, and he believed it did any preacher good to change his congregation, and every congregation good to change its preacher. His father was presiding elder on the Augusta District, but having removed his family to Columbus, he was taken from the district, and George was put upon it. It included Augusta, Columbia, Lincolnton, Washington, Warrenton, Sparta, Sandersville, Louisville, and Waynesboro. It is not probable that out of a salary of $700 much had been saved for furnishing the new elder. A horse must be purchased, and a home provided. Grandfather Foster still lived in Greene, and as his children were all gone he was glad to have his grandson, a namesake, again under his roof; and soon the young elder took his gentle wife to the plantation and left her there while he went on his way. It was a new and by no means a pleasant experience for him to leave his family for such long trips as the district demanded, but the work must be done. By making hard drives, of sometimes sixty miles a day, he was able to get home every four weeks, but it was only for a day or two at a time; then he must be off again. During camp-meeting season he was unable to reach home at all for three whole months, and all this time the fair young wife was left with the grandparents in Greene; but they took good care of her, and during his absence on the district a little girl was born whom they called Julia.

But Greene was too far from the centre of the district,

and he wanted a home of his own, and so he made arrangements to take the parsonage at Sparta. Rev. George W Carter was preacher in charge, but he had only a wife, and so the presiding elder took the house and settled his wife in Sparta and had the preacher to board. The house was on the outskirts of the then small county-site of Hancock, the village of Sparta. It was a small house with four rooms beneath and a half-story above. There was no fence around, and no furniture within. There was rather a scant purse from which to buy, but the thrifty little mistress of the house was full of devices. The good box in which the books were shipped made a dressing-case, and the one table-cloth she found at the parsonage had companions provided for it, and under her care the residence of the *de facto* bishop of a large diocese was made to smile. There was no fence around the premises, and the times were wild. Drunken men rode yelling by, and the young wife with her babes had need for all her faith and courage. One morning early some runaway negroes, while the mistress was for a moment absent, stole the breakfast from the table. When the husband's work was done he hastened home as rapidly as his fast horse could carry him. Such was the life of the first preacher of the State, on the best district in it, in 1837.

The presiding elder has many varied and important duties. At this time, when the chief officers of the Church, the bishops, were so few, and had such difficulty in reaching the remote parts of the work, the presiding elder was, in fact as well as law, a bishop in his district. He had not only to see that it was well manned, but to see after the finances, the discipline of the circuits, and the extension of the work, but he was, in addition to all this, to be an evangelist. Camp-meetings at this time were in their glory. In the Augusta District there was a camp-meeting in every one of the ten appointments, and in some of them there were two. There was not a line of railway in the district, and all of it had to be travelled on wheels or on horseback. He always had a good horse, and he saw to his comfort, but while he fed

him well with his own hand, and if need be groomed him, he expected good work from him. He never used an umbrella. The sweltering suns of June fell upon him unprotected and the rains wet him to the skin. He had only forty quarterly meetings for fifty-two weeks in the conference year, so that he could so arrange his work as to spend some little time at home. He was always an advocate for small districts and much service from the presiding elder, and was of opinion that the waning popularity of the office was mainly due to the over-size of the districts and the scant services to each charge. His district for this year was made out of the Savannah and the Athens, and, while an old section of the State, was a new district. It included the territory where, nearly fifty years before this time, Major Humphries and Hull had laid the foundation of the Church. There were now two thousand five hundred white members and one thousand colored, who were scattered over ten counties. A round on this district was made this year, by his leaving his home in Sparta, on Friday afternoon, and having his quarterly meeting in Warrenton, where John C. Simmons, then a young man, was on the circuit. From Warrenton to Columbia, and then up to Lincolnton, and then to Washington, and then home to Sparta for a week; then to Sandersville, Louisville, Augusta, and Waynesboro; then home again. He preached nearly every day, and preached in all parts of his district, and preached as eloquently oftentime in the log-cabin as if he had been in the cathedral. The camp-meeting was the event in rural Georgia in those days. The young presiding elder was expected to preach every day at eleven o'clock, and be at every service. Colonel R. M. Johnson, who knew the bishop most intimately, and who was with him at many a camp-meeting, gives a somewhat graphic picture of Mr. Pierce, as he was then called, at a camp-meeting in Old Hancock. Speaking of the meeting, he says:

"Oh what an array of pigs, and lambs, and chickens, and turkeys, and geese, and ducks, and melons and fruits, and pies, and all such! These are not to the purpose, I admit.

But at this late day, and this remote place, I cannot think, without thanks, of those dinners at Tom Hunt's and Bill Hunt's, and John Sykes', and Jack Smith's. But let these all go now. Except in the eating line, it was rather a dull time for two or three days, and the preachers would scold the young men when, after escorting the girls to the stand, they would go back to the tents and smoke their cigars.

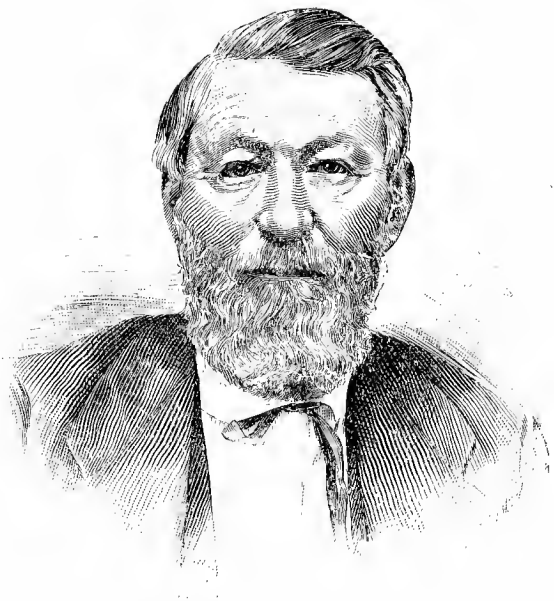
"In these days George Pierce would have little to say. But as the time approached when it was expected to break up, he would seem to be oppressed with grief that so little had been done in bringing sinners to repentance. And then he would begin. And such sermons! Often, very often, have I heard him on such occasions, when he would be denouncing evil or persuading to good, when the flights which his fancy would take seemed impossible to be sustained by him. Yet, in twenty years, I never knew him to hesitate or to fail in the most elaborate illustration, although he spoke more entirely impromptu perhaps than any other living orator. It was impossible to resist the appeals which he was wont to make on these occasions. I remember well two, especially, among many of these. One was when he spoke of the last resolve of the exiled lepers who went to the enemy's camp, and the other was on the text of the harvest being past and the summer being ended. I think that the power of words was never more signally shown than on both of these occasions. The stand was full, as it always was when it was known that he was to speak. It did seem that the full fire of eloquence burned within him. His round, sonorous voice, as from time to time he rose on tiptoe and poured it in its full power, reverberated among the woods far beyond the limits of the camp, and one could almost imagine that he could see the terrific things that are to befall the lost in the eternal world. And how they did rush then to the altar, young men and maidens, old men and women! They had terror in their faces, too, and in their hearts."

At the Conference in Columbus he made his début as a conference debater. He was then twenty-five years old.

From this time he held his own in every bout on the conference floor. Never garrulous, never dogmatic, he was always fearless and strong, and generally, if not always, carried his points. He was now, by all odds, the most popular preacher in the State of any denomination. There was but one who was mentioned in connection with him, and that was his father. The father was now in the zenith of his greatness. He was over fifty years old, and had been in the ministry for over thirty years. But no two men ever have differed more widely in their styles of preaching. The son was famous for his beautiful flights of fancy. The father never attempted them at all. Each was profoundly emotional and moved the emotions of those who heard, but they did not use the same methods. Mr. Pierce evinced, however, both in the pulpit and in the councils of the Church, that the brilliance of his fancy and the luxuriance of his language were, not as it too often is, connected with impractical, visionary ideas. He was a man of eminent common-sense. An Annual Conference is a very democratic body, and nothing passes muster in it for any long time but strong sense; and the hold he took on the Georgia Conference, which he held for nearly fifty years, resulted from the strong confidence of that body in the soundness of his judgment. At this Conference in Columbus, which met in December, 1836, four young men were admitted, who became connected with him by ties which only death dissevered. They were Alfred T. Mann, Walter R. Branham, Josiah Lewis, and John P Duncan. Alfred T. Mann, now Dr. Mann, still lives. The son of John H. Mann, whom we have seen as among the early members of St. John's Church and the friend first of Dr. Pierce and then of the son, Alfred was a brilliant young graduate of Randolph Macon, who afterward married Julia, the sister of Bishop Pierce. Walter R. Branham graduated at the State University; his father was a distinguished physician of Eatonton. These young men left homes of affluence for what was then considered the great hardships of an itinerant ministry. They were young men of excellent parts and good cultivation, and were naturally drawn to the brilliant

young man who had preceded them in this work and who for several years had borne his share of conference burdens so well. It is a great mistake to suppose that Methodism levied no tribute on the richer and better-educated classes in the beginning of her career. Capers, Few, Pope, and Howard were from what was known as the highest walk of Southern life, and the proportion of such men kept pace with the number of educated people who were in the State. Advanced classical culture was now more common, and the Georgia Conference was drawing its laborers from this field, and the number of such men increased as the years went on. Josiah Lewis, who joined the conference this year, was a man of the people; a strong-minded, clear-headed, independent, and fearless man, always forcible in his utterances—never a time-server; never especially popular with the masses, but, to those who knew his sterling worth as Bishop Pierce did, valued beyond most men.

John P Duncan was not by any means the greatest of the four, but he was the most remarkable. What drew George F. Pierce to John P Duncan often puzzled those who knew both of the men. Never were two men more unlike. Duncan was a Pennsylvanian by birth, came to North Carolina in his young manhood, was converted, and began to preach. He was not learned, not strong, but tender-loving and child-like. He was elegant in taste, fond of music, a matchless singer, a Beau Brummell in dress and a Chesterfield in manner, an accomplished elocutionist, talking with a wonderful tenderness, with language of exquisite beauty. It was not a wonder that he won some, but that he fastened so close to the heart of young Pierce was strange; but, strange as it was, it was true. John, as he called Duncan, he laughed at often, and sometimes chided, but he always loved him and valued him; and Duncan's warm heart had its warmest place for him who was called by him first George, then Doctor, then Bishop. When it is known how much Bishop Pierce abhorred dandyism of language or of manner or of dress, how much he valued ruggedness, how utterly careless he was of all that



REV JOSIAH LEWIS.

was fastidious, his fondness for the man whose very nature seemed permeated by a love for the finery of language and manner is strange enough. When he was returned to the district, he took Duncan with him to the Warrenton Circuit for his first year, and the next year had him in his home in Sparta. One man is now living who was in active work on his district during this period, Rev. Walter R. Branham; he says of him as a presiding elder:

"Bishop Pierce was my presiding elder at Augusta in 1838. I was returned to that place to assist Brother Isaac Boring. I can recall but little or nothing very striking, beyond his wonted untiring energy and his commanding pulpit eloquence. Bishop Andrew was with us occasionally; you know that they were as father and son in their mutual attachment. They were alike in one respect, which, I think, was rather unfortunate for me. Neither of them seemed to make much special preparation for the pulpit. No doubt both of them thought, read, and prayed much. But such was the rapid action of their minds, clearness and readiness of perception and command of language, that they required less time to get their subjects in hand. I learned that Bishop Andrew wanted only the time between breakfast and eleven o'clock to prepare for his morning sermon, and that Bishop Pierce did not care for longer time. Bishop Andrew was notably a great reader, and Bishop Pierce no doubt gathered information readily from every available source."

Mr. Pierce kept a memorandum of the places at which he preached while on the district, and the texts he preached from, and I find the following record of a month's work in May, 1836:

Augusta	May 1	Milledgeville ..	May 15	Sparta	May 26
"	2	Sparta.....	18	"	27
Greenesboro ..	5	Sandersville...	19	"	27
" ..	7	Providence....	20	"	27
Milledgeville ..	10	Mount Zion ...	21	"	28
" ..	12	" ...	22	"	29
" ..	13	Sandersville...	23	"	29
" ..	14	Sparta.....	26	"	29

Twenty-four sermons in twenty-eight days, from Augusta to Milledgeville, and this is but a specimen page of the old journal, nor were these the same discourses repeated. I find among these memoranda the following list of texts used in succession :

Job 8 : 23, 24.
Hebrews 12 : 22, 29, 24.
Philippians 2 : 2, 12, 13.
2 Corinthians 6 : 1, 2.
Hebrews 10 : 35, 36, 37.
Philippians 2 : 14, 15, 16.
1 Kings 19.
Isaiah 57 : 1.
2 Samuel 14 : 14.
2 Corinthians 7 : 1.
Proverbs 1 : 20–28.

His supply of texts was simply inexhaustible. To those who knew him in later years, this statement will be somewhat surprising ; for he often preached on the same text, and used the same arguments and illustrations in his later ministry, but in his early days he seems to have scrupulously avoided all repeating. He loved home, and the few weeks of rest before the work commenced were precious to him ; but after his work began, he was almost an exile from his family. A glance at the record of sermons preached will show how much he was from his home. March 19th, he was in Louisville, where he preached five times ; then in Burke County, then in Augusta, Warrenton, Appling, Lincoln, Washington. By April 24th he had been gone from home over thirty days, and preached twenty-five times. In six days he was in Augusta again, a hundred miles from home. His record shows that he preached on the Augusta District, in 1836, one hundred and eighty times ; in 1837, one hundred and eighty-two ; in 1838, one hundred and sixty-one. He told me once that he liked the presiding elder's office better than any he had ever filled. But I heard him in a district conference speaking of the intense disgust with which he encountered the penuriousness and narrowness of the official boards of those days. "I used," he said, "to bite my lips, and get up and walk the floor, while a few stewards were counting up the pittance which had been collected, and striving to see how it could be divided between pastor and presiding elder." He was a most stirring and moving evangelist, and revivals went with him

wherever he went. His quarterly meetings were seasons of great power. He preached, worked in the altar, went out into the congregation, talked to sinners, did everything one deeply in earnest could do. A talented young physician in Sandersville was sitting in the congregation, moved by the sermon and the appeal, but taking no step forward. The presiding elder, who knew him well, walked out to where he was, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said: "Doctor, you ought to be a Christian." "I know it," said the doctor. "Wont you go with me to the altar?" "I will," he said. He went, joined the church, was converted, became a useful local preacher, and was at Bishop Pierce's bedside when he died.

He often used very severe invective when denouncing meanness and sin, and was especially severe on the sins of the people to whom he preached. The country was a rich one, and there were in it thousands of slaves. Cotton was high, and avarice and covetousness and selfish luxury called for constant rebuke. The churches were old and dilapidated. The parsonages, when there were any, were shamefully mean, and the preachers, though in rich counties, were on hard circuits, and on salaries so small that real privation was constantly present. There were exceptions, but they were individual; the church as a mass had the same narrow views which had come down to it from the fathers. It was ready to pour out of its means lavishly at a camp-meeting or at a quarterly meeting; to entertain freely all who came; it would be hospitable at any price, but it would not pay the preacher a decent salary There was but one collection regularly taken and reported, and that was for deficient and superannuated preachers and their widows. The wealth of the Church in his district was immense, and he was justly indignant at this state of things. How he scorched and blistered those who were guilty! He who had turned aside from every path which promised wealth and ease, who was for so large a part of his time away from his young wife and sweet babe, and who felt that the sacrifice was nothing, had little patience

with the owner of a score of slaves, whose family dressed in silks and broadcloth, whose table was spread with abundance, and whose very slaves lived in comfort, and yet who allowed his preacher to live in a miserable shanty, and rejoiced in a religion which cost so little and gave so much.

"You buy more land, to make more cotton, to buy more negroes, to make more cotton, to buy more land, to make more cotton, and so on, forever."

"You say you do not let your left hand know what your right hand gives—and no wonder; for the right gives so little that the left would blush to its elbow to know of its meanness."

There were many exceptions. There were great-hearted men whose broad views cheered him; and even when he found these narrow views of things, he found some comfort in the thought that they were errors and not sins, that these ideas of church economy had come down to the children from the fathers, and had been born in the times of poverty and of oppression.

He did three years' useful and happy work on his district. He had shown in his field-work the stuff he was made of. The Church was passing through an important era, and sundry changes were being made in her adjustments to the times. The days of his youth had been days of the letter. The preachers were rigid in their discipline and in their interpretation of the General Rules. Rings, flounces, ruffles, fashionable apparel were denounced in sermon after sermon; conformity to the world was wearing clothing such as the world wore. Mr. Pierce despised a religion of externals. He saw as much merit in the habit of a Carmelite monk or a Jesuit priest as in the straight-breasted coat or broad-brimmed hat of a Methodist preacher. He did not like extravagance, nor gorgeous, vulgar display; but he laid little stress on mere apparel. He would not wear then, and never did afterward, the straight-breasted coat, or the white neck-handkerchief. He despised conventionalisms everywhere; there were no pulpit tones, nor pulpit manners, with him. He was simply a

man in every-day life, and the Christian orator in the pulpit. It was while he was on this district that the educational movement among the Methodists in Georgia began to take such advanced position. The Manual Labor School was established in Covington, and out of it came Emory College, which was founded in 1837, two miles from the Manual Labor School. While Mr. Pierce was not prominent in the beginning of these enterprises, his father, the doctor, was a leader in the movement, and the son regarded all that was done with intense interest. His old book tells of a visit to Covington, and of two sermons preached there, which visit was doubtless made on matter connected with the new schools. But there was a new movement on foot, which was to call him for a little while from the pastoral work and put him in the school-room. This was the founding of the Georgia Female College in Macon, Ga. One of Mr. Pierce's fellow-students in Athens—a bright young lawyer of Washington, Georgia Chandler by name—had made at Athens a speech on the education of women. He had taken the position that women had equal capacities with men, and were entitled to equal advantages and equal honors. Colleges ought to be established for them, he said, and a curriculum provided for them which should be as extensive as that provided for men. The people of the young city of Macon were agitating the question of a high school for young ladies. Elijah Sinclair proposed they should go further, and make it a college. The suggestion was accepted, and the Georgia Female College was decided upon. It was not to be denominational, but to be religious. It was projected on a grand scale for those times. The scheme was so new and so taking, the hopes of the founders were so high, that the most extensive arrangements were made for a faculty It had been put, at the first, under the supervision of the Georgia Conference. All eyes were turned toward George Pierce for president, and he was selected, and his father for agent. This selection of the board was ratified by the church authorities in Eatonton when the conference met in December, 1838.

At this conference he brought up for admission the names of Augustus B. Longstreet and John W Knight. They were both from Augusta, and both his intimate friends. Judge Longstreet, whom we last saw as a member of the Greenesboro Moral and Polemic Society in 1817, was at that time a gifted, well-to-do young lawyer, moral, but sceptical. He became a judge, was a candidate for Congress, when he was converted and became a Methodist preacher. He removed to the city of Augusta, where he practised law, edited a newspaper, and wrote the Georgia Scenes. He became convinced that it was his duty to give up the practice of law and give himself entirely to the work of the ministry, and so he was admitted into the Georgia Annual Conference in 1838. Judge Longstreet was afterward President of Emory College, of the Centenary Institute in Louisiana, and of the University of Mississippi and of the South Carolina College. He was a man of great good sense, of great wit, and of genuine, unaffected piety.

John W Knight, the bishop himself thus describes :

" I saw John W Knight for the first time in 1835. I was stationed that year in Augusta, and found him then a member of the church. He had been recently converted. Previously he had been wild, dissipated, desperately wicked. He was intense by nature ; his passions strong. All the elements of character in him were under high pressure. Left to his own nature, he would have been a very bad and dangerous man. Renewed by grace, he was a very devout and consecrated man, renouncing all sin, resisting all evil, aspiring after all that was good, holy, and useful. My first observations of him impressed me very unfavorably. He was gawky, awkward, slouchy ; the only tailor I ever knew who was not inclined to be dressy—advertising his business by his own well-fitting apparel. John was a sloven ; he never reformed. Indeed, this defect barred his rising in the conference, by his indifference to the proprieties of person, manner, and dress. Before I had ever spoken to him, I noticed him at every service. He would come into the pew, fall down on his knees in a sort of limber, irreverent way, and

then he would whisper, or puff and blow, and rub his hands for a long time. Rising at last, he seemed ready for the work of the occasion. He was a good listener. I set him down in my mind as a simple-hearted, half-witted young convert, full of zeal but lacking in knowledge. After a month or two, he surprised and embarrassed me by telling me he wanted license to preach. I advised him to wait and pray for divine direction, promising him another interview upon the subject. During the spring I got up a meeting at the old Richmond Camp Ground. But few preachers were present. Knight was there. I put him up one day to conclude the service with an exhortation. He had never spoken in public before. It was his début, and in my mind his license hung upon the outcome. He astonished me, and all his hearers. It was the unstudied outburst of a full mind and a glowing heart. His sentences were well constructed, his language fine and well chosen, not a blemish in his grammar. His thoughts showed he was well read. He enforced a heavy assault on infidelity by the relation of his own experience. The effect was wonderful. No more trouble about license now; I hurried him up as fast as the law allowed.

"John Knight was a real genius, his native mind of a high order, if not of the highest. If the surroundings of his boyhood had been favorable to right development, and his training and education equal to his capacity, he would have stood in the front rank of preachers; but his early associations were bad, his schooling meagre, and his taste for reading without instructor or guide. He read much, but not judiciously. Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, and Burns were his favorites; he knew them by heart. The life of Napoleon and his marshals he could recite from memory. After he entered upon the ministry his reading was all theological; his mind was active, inquisitive, and independent. He read much, but he called no man master; he thought for himself, and he spoke what he thought. His preaching was very unequal. He ranged from a cipher to a hundred—poor, middling, fine, extra-good. I have heard him in all his moods, and in his worst

moods and in his poorest efforts there were scintillations of his originality; like nobody, nobody like him. I have heard three or four sermons from him that would have done credit to any man in the Church; for range of thought, power of expression, pathos, I never heard them excelled. Sometimes bold, daring, even rude in style, he would give out thoughts and images the most exquisite, beautiful exceedingly His prayers were wonderful in their variety, compass, and power—simple, child-like, face-to-face talks with God. He prayed more than any man I ever knew. I have known him often to pray all night. When he came out of one of these struggles into the pulpit, he burned like fire, or fell as the rain upon the tender grass.

"Always moody, swinging like a pendulum between gloom and sunshine, never long in any one mental condition, his last days were very sad. His nervous organization wrecked, broken down by age and disease and sorrow, his mind was unhinged, and a pall of darkness settled upon his soul. He was haunted with the idea that his friends had forsaken him, that God had cast him off, and that he was a ruined sinner, hopelessly lost. This shadow, deep and dark, rested upon him to the last. Who can conceive of his surprise and rapture when he passed out of a lunatic asylum into the celestial city? I have often, since his death, imagined I could see him re-enacting, among the angels and the redeemed, the scenes in which I have often seen him when he was in his raptures here below. Putting everything together, I doubt if there is a happier man in heaven than John W Knight."

John Knight to the last held his place in the bishop's warmest heart; a genius, an unhappy one, by his natural make-up, but one of the most gifted, one of the purest, the most eloquent children of nature, who have held place in the Georgia Conference. John Knight, child-like, guileless, confiding, leaned on the bishop's strong arm till he went to heaven, loving him as he loved no other man.

The Conference at Eatonton closed, and Mr. Pierce received his appointment. He went to his new work as President of the Georgia Female College.

CHAPTER IV

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT, 1839–1842, AGED 28–30.

The Georgia Female College, Macon—Mr. Pierce's Personal Appearance—Preparation for the Pulpit—Mental Habits—Great Revival—Member of the General Conference—Views of Church Division—Home Life—Ladies' Magazine—Address, first Baccalaureate—Rev. Mr. Branham's Recollections.

ALTHOUGH he had accepted the presidency of the College, he had no idea of giving up the pulpit. With the most ardent sympathy for the work of the Georgia Female College, he had not the slightest desire to give up the work in which he was engaged. He was a field-officer, and was not willing to leave the field of action for the War Department. He was only induced to take the place he had been chosen for, by the assurance that it should not interfere with his pulpit work. He loved to preach, and he made it a condition, that if he was selected as president of the college, he must not be hampered here. He had refused the proffer of a professorship in Randolph Macon, in Virginia, and reluctantly took the place offered him in Macon, Ga. Elijah Sinclair was nominally in charge of the church of Macon, but Mr. Pierce was to have the pulpit. Macon was now about twelve years old. Located at the head of navigation of the Ocmulgee River, the cotton-lands of much of Western Georgia found their market here. A line of steamboats conveyed the cotton brought to Macon to the mouth of the Altamaha and to Savannah. The little city was growing rapidly. The Methodist church had been built for almost as many years as the city. It was located in a beautiful lot on Mulberry Street, where the Mulberry Street Church still stands. It was an

unsightly wooden building, about 70 feet long and 50 feet wide, with galleries all around it. The membership at this time was three hundred whites, and as many colored. There had been several very sweeping revivals in the church, and Methodism was relatively strong in membership; and although the financial crash of 1837 had carried with it some of the leading members of the church, the church was comparatively well to do financially Mr. Pierce was now twenty-eight years old, and had been eight years a preacher. He was remarkably and wonderfully handsome; his hair was black, his eyes black and sparkling, his complexion rosy, and fresh as a girl's, and his form almost faultless. He weighed about one hundred and forty pounds, and was as active as a boy.

He had had constant practice as a preacher, for in the eight years of his ministry he had preached near fifteen hundred times. He spoke extemporaneously, and, as far as others knew, without study or preparation. In this they were greatly mistaken, for, while he prepared his sermons with wonderful rapidity, he prepared them with great care. Colonel Johnson said of him:

"It was wonderful to see what he could do without, or apparently without, study For he never prepared his sermons. It is known that he often has started from his home on a Sunday morning without knowing from what text he was to preach. Yet nobody would suspect that, when the great thoughts would pour themselves forth in a language not one man in a thousand could write."

But his old friend was mistaken if he supposed that the material of his discourse was so hastily gathered. He was always wonderfully ready, but it was because he was always wonderfully supplied. He was never a bookish man, although he had read extensively, but he was one of those who knew where books came from, and went to their sources. Pedantry was his abhorrence. He had laid the foundations well. He was a fine Latinist and a good Grecian; had carefully studied the best books on rhetoric or criticism, and had read all the English classics; but, had he never seen a rhetoric, he would

have made it. He was perhaps never more powerful in the pulpit than at this time. In June there was a gracious revival in Macon. His favorite Duncan, who was in Eatonton, came to his aid, and the revival went on with wonderful power. It reached the college girls, and even in the school-hours the work went on. "I was converted," said a saintly woman to me, only a few days ago, "in the bishop's room, in June, 1839. There were three of us, Sarah Clopton, a young lady from Florida, and myself. We had all been awakened, and we came into his room between the two sessions to ask him to pray for us. While he was praying, each one was converted, and in a few moments of each other." Sarah Clopton, one of the trio, became the wife of Dr. James L. Pierce, and the one who told me the story was Mrs. Sallie Ward, one of the elect ladies of the church. It was impossible for one to be so successful, so admired, and to receive such adulation and to be ignorant of it; but, as far as the world could see, it never in the least degree affected him. When the paper which contained a glowing panegyric reached him, it drove him to his knees, and from them he was called to his work in the recitation-room. When the summer came, he spent his vacation preaching at camp-meetings in Monroe, Putnam, Greene, and Hancock. He visited Columbus, and went into Alabama, and returned to Macon in October, and then preached every week till conference. At the conference he was reappointed to the presidency of the college, and, tacitly, to the charge of the station. John P. Duncan, of whom we have spoken, was the nominal preacher in charge. Perhaps few combinations could have been more admirably made. Pierce could preach; Duncan could exhort. Pierce was no pastor; Duncan one of the best. Pierce could not sing a note; Duncan sang like a seraph. So the work began, and went on. The "History of Methodism in Macon" says "that on one Sunday in May ninety persons presented themselves for membership in the church." He was personally very popular. He had a grace which was irresistible, a winning smile, a joyous laugh, a cordial manner; but it was his deep piety, his

unction, his intense love for the good and his fierce hate for the bad, which explains the results of his work. He made no compromise with evil. He believed the Gospel he preached.

The trustees of the college became alarmed at the earnest way in which he preached and the way in which he worked, and they begged him to desist; he would injure the college. He told them his resignation was at their service, but his Master's work he would do. During the year he preached the terrors of the law so plainly, that the editor of a long-extinct Universalist paper said he could smell fire and brimstone half a mile from the church. During the year he was preaching for the people, he would go down to the little city and, sitting around the stores, gather up material for his Sunday sermon. One day he heard of a cotton-transaction especially rascally. The next day he took occasion to detail the very occurrence, as illustrative of loving the wages of unrighteousness. It was this shrewd, quick observation of men and his thorough fearlessness in saying what he thought that gave such piquancy oftentimes to his sermons.

He was elected a member of the General Conference which met in Baltimore in May, 1840. The delegates were Samuel K. Hodges, Lovick Pierce, William J. Parks, Elijah Sinclair, and George F Pierce. This was the first instance in the history of the church of Georgia and, as far as I know, in American Methodism, in which a father and son were alike chosen to the same General Conference. The conference met in Baltimore, and of the delegates every Southern man at this writing is dead. Mr. Pierce was a young member, and the journal does not show that he made a motion or made a speech. He had not been out of Georgia before, except to Eastern Alabama and to South Carolina. On this journey he went to Charleston, where he met Wightman, and they went on the steamer to Wilmington, and thence by rail to Baltimore. He preached every Sunday in Baltimore. He preached, May 3d, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves."—2 Corinthians 13: 5; May 10th, "I am the resurrection and the life," etc.—John 11: 25 and 26;

May 17th, "Let not your heart be troubled."—John 14: 1 and 3; May 24th, "But what saith it," etc.—Romans 10: 8, 9, and 10.

He was on two committees: one to receive centenary offerings, and one on slavery. The journal of the conference shows that there was much agitation on the subject of slavery, but the conservatives were very largely in the majority, and the conference even went so far as to forbid the reception of negro testimony in a church trial. Bishop Pierce told me, years afterward, that even then he saw that separation of the church was inevitable, and that it would have been better to have peaceably divided the territory into two General Conferences at that time than to have waited for the inevitable conflict. He left the General Conference early in June; preached in Charleston twice, June 7th, and preached in Macon on the 14th. The railroad lines were now being extended, and his travel was quicker and easier. During the hot month of June his record shows that he preached twice on the 14th, once on the 17th, twice on the 21st, once on the 24th, and twice on the 28th.

In July he went on his summer campaign, and preached at the Monroe camp ground, then at Hamilton, then in Pike, then in Columbus, and then in Talbot.

He lived in the college. There was a steward who attended to the affairs of the large college family, and he was relieved from the care of providing for his table; but the college was an unceasing source of anxiety to him. The building was not completed, and, above all, not paid for. There were eighty thousand dollars in assets, and only fifty thousand in liabilities. But, alas! liabilities never shrink, and assets always do, and when cool business men looked into the condition of the Georgia Female College it was found to be insolvent.

He was now in charge of an enterprise new and untried, and his Board of Trust, although they had every intention to act wisely, had no precedent to direct them, and no experience to aid them; then the tide in business had turned, and there

was an ebb, and the wave of prosperity was receding every day; and then, too, he took other burdens on his shoulders.

The period of which we are now writing seems to have been a period of remarkable awakening on the subject of woman's place in the literary world. Not only were colleges established, and not only was the cause of female education earnestly pressed, but the *Ladies' Magazine* was now sent out from several centres. *Godey's Lady's Book* was in the infancy of its remarkable career. The South was beginning to feel the need of a distinctively Southern literature, and the *Southern Literary Messenger* was in successful operation in Richmond. A young friend and companion of Mr. Pierce's, Philip C. Pendleton, proposed to establish a magazine in Macon, the *Southern Ladies' Book*, and invited Mr. Pierce to edit it for him. I suppose no man ever lived who had less taste for the labors of the editor than George Pierce had in 1840. He, however, was exceedingly anxious for the success of the Georgia Female College, and for the advance of Southern literature, and anxious that his young friend should succeed in his daring venture. The cooler head of his old friend, Judge Longstreet, saw this project of Mr. Pendleton in a different light from the sanguine editor, and he wrote his young friend the following in reply to a letter from him:

"WESTOVER, 4 Nov^{r} 1839.

"DEAR BRO. PINCE, (so you write it):

"I have received one of the most abominable (in penmanship I mean), miserable, merciless, tantalizing epistles from you that ever was *disgorged* from the brain of any President of any college in any civilized land in any age, I believe. As I might say of you what a fellow with less propriety once said of me, 'I would not take a thousand dollars for my part in you,' and consequently feel myself a little scorched by whatever in the slightest degree reflects, or is likely to reflect, discredit upon you, I consider myself privileged to scold you just as much as I please whether you be right or wrong, in fault or out of fault, and especially called upon to scold you

when you are not only in fault, but in fault from sheer carelessness. Believe me I am not practising presidential authority in order to get my hand in by the first of January. If that were the case you are the last person in the world that I would put under the drill; but I am chafing under wounds that are my own as well as yours. 'Why, what upon earth have I done to kick up such a dust?' I hear you exclaim. I answer you have written me a most *unpresidential* letter—not in orthography, etymology, syntax, or prosody, but in chirography. Now, just let me give you the correct reading of a few sentences of it. Passing over the address—no, I'll not pass over that, for that everybody sees—"Rev" Augustu,, B.,, Longstreet, Augusta, Georgia." Now, I should like to know what those two little quotation marks are put after my Christian name for. You've turned the 'd' in 'Rev^{d}' into quotation marks, and put like marks to the right of my first name; and thus made it a fair quotation; and you've put your favorite little *dabs* to the right of the *B*, and that, viewed with the preceding, makes my middle name a quotation too. The fair interpretation of all which is, 'I have seen you addressed as Augustus B., or seen your sign-manual in that form, but I doubt the correctness of it, or I will not take the responsibility of so calling you; though I have no scruples in avouching your right to the appellation of *Longstreet*.' Now, I assure you, sir, I am as legitimately entitled to the two first as I am to the last. My father and mother concurred in giving them to me, and your father baptized me in them. But it was extremely thoughtless if not uncandid in you to put down my first name as a quotation; for you never saw me nor anyone else write it as you have written it. You have it August*u*. To be sure there is a little scratch at the tail of the *u* final which might be read as an *s*; but with equal propriety, perhaps with more, considering your partiality for such things, might it be considered another half-obliterated quotation mark. But to the body of the letter—After remarking that you have put a comma after the name, another after the city, and a period after the State, after leav-

ing me to guess where and whence your letter was written, you proceed:

"'Dear Brothe^{r}, Mv. Pendleto ^{c} is aboud on exsseimend with putty joe jsrojects of success and derwx you c^{oo}pvotior g toop f^{t} usponsbetlity of gnuy sin you nome os one f i^{e} contxibutor F rom l^{t} us d h^{e} ho' jsnsonol pledge. Pill you confeem ^{y}y nomiotion?' and so you go on to the end of your communication, when you cut loose into a little bunch of tangled silk which you meant for 'yours affectionately,' and sign yourself G. F Pince—or rather G. F Pinc, for the little tail to the *c* is no more like an *e* than it's like an eel. You invariably make a small *g* for the personal pronoun *I*—make a whip-fast to your final *t*'s and flirt it back so as to turn them all to *d*'s—make your s's *s* and *p*'s exactly alike, and make the same marks for *r*'s, *I*'s, *i*'s, *u*'s, *n*'s, *m*'s, *e*'s and *c*'s. 'The,' you write 'th,' which looks more like 1st than the word intended, and if you will show me a single *a* in your whole letter, I'll give you a premium. You rarely use a stop but the period; and that you do not use at the end of your name. Dr. Waddell used to say that it's always right to stop when you're done; and I agree with him. If I had no other apology for devoting so much of my sheet to this long *critique* than that I had to use foolscap for the want of letter paper, and thought it better to send you written than blank paper, this would be sufficient; but I hope you will find amusement if not profit in the foregoing.

"As to the main subject, not much space is necessary for my views of that. 'The Southern Ladies' Book' will do for a name, if book it will be, which I doubt. But I should have preferred something less common-place. The plan is well conceived, will go into operation, progress twelve or eighteen months, and expire, because subscribers won't pay, though dunned from the first number to the last. It will start pretty fair, grow lame and lamer at every step until it expires; simply because your long list of presidents wont write for it. May be Brother Jesse Mercer may give you a few lines alamode The Cluster, but I doubt it. I question whether

you ever get more from him than some *didactics* upon Babto and Baptizo. Your only hope of escape from these issues is in the minimum which have fixed for your subscription list, before you start. You'll run up to five hundred so fast that you'll almost wish you had made three thousand the minimum—from five to seven hundred you'll begin to think surely the prospectus has not been half circulated—from seven hundred to one thousand you'll begin to fret at the want of public spirit in the South—and between one thousand and fifteen hundred it will gradually ease out of notice. It would have been more likely to succeed as a quarterly than as a monthly publication, because many will write by the quarter who would not per month, if it ever gets under way. I dare not promise to write for it, because I know not that I will be able to do so without neglecting imperative duties; but I hope and *think* I shall. I have no grave 'Baldwin' or 'Hall' on hand (finished) but may have, or something else by the time you are ready for it. What think you of turning the *Augusta Mirror* into the *Ladies' Book?* You want an *operative.* That paper has it. That paper wants *editors*, you have them. "A. B. LONGSTREET.

"P S.—The more I think of uniting the *Mirror* and the *Ladies' Book* the more I like it. Thompson has a suitable press, type for the purpose, and a living subscription list, and would be willing to leave Augusta since the fever, I suppose. Think of this. He is a clever fellow withal."

The judge advised against it, but when did advice ever prevail against printing a book or starting a newspaper or a magazine? The *Southern Ladies' Book* came to the birth January, 1840, and struggled manfully for existence for ten months and then exit. This book contains the first publication of any article by Mr. Pierce save a few in the *Southern Christian Advocate.* The opening article is evidently from his pen. He says, in concluding his introduction:

"Woman's varied relations, her influence, early, constant,

unfailing demand that she should have every facility for acquiring knowledge, that her mind should be stored with varied information, thus fitting her for the honorable discharge of her high and multiplied responsibilities. Christianity has brought up the female character from the drudgery and oppressions of barbarism and bondage to a moral elevation accordant with the grace and loveliness of her person; has warmed into beauteous life the blessed virtues of her heart, and made her home a charmed circle within whose magic lines vice has no possession, and where purity dwells a guardian and an ornament."

But he was not only editor but contributor, and under the non de plume of "Clio" he wrote sundry short poems. One of these was written in reply to one written by that gifted woman, then Miss Philo Casey, afterward Philo Casey Eve, one of the Regents at the Mount Vernon Association. I give it as she sends it:

[Written one evening in the office (front room) on the Bird lot, now owned by George Pierce. Surrounded by a laughing trio, Julia Burnet, Aunt Fanny, and Mr. Mifflin, who was painting Roservelle, the little dog. I was indulging in a fit of *the blues*.]

"Death! and darkness! and desolation!
These shadow forth my fate. Mourn not,
The grave should take what hope has fled from,
Anguish made its prey. Hearts dark as mine
Should seek as fitting tenement the tomb.
Mourn not, sweet girl, that such should be my fate,
There is no terror in the dreamless rest
Awaiting the worn spirit which hath striven,
And striven in vain, to find a solace here.
Rest! rest! 'tis all I ask or wish for—too much
My heart has lived to last—too wildly
Has its pulses beat—their strength has fled;
And now with nerve relaxed and fluttering beat,
It calmly waits release. Speed, speed thy flight,
Thou winged messenger of Time, quiet is joy
And rest is Heaven to the o'ercharged heart;
And where will these be found *for me*,
Save in the dark and dreamless grave!"

March 23d. P. E. C.

It was sent to the *Southern Post*, for which Mr. Phil Pendleton had urgently entreated I would sometimes send him a few lines. The next paper contained the following:

To ——,

What means thy heart's heavy sigh—this breaking
Forth of an inward grief, as if some deep
And mighty sorrow cumbered life's bounding
Pulse, and hung thy days with darkness? Has youth
Lost its vigor and its charm—its passion
For the beautiful and bright, the moonlight,
Song of winds and silvery sheen of stars,
That look down calmly, coldly clear as though
No hope of earth had ever passed away?
Shake off the sad remembrance that usurps
Now thy bosom's throne, and with shadowy
Sceptre sways thy thought; nor woo the lightning
Of the past, to scathe and burn thy young hopes,
Which lifting high their leafless boughs wildly
Toss, e'en as winter trees by tempests shaken,
And yet like them will live to bud and bloom.
What though thy dream has fled "as a vision
Of the night when one awaketh," and earth
Seem dim without its brightness? Thou may'st dream
Again, and find thy heart's imaginings
A sweet blest prophecy of things to be.
The crushed flower revives not though the rain
Come oft upon it, nor autumn's leaf turn
Green when Spring revisits Earth with balmy
Smile. Yet the drooping heart o'ershadowed now,
And desolate, with many a bitter thought,
From the pressure of its doom may rise elastic—
Its wounds forgot—its sorrows gone as shadows
From a sky where sunlight triumphs.
Thou in thy bosom's sanctuary
Hast bowed down in worship of an idol,
And found it clay; and thy loved thoughts dismayed
And broken in fragments lie, like rose-leaves
Crushed by the storm's rude step—and yet 'tis well
To drink from sorrow's cup, for in the bitter
Draught there's wisdom teaching the lone spirit
To look from the world away to Him on high
Who hath the living water.

Give thy hope
To Heaven, nor cast, in blindness, the treasures
Of thy soul upon earth's troubled waters,
In whose stormy swell the heart's quiet dies,
And only wreck and ruin live. CLIO.

I find another fragment:

When mournful sighs the hollow wind,
And pensive thoughts enwrap thy mind,
And e'en thy heart in sorrow's tone
To musing melancholy prone,
Should sigh because it feels alone,
Remember me.

When stealing to thy secret bower
Devotion claims the holy hour,
When leaning o'er that sacred page
Whose spirit curbs affection's rage,
Controls our youth, sustains our age,
Remember me. G.

He was aiming to do a very difficult thing, to arouse a proper sentiment on female education, and anxious to avoid going too far. In John Andrew's journal of 1792, he says, "I am surprised to find Brother Crutchfield averse to his daughters ever learning figures," and yet John Crutchfield was one of the leading men of his day. There were few high-schools for girls, and they were not largely patronized. The idea of educating a woman as a man was educated, was, if not actually hooted at, received with great hesitancy. A female college had never been attempted. Of the prejudice against female education, he says, speaking of prejudices against innovations of any kind:

"The operation of these prejudices, sometimes annoy the eager, confident revolutionist, and doubtless frequently hinder the application of the most wholesome correctives of existing wrongs. Yet it is a question whether they may not be regarded as valuable safeguards against the introduction of those wild schemes of reform, that come with all the pride of pretension, assume the character of philosophy, are in

themselves imposing, and are yet preposterous and absurd. One thing is certain; they demand respect, if not for the preponderance of benefits in their favor, at least for their inevitable action if condemned and set at naught. We live in an age of extraordinary inventions, of bold, startling, independent theories. Customs of great antiquity are assaulted, without respect to their age. Institutions long approved are displaced by the substitutes provided in modern wisdom; opinions which have been received on trust from time immemorial are exploded, faith in them destroyed, popularity constituting no shield to defend them from attack and overthrow. There is a curious, prying, revolutionary spirit abroad, and whatever may have challenged our admiration must now be subjected to the ordeal of rigid scrutiny; the secret reasons must come forth, the intrinsic merits must be disclosed, and if found wanting must be swept off to join the rubbish of legendary lore. Under such circumstances caution becomes us. Every change is not an improvement. Indeed, a system that is clearly erroneous in some prominent particulars, and yet is permanent and uniform, is preferable to a series of changes."

These general principles lay at the base of his action through life. Changes must be, changes should be, but all changes should be carefully made. When he came to speak of the application of these principles to the matter in hand, he said:

"Who does not know that in the popular mode of female education there has been more tinsel than gold, more regard for imposing display than for substantial benefit. The polish of manners, initiation into the mysteries of dress, the arcana of the toilet, to teach the feet the poetry of motion, the fingers to strike melodious numbers from the well-tuned instrument, the ornament of a name, signifying nothing, the éclat of having finished education at some distinguished seminary, have been the aim of too many parents, and of almost all who have assumed the management of youth.

"It is a superficial age; hasty, enterprising, locomotive in

spirit. It appears in the adventurous speculations of commerce, in the abandonment of the former slow processes of accumulation, in the wild schemes of men that make haste to be rich, and in the increasing disposition everywhere to make a fair show of character and means upon fictitious capital. The world is travelling under an impulse that scorns delay, posts precipitately ahead, bounding with the hope of immeasurable good to come.

"I have but little hope of seeing any great improvement until such a revolution can be wrought in public sentiment and general practice as shall prevent the introduction of girls into society at so early an age as is now the common habit of the land."

"'A religious education,' says a French philosopher, 'is the first want of any people.' The doctrine is sound, the sentiment is just. Contemplate Christianity in its effects upon the civil, domestic, and political relations of life, and that man is neither philosopher, philanthropist, nor patriot who does not recognize it as the tutelary genius of his country, the ministering angel of the world. The Bible has been too long excluded from the republic of letters. He who would prolong this banishment, forbid the alliance of learning and religion, is a moral madman, more fit for confinement in a lunatic asylum than for the immunities of society. We repudiate and denounce the principle of compromise and exclusion. With education divorced from Christian morals we hold no fellowship, and into the assembly of its advocates we would not enter. No, let the Bible be to our colleges what the Shekinah was to the temple of the olden time, at once the symbol of the presence and the worship of God. Science herself is blind to the true interest of man until her eyes are opened by the waters of Siloam's pool. Multiply your academies, erect your colleges, organize your faculties, gather your pupils together, deliver your lectures, seek all the advantages of apparatus and cabinets and libraries, but exclude the Scriptures, and you turn loose upon society minds full-armed for mischief. The rod, which in Aaron's hand would have bud-

ded and blossomed, you convert into a serpent that will devour wellnigh all the virtues of the land; but let the warm and living spirit of Christianity, as here, thank God it does shed its magic breath upon the youthful minds that crowd your halls of learning, then shall hope beam over them in the light of hallowed prophecy, and the revolution of Time's wheel shall evolve the destiny of each in the brightness of knowledge and virtue. Let politicians make penal enactments, and seek to bind depravity with human laws, as did the Philistines the man of Gaza with feeble cords, but be it our labor to plant society in the shadows of the eternal throne, draw over it the shield of omnipotence, and protect its interests with the thunder that issues from the thick darkness in which Jehovah dwells. Talk ye of Pierean springs and Castalian founts and Arcadian groves; give me the Testament of Jesus, the inspiration of the Spirit, the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Let others seek the accomplishment of classic lore, wander amid the ruins of antiquity, learn the lessons of wisdom from the gray chronicles of departed times, sit wrapt in poetic mood as the evening looks down upon the lone and mighty wild, over whose bosom, wide and waste, lie scattered the mouldering relics of cities that have crumbled into tombs; be it ours, my countrymen, to lead our children amid the gardens of God, and point them to the glories of the great hereafter. Let the dying enemy of God bequeath his millions to rear a marble monument within whose capacious dimensions the fearful experiment is to be made of raising men without religion; but on this institution rest forever the dews of Zion and the smile of God."

I have made these extracts to give a specimen of his style of speaking at this time. He spoke first and wrote afterward, and he reproduced almost exactly what he said as he said it. When to this brilliance of diction is added the charm of an almost perfect elocution, and all accompanied by an expression of intense conviction, we may not wonder at the sensation produced. For fifty years he never spoke to a listless audience, he never failed to fill any house.

His social surroundings were not such as were to his liking. He was in a large building, the head of a great family, and he had none of the delightful abandon of home life. Lovick was born in the college. Ella was a bright child of five, and he wanted a home of his own. He always advocated the course of his father, and of his father's associates, in having homes of their own. He wanted one for himself. He wanted the free air of the field again. Editing magazines and teaching moral philosophy did not suit him. So he determined to resign. The first graduating class went forth from the college halls July 16, 1840, and the retiring president made them his farewell address. They were going to leave the college, and so was he.

This closing address gives us a specimen of his style when he chose to walk in the fields of fancy. He was young himself, not thirty years old, and they were girls. Discussions such as he had entered into the year before, were unsuited to the audience, or to those for whom his remarks were especially intended. One of his most remarkable excellencies as a public speaker was that of adapting himself to any class of hearers. He could be ornate, philosophic, argumentative, didactic, pathetic, as the occasion called for. Perhaps in this respect he was one of the most remarkable men of his time. There have been actors whose power to change expression of countenance was marvellous, but I doubt if any one had such power over facial expression as Bishop Pierce had over his verbal utterance. The address is simply brotherly advice, full of simple beauty. He says, in closing it:

"Time will soon be done. The day scarcely says at morning's rosy dawn, 'I come,' ere the sound, 'I am gone,' sinks and dies in evening's quiet hush. The present will soon be the past. The bounding blood, struck by the chill of death, will creep in funeral motion to the heart, whose feeble pulsations can send it forth no more. Life's gay attire must be surrendered for the grave's pale shroud, and the freedom of earth for confinement in the coffin and the tomb. Take heed to your ways, your hearts, and your hopes. So

live that when this earthly tabernacle lies a darkened ruin, and the soul shall send its power forth, it may receive a welcome from its God and a mansion in its Father's house. My task is wellnigh over. It remains but to pronounce the parting words, and each one of us to our ways; strangers and pilgrims upon the earth, girt for its toil and its grief; doomed, perhaps, to meet no more till we become kindred dwellers in the house appointed for all the living. I have no complaint to make, no wrong to forgive. If in the exercise of authority a word to wound has been spoken by me, let the motive bereave it of its harshness, and the feelings it awakened be numbered with the things forgotten, or at rest. Kindness has marked our intercourse, let friendship hallow our farewell—

> "A word that must be and hath been,
> A sound that makes us linger,
> Yet farewell."

With the end of the year his life as the College President ceased, but not his connection with the college. He remained in the college as its president until the close of the year 1840, when its financial troubles made some immediate exertion necessary if it was to be saved from sale. He was selected as its agent, and although he had the greatest aversion to the work of begging money from individuals, he felt the responsibility resting upon him, and instead of going back as he wished into regular work, he accepted the agency for the Georgia Female College. Of his work in Macon, the Rev. Mr. Branham says of him at this time:

"He left the district in the fall of 1838 for the Presidency of the Methodist Female College in Macon. The impressions made upon me and others during his incumbency in Macon were that his work here was phenomenal compared with the workers of former years. Sermons preached in Macon and in the surrounding country at that time still linger in the memories of the hearers who survive, and did till death with the hundreds who heard and felt their power. Among them

was the funeral discourse of Brother Robert Ford, on the 'Ten Virgins,' and his sermon to commercial men, especially to dealers in cotton and speculators in general.

"I was on Clinton and Monticello Circuit in 1839 and met him several times. He came to assist me at a four days' meeting in Clinton, a place that needed just such labors as he could bestow. His preaching made a deep impression upon a congregation composed in part of quite a number of clever but irreligious young and middle-aged men. Up to Saturday noon everything moved on auspiciously; but, alas! on that day a messenger called him to Macon to the funeral of Robert Fort, a layman of blessed memory. I was much oppressed to supply his place—dreading the contrast and disappointment of the people. I welcomed the approach of a storm-cloud which would have relieved me from officiating on Saturday night. His brotherly sympathy with my distress was deeply touching. Having no text he gave me one or two, and promised his prayers, and his return as soon as practicable. I ventured on the subject (1 Kings 10 : 21) suggested by him, and, to my most agreeable surprise, the enemy's ranks gave way, and being reinforced by the bishop and Dr. Ellison in a day or two, the Lord gave us a wonderful revival. Among the subjects was Rev. A. M. Thigpen, of the North Georgia Conference."

REV. W R. BRANHAM.

CHAPTER V

VINEVILLE LIFE, 1840-41, AGED 30-31.

Vineville—Home Life—Alfred T. Mann—Bright Days—Political Views—Dr. Mann's Recollections—College Difficulties—The Agent—On the Macon Station—Address at Oxford—Extracts—Conference—Changes in Methodism—Appointed to Augusta.

THE City of Macon is encircled by a succession of what were then pine-clad hills, rising at the foot of the college hill, as it was called, and stretching for a mile beyond was a beautiful plateau of pine-forest. It was seventy feet higher than even the lofty hill on which the college was built. To this plateau some of the Macon people had been attracted, and Judge Strong had ten years before this built his cottage in this pine-wood, and called the place *Vineville* because of its adaptation to grape-growing.

Thomas Hardeman, David Clopton, Nathan Munroe, Samuel Bailey, General Beall, and others, had settled in Vineville. Among them there was quite a number of Methodists. Lands were not high, and Mr. Pierce bought forty acres of pine-land in the upper part of the straggling hamlet. It was a beautiful stretch of undulating forest; in front of his house was a spring and a rivulet; the honeysuckle, and the bay, the yellow jessamine, and the woodbine, and a myriad of smaller flowers adorned the wood. He had but little money with which to improve; but selecting a knoll above the spring he had built for him a little four-room cottage. While he was in the college he had bought a slave, Jenny, his cook, who had remained with him until she had grown grandchildren of her own, and after his little cottage was ready for occupancy, he moved his family to it. The fair

little wife had defty fingers and untiring industry, and as the young couple were not able to plaster, or ceil with handsome material, they papered the rough walls and made their home ready for occupancy.

At the Conference of 1840, Alfred T. Mann, who had married his sister Julia, was called from Quincy, Fla., where he had been in charge of the church, and was stationed in Macon. There was no Methodist parsonage in the city, and the young couple came to Vineville, and the two families were in the same house. The bishop was always fond of fixing up things. To plant trees, to plant flowers, to get the garden ready, to see after the horses and cows, was more to his taste than to be the central figure in the most brilliant circles. I think that I never knew a man who loved home so much; it was the luxury of his life to spend days or weeks with his wife and little ones, uninterruptedly. He never had a happier home than his home in Vineville. Ann, as he always called his wife, was the central figure. She was thoughtful, patient, thrifty, full of devices. Neat, attractive, a notable housewife, who knew what table-comforts he enjoyed, and who had them well prepared; whose love for him was so deep, yet so unobtrusive; who, next to God, had given her life to him and to the children; who cared nothing for the fashionable, gay world around her; who never fretted, however long his absence; who never complained, however plain her surroundings; who never ran him in debt by carelessness nor by extravagance; whose sweet smile and gentle ways brightened every day. She did not write poetry nor preside over institutes, nor lead great meetings, but she kept his home and made it an Eden. His children were the light of his life. Ella, a sweet, prattling, beautiful child of five; Lovick, a toddling boy, and to the Vineville home came Claudia, the baby. One day a countryman came by Vineville with a pair of long-haired, poorly-fed, gaunt-looking ponies. They were an ugly pair, but the young preacher had an eye for the points of a good horse, and he saw that there was come out in them, and so he paid the price the traveller

demanded. The pair were named "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and, for short, they were known as "Tip and Ty." The names of the horses give us an insight into his politics. Never a politician, never having much to do with mere local politics, he was yet decided in his principles, and was an old-line Whig till the party died; then a Union man, then a fully-developed friend of the Confederates, and, last of all, a Democrat, of a somewhat Bourbonish cast.

He was, as I have said, not a bookish man, but I should convey a very false idea if I led the reader to suppose that he did not read. He read much, and he read fast, and he read well. There were many books he never even dipped into, but he knew of what men talked, and of what they thought, and was prepared to take his part in every intellectual tournament, theologic, philosophic, or scientific. The circle in Vineville was small but bright. Alfred, as he called his brother-in-law, was full of sprightly humor; one who read much, and who thought much, and who was ready of speech; Julia, his sister, one of the brightest of a bright family, and the quiet little wife and himself and the children made the circle. His charm in the social circle was only equalled by his brilliance in public life.

The doctor lived in Columbus, only a hundred miles away, and while there were no railways then, it was only a little over two days' travel, and he was with the children at Vineville more than once during the year. The delights of this circle are presented in an extract from a letter of Dr Mann's to Dr. Haygood.

"There were hours when the dear old doctor, enlivened and animated by the sparkling wit and fun of George and Julia, would forget his usual solemn gravity, and unlock the storehouse of memory, and, with his small eyes merrily twinkling, hugely entertain us with amusing incidents in his early ministry. Then, again, in the absence of the old man, with the dear old mother we would set in on the peculiarities of the father, and have her convulsed with laughter, and trying to chide us for daring to make fun of the father. Perhaps

never in a family was there more delicious, innocent merriment." The delights of home were, however, sadly interfered with by the troubles of the college. It had been projected on a great scale. It had been managed by a board of unpaid and inexperienced trustees. The financial crash had come, and with its coming some of the best friends of the college had gone down. Emory College had begun its career in weakness and in debt. The planters upon whom the Church relied made cotton to sell at two cents per pound. The reaction from flush times had come in reality. The Georgia Female College was thirty thousand dollars in debt, and had nothing wherewith to pay. It was a new rôle to the young preacher, and by no means a pleasant one. To preach, to teach, to speak, he could do that, but to travel hither and thither to raise money to keep the college from the sheriff was a work uncongenial and harassing. The story of his efforts to save the college he has not told. It would have been the story of days of worry and nights of sleeplessness. He had a tender love for the institution; he could not see so bright a promise blighted. Once the judgment creditor brought the building to sale, and he went to Washington, Ga., where he had some wealthy friends, and borrowed the money and bought the property During the year he preached from New York to Tallahassee, Fla., in city and country and at camp-meetings, and he sought for help in every way, but at the close of the conference year surrendered his disagreeable office to another, and entered again upon the pastorate.

He had now been in Macon and its vicinity for nearly four years, and had preached over four hundred sermons, but no man could have been more welcome to the pulpit. Still it was earnestly desired that he should continue in the agency, and the leaders of the Conference pleaded with him; but he was firm. God, he said, had called him to preach, not to teach, or build colleges. He could not consent to continue longer where he was. I regret I have no record of his work during this year, save the record of his sermons. They show that

he preached nearly two hundred times during the year. In Macon, in East Macon, at an academy near the town in Vineville, at private houses, wherever there was a chance to preach, he preached. The great business of a preacher was to preach, he thought, and preach he did, anywhere and everywhere, any time and all the time. He was invited to deliver the address at the Commencement at Emory, which he did. This address has been published in full in his "Lectures and Addresses." An extract or two from this, his first distinctively literary address, will give an exhibit of views to which he held all his life long. It was delivered at Oxford, July, 1842. The subject of the address was, "Learning and Religion." The position he took was that the Bible and the doctrines of the Bible, as the Church understood them, lay at the base of all proper culture. The whole address was published at the time of its delivery, and again in 1852, at the instance of the societies, republished. There is only room here for a few extracts. The speech was made in a time of great commercial depression. He says:

"But a little while ago, the rabid lust of gold luxuriated in the abundance of its treasures, taxed winds and waves and forests to minister to its craving; climbed mountains, crossed seas, visited islands; reaped, gleaned, and garnered; pulled down its old barns and built greater; ate the lambs of the flock, lay down upon beds of ivory, invented instruments of music, like David, and, in the extravagance of its folly and the carnival of its delight, polluted the very vessels of the sanctuary with the wine of its intoxication; but now, stripped, bereaved, forlorn, it mourns in stupid grief, or raves in wild insanity, the barrenness of its fields, the spoliations of its commerce, and the bankruptcy of all its resources; and even the futurity of its hopes is shrouded in cheerless, palpable gloom. Over society at large degeneracy has gone like a wave of ruin. Law is weak in its strongest arms; morality is prostrate; politics, disjoined from patriotism, has become a mere strife of tongues; the legislature, congress, the country alike

one unvaried scene of change, licentiousness, and tumult. Where is the remedy to be found?

"The meagre morality which asks no better Bible than the enactments of human legislatures, or the conventional codes of fashionable society, has been the safeguard of character, and the guardian of general interest.

"What are the results? Public sentiment corrupt, principles sapped, passions uncontrolled, vice triumphant; the wall has been whitened, but the coloring cannot conceal its weakness; the sepulchre has been painted, but within its beautiful exterior the worm has lived and fattened.

"And if a Methodist interpretation of the Bible be adopted in a Methodist college, who ought to be surprised? There is no deception; the charter, the board of trust, the name, all proclaim the character of the institution. There need be no debate about the right of search, we ride upon the high seas, engage in lawful business, carry but one flag, and fling that to the wind and the sunshine; we neither impress nor proselyte, and if the officers can make abiding friends of the passengers by courtesy and usefulness, who dare reproach us with being selfish intriguants."

A part of the address was used at the Bible meeting in New York in 1844, and will be found there. It produced profound impression, and he stood firmly on his pedestal as the first orator in the State. For the grace and force of his delivery was not less than the beauty and elegance of his expression, or the elevation of his sentiments.

It is not possible to write a satisfactory life of Bishop Pierce and lose sight, for any length of time, of the Conference with which he was connected. He was devoted to the connection. He recognized it as a Christian brotherhood, a community of consecrated men whose lives were given to God for the service of humanity. He gave himself unreservedly to it. No Jesuit, with the vows of his society upon him, was ever more entirely devoted to his order than young

Pierce to his Conference. He had not entered it to be advanced in station and enriched in worldly goods, but to serve his Lord more faithfully. He concerned himself with all that concerned His interests. He looked upon the Conference, as he looked upon the Church, as merely an instrument; but it was an important one and he was profoundly interested in all it proposed to do for the general good. New adjustments to changes in Society were now demanded and must be met, and the Church was trying to meet them. Mr. Pierce was progressive and was in full sympathy with this spirit. The demand for higher education became imperative. The State was growing in wealth and population; where the Indian tribes had hunted deer in Mr. Pierce's young manhood, flourishing cities had sprung up. The Church felt the importance of directing this work of education among the people, and the Manual Labor School had been established near Covington. Ten thousand dollars had been given to Randolph Macon in Virginia, and now Emory College had been established, and the Georgia Female College had been placed under the patronage of the Conference. There were at this time over a dozen college graduates in the ranks of the Conference. The circuits were reduced in size, the larger towns were placed in stations, or half stations, and had preaching from the circuit preacher more frequently than once a month. Better churches were being built, even one brick church had been erected in Culloden and one in Scriven County. The Church had broadened her views and mere form was less stressed; the wearing of a ruffle was not recognized as a certain fall from grace, and the young preachers who refused to wear the white handkerchief around the neck and the straight-breasted coat were not counted as heretics. There was less severity in executing discipline, and more tolerance for differences of opinion. In all these advanced movements Mr. Pierce was found. He was a conservative in so far as all the essentials were concerned, but not a conservative when indifferent matters were involved. He was recognized early as a leader, and he led. It could scarcely be expected that these

changes could come about without some friction, and this leadership should have been at once accepted. The Pierce party, as it was called, it is due to the truth of the history to say, was sometimes antagonized. Good men thought they were going too fast; others, jealous, perhaps, of the position held by them, were disposed to strike against the rule of their ideas, because of this personal feeling. But this jealousy, these antagonisms, which were natural, did not amount to anything of a serious character; and as George, for so the preachers called him, was not rarely found in the opposition to his father, and as his zeal and devotion to the work were unquestionable, and as his willingness to take whatever work came to him was known to all, he disarmed all prejudice. At the Conference in 1842 he was removed from Macon and sent to Augusta. To leave Vineville at the end of his year on the Macon station required quite a sacrifice of interests, but he made it and went to his new home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PASTORATE AGAIN, AUGUSTA, 1843-1844, AGED 32-33.

Augusta—New Church—Elected Delegate to the General Conference—The Great Debate—Mr. Pierce's Speech—The Bible Meeting—The Bible Speech.

HAD Mr. Pierce consulted his own preferences he would not have removed from the centre of the State to its eastern border; he would have greatly preferred a district or even a large circuit near by Vineville to a station. He had been in Augusta a great deal; he was there as junior preacher, as pastor, and as presiding elder; he had never worked in the western part of the State. He had just located his family; to move was difficult, expensive, and apparently unnecessary; to be required to break up, after only two years of home residence, was to lose a good deal, and this loss he was not well able to bear; but it was a fixed rule with him to obey Church orders without a question. He believed in having a home. He wanted every preacher to have one who could do so; but he as fully believed in letting nothing stand in the way of a man's duty to the Church. Augusta Methodism was somewhat languishing; it needed a new house of worship; the membership of the Church was but little more in 1843 then when he left in 1836, and that little had been gained but recently; there was a want of harmony among the members, which the presiding elder and the bishop thought could only be overcome by sending Mr. Pierce to the station. Always ready to obey, he sold down, as he said, to the last teaspoon, and selling his home in Vineville he took his family and his books and removed to Augusta by private conveyance. The new church must be built, and as it was to be placed on the

spot occupied by the parsonage, he removed his family to a rented building near the City Hall, and the new church was begun soon after he came. To Mr. Pierce a Methodist church was a preaching house; it was to be roomy, well ventilated, with a large chancel, and with a preacher as close as possible to his hearers. Perhaps no two churches were ever more undesignedly alike, and yet more alike in design than Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and the St. John's Church in Augusta. Tasteful, substantial, commodious, well proportioned, it was large enough to hold a great congregation, and when he preached it was full. While it was being erected he preached in the old church. He preached three times on each Sunday and once during the week. During the month of May he preached in the Augusta Church nineteen times, in the Colored Church twice, and in Hamburg and Bethesda each once. He had no protracted meeting. He had little fancy for these extraordinary movements; his plan was to preach four times a week, and expect results every time he preached, and he had them. His summer was spent entirely in the city, with the exception of a visit to the camp-meetings round about.

At the Conference in December, 1843, he was elected delegate to the General Conference which was to meet in May, 1844, receiving the largest vote cast. He headed a delegation composed of George F. Pierce, William J. Parks, Lovick Pierce, James E. Evans, and Augustus B. Longstreet; and that he might feel easy in leaving his charge for so long a time, Jackson Turner was sent to assist him on the station. He visited his old mother in Columbus in January, going by way of Savannah, and returned to Augusta by February 4th. He still preached three times on each Sunday, and shared with his young colleague in the work, preaching to the colored people. He always enjoyed preaching to them, and they were always glad to hear him. He left for New York early in May, and reached the seat of the General Conference soon in the session.

It is not my office to do more here than give a glimpse of the Conference, the most eventful in our history, and of its

work. In the "Life of Bishop Andrew" I have tried to give a full, impartial, and satisfactory account of it. Four years before Mr. Pierce had seen that the slavery question was going to be unmanageable. He thought then that division in the Church was inevitable, and he was not at all surprised at the turn the affair took in 1844. He had anticipated what came, and perhaps laid the blame at the wrong door and may have suggested the wrong remedy, for he believed New England caused all the mischief and that if she was out of the way harmony could be restored. In order to get a view of Mr. Pierce's position, at the risk of repeating what has been frequently told, it will be needful for me to give a short history of the condition of affairs in 1844. Bishop Andrew had become virtually a slave-holder by his marriage with Mrs. Greenwood and by a bequest to him of two slaves. There was much feeling aroused by this fact when it was known. He wished to resign in order to peace, but the Southern delegates insisted that he should not do so. His Episcopal character was arrested, because of the charge that he was a slave-holder. He made an explanation of how he became one, and threw himself on his reserved rights as protected by law. After sundry efforts to harmonize matters, and after as many failures, a resolution was introduced by Rev. J. B. Finley, of Ohio, known as the Finley substitute, which was simply, in substance, that Bishop Andrew should desist from the exercise of the office of bishop as long as the impediment (of slave-holding, as it existed in his case) remained, which was a virtual deposition. The debate had gone on in the main courteously, when a Mr. Cass, a delegate from the New Hampshire Conference, made a speech which was an outrage upon all decency. The closing passage of his speech is but a specimen paragraph of the whole: "Men-buyers are exactly on a level with men-stealers. But perhaps you will say, 'I do not buy any negroes, I only use those left me by my father.' So far, very good. Had your father, have you, has any man living, a right to use another as a slave? I absolutely deny all slave-holding to be consistent with any degree of justice."

The journal says: "Mr. G. F Pierce then arose to speak."

He was now thirty-three years old. He was a born ruler of men, and bore the kingly look on his face. His form had developed until he weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, and while so young, he bore the aspect of a man of greater years. His whole heart was in this matter. He was intensely indignant and thoroughly roused. He was a man of fierce nature, and, although grace had subdued his temper, the fires were there still and he was entirely devoid of fear. Bishop Andrew was his dearest earthly friend; he had heard him censured, belittled, and ridiculed by some; and even when he was praised by those who spoke, no voice from the North was raised for what Mr. Pierce thought was simple justice to him. Then the whole South was struck by the blow aimed at Bishop Andrew. No Southern man, however gifted, however useful, however pure, could be chosen a bishop after this if; by any complication whatever, he had become involved in the virtual ownership of a kind of property that members of the Church had held from the days of Abraham. He rose to reply to Mr. Cass. The excitement was intense, the house was crowded. He was recognized on all sides as one of the most eloquent men of the Conference, and expectation was high. He spoke, says the journal, as follows:

"I speak from convictions of duty, and not because I expect to change the opinion of any man before us; nor would I presume, as some have done, that there will be in the course of my remarks the evolution of any new light. I do not, sir, feel a great deal of solicitude about the issue of the case, and my solicitude is diminished because I regard the great question of unity as settled by the previous action of the Conference in another case; but I desire to animadvert very briefly on one or two points as connected with the manner in which the question has been considered. The brethren who have spoken on the other side of the question, many of them, have adopted a trick of oratory, a sort of legerdemain in debate, which is this: They state abstract propositions of right which

no man will pretend to deny, and then deduce elaborate argumentations and make them bear on conclusions with which these conclusions have no more to do than the law of tides has with the polar star. But the design is very obvious. The idea is more readily adopted, the conviction more readily embraced, because it falls in with preconceived opinions and long-established prejudices. There is no logical connection between the premises and the arguments which have been advanced here. Things are put in opposition which have no relation to each other. Sir, there has been, in every speech which has been made on the other side of the question, a false issue attempted. Whatever may be affirmed of expediency, and of the disqualification of Bishop Andrew for the office of General Superintendent, in view of the circumstances over which it is declared, brethren have no control; it is not to be forgotten nor disguised that this is not an abstract but a practical question; that it involves the constitutional rights and equality of privileges belonging to Southern ministers. It is a practical question, too, which cannot be set off from its connection with the past and its bearings on the future. It is part and parcel of a system slowly developed, it may be, yet obvious in its design, which is to deprive Southern ministers of their rights and to disfranchise the whole Southern Church. You cannot take the question out of its relations. It cannot be made to stand, as brethren have tried to make it stand, isolated and alone. If there had been no memorials on your table praying for the establishment of a law of proscription, if there had not been declared, over and over again, a settled purpose—if not in unequivocal terms, yet in unequivocal acts—to work out the destruction of this evil and to free the Episcopacy and the Church itself from this evil, the question before us would be different in its aspects, and the action of the South in regard to it might be modified accordingly. I beg this Conference to consider this question in the light of its connection with the previous action in the case of the appeal from the Baltimore Conference. Sir, the preposterous doc-

trine was asserted in that Conference that its purposes and usages are paramount to the law of the land, and the doctrine of that Conference has been affirmed here. Sir, the action of that Conference has brought the whole of the Methodist Episcopal Church into a position of antagonism to the laws of the land. I consider such action not only an outrage on the common justice of the case, but decidedly revolutionary in its movements, and destined to affect, unless repealed, the character of the Conference and all the ramifications of the Church. What is the position? The ground taken then, and here—the Church, the Bible and the Discipline, and the laws of the land to the contrary notwithstanding—is that we have a right to make a man's membership depend on the condition of his doing a thing which, as a citizen of a State, he has no power or right to do. The act which is proposed in the resolution is a part and parcel of the whole affair. Whether Bishop Andrew has been invited to resign, or desist from the exercise of his official functions, or is impeached, or deposed, it ought to be, and can be, considered neither more nor less than collateral, in its designs and effects, with the action of the Conference in the case to which I have referred. This is a practical question, make what disclaimers you please, or any amount of them. The common-sense of the country will consider it as an infraction of the constitutional, or, if you please, the disciplinary rights of the Southern brethren, however it may be considered by those, the so-styled more favored and less encumbered portions of the Union.

"The argument for expediency, I am compelled to believe, has not half the force assigned to it; I think I speak advisedly when I say that, whatsoever effect the passing of Bishop Andrew's character without censure, or laying the whole business on the table, might have with the New England Conferences, I am not prepared to believe that any considerable damage would be done in the Middle Conferences. I do not believe the people of New York would decline to receive Bishop Andrew for their bishop. I do not believe he would be objected to in the New Jersey,

Pennsylvania, Maryland, or any of the Conferences of the Western States. The difficulties are with the New Englanders. They are making all this difficulty, and may be described, in the language of Paul, as intermeddlers in other men's matters. I will allow, as it has been affirmed again and again, that there may be secession, societies broken up, conferences split, and immense damage of this sort done within the New England Conferences; and I speak soberly, advisedly, when I say I prefer that all New England should secede, or be set off, and have her share of Church property I infinitely prefer that they should go, rather than that this General Conference should proceed to make this ruthless invasion upon the connectional union and the integrity of the Church. Let New England go, with all my heart. She has been, for the last twenty years, a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan, to buffet us; let her go, and joy go with her, and peace will stay behind. The Southern Church has nothing to fear, and she has nothing to ask, on this subject. As far as we are concerned, sir, the greatest blessing that could befall us would be a division of this union. There, sir, at the South, we dwell in peace, and the Good Shepherd watches the flock and guards us from all harm. There are no jarring strings, no discordant sounds, no incarnate emissaries of the Evil One going about seeking whom they may devour; but there we lie down beside the still waters. If we had not the spirit of the Master, if we were selfish enough to enjoy the bounty of our heritage, we would court division, pray for it, demand it. But, sir, I will present one view of this question which has not yet been touched upon. Set off the South, and what is the consequence? Do you get rid of embarrassment, discord, divisions, strife? No, sir; you multiply divisions. There will be secessions in the Northern Conferences, even if Bishop Andrew is deposed, or resigns. Prominent men will abandon your Church. I venture to predict that when the day of division comes, and come I believe it will, from the present aspect of the case, that in ten years from this day, and perhaps less, there will not be one shred of the peculi-

arities of Methodism left in the bodies which withdraw from us. The venerable man who now presides over the Northern Conferences may live out his time as bishop, but he will never have a successor.

"Episcopacy will be given up, presiding eldership will be given up, the itinerancy will come to an end, and Congregationalism will be the order of the day The people will choose their own pastors, and preachers will be standing about the ecclesiastical market-places, and when men shall ask, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?' the answer will be, 'Because no man hath hired us.' We have unity and peace, and seek it because of its effects on the connection, and I believe to-day that, if the New England Conferences were to secede, the rest of us would have peace. Sir, I object to the substitute for another reason; I would have preferred the original resolution. The substitute presents a most anomalous view of the whole subject. Suppose that view is adopted, what is it? What do you do with the bishop? You cannot put him on a circuit or station. He is a bishop in duress, a bishop in prison bounds, an anomaly, a fifth wheel in the machine of Methodism, doomed to live on the Book Concern, while no provision is made for his rendering the Church any service if this resolution is adopted. I promise not to detain you long, for others are wishing to speak, but I felt that I could not go home satisfied unless I took this occasion to make a few remarks.

"If I did not know there were others better qualified to defend this subject, I would trespass on the patience of this Conference by the hour. I tell you, then, unless Bishop Andrew is passed free of any censure, the days of Methodist unity are numbered. What do brethren mean, when they come here and eulogize him, as they have done? It has been avowed that he is a blameless man, pure and spotless, that he has high executive talents, that he is one of the most efficient administrators of law, that he is as well qualified for this as any of the worthy men who occupy the Episcopal bench; yet, in the face of this, is the Conference to come out and say

that, on the question of expediency, he shall resign, refrain from the exercise of his office, or be deposed? What mean these eulogies? Are brethren in earnest? Is the Conference heaping garlands on the victim they design to slaughter? Has it come to this, that a large body of sober and reverent men, in the face of their own acknowledgment of blamelessness, are going to inflict one of the severest penalties on an innocent man? Will you offer him up to appease that foul spirit of the pit, which has sent up its pestilential breath to blast and destroy the Church? You have unchained the lion, and, now that he is raging, you select a venerable bishop, one of the ablest and best of the whole college, to immolate him on the altar of this juggernaut of perdition. Think you we will sit here and see this go on without lifting a voice, or making a protest against it? Are we to see this noble man sacrificed for the sake of New England? God forbid it! God forbid, I say, and I speak it from the depths of my heart.

"Brethren may say what they please, disclaim what they please, eulogize as they will, they cannot make anything of this but the deprivation of a constitutional right. In the case of the appeal from the Baltimore Conference, many voted not because they believed the Conference had done right, but for extraneous reasons; but in this question the vote goes out on its naked merits, irrespective of any disclaimer in reference to the bishop's rights, character, or capacity. But, to come to the point, has he the right to hold slaves, under the Discipline of the Church? If he has, I adjure you not to lay violent hands upon him; if he has, I ask brethren to pause, and say if, in the prospect of facing a scrutinizing world, they can go out with the stinging recollection in their hearts that they have sacrificed a man worthy to preside over them to the reckless demands of an arrogant and insatiable spirit of abolition. I do hope brethren will pause before they drive us to the fearful catastrophe, now earnestly to be deprecated, and inevitable if they proceed."

Judge Longstreet, following, made a characteristic and exhaustive argument, and he was followed by Mr. Jesse T.

Peck. Perhaps there was never a greater contrast in two men than in the young Georgian and the young New Yorker. Mr. Peck was very portly, and very bald; he was very bland, and very patronizing; he was about the same age of Mr. Pierce, who was only about thirty-three.

Among other things, he said:

"I understood him to say that we had done this by stat-

REV. JESSE T. PECK, D.D.

ing self-evident propositions, and then forthwith deducing conclusions from them that had no more connection with them than the law of the tides had on the pole-star. If he had taken the trouble to point out some instances of this, I could have given it the attention due to reasoning, but as he was not pleased to do so, and as he is an educated man, he will doubtless be satisfied by my giving him credit for a beautiful declamation. . . . . .

"But, the reverend gentleman proceeded, 'They are busybodies in other men's matters, a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet us,' and alluding, as I understood him to do, to a certain movement in New England, and certain principles upon which that movement was based, he called it, 'The foul spirit of the pit, the juggernaut of perdition.' Upon this language I may not remark; I must of necessity leave it without animadversion, but, with the utmost respect, this dear brother will excuse me for saying I much prefer the terms used by some of his highly respected associates. I hope the brother will not use it again, and certainly not on the floor of this General Conference. But my friend from the Georgia Conference says: 'Let New England go; I wish in my heart she would secede, and joy go with her, for I am sure she will leave peace behind her.' Let New England go! I cannot forget the exclamation, it vibrates on my soul in tones of grating discord."

The fatherly, pious, patronizing tone of the young man was exasperating. There was no anger in the heart of the young Georgian, but there was a flame of indignation, and when Mr. Peck took his seat, which he did with great complacency of expression, and as he sat fanning himself with a large fan, Mr. Pierce rose to explain. He said:

"That he should be very glad to reply at length, but, as he spoke by courtesy and not by right, he would confine himself to explanation. He observed that he was exceedingly startled by the proposition of Brother Peck, that a bishop had no constitutional right to be a bishop. He had always understood that, when a man is legitimately appointed to office, he has a constitutional right to that office for the whole term—that he cannot be ejected unless he has been in fault. As to the perhaps unfortunate expression which he yesterday made use of toward New England, some apology might be due, but on the whole he would not regret it, as it had afforded his honored brother such a theatre for displaying his peculiar talents. He intended to say that for New England to secede, or to be set off with a *pro rata* division of

the property, would be a light evil compared to the immolation of Bishop Andrew on the altar of a psuedo-expediency. He meant that the loss of New England was as the dust in the balance compared with such a gross, palpable, unjust, outrageous violation of law. He intended to convey the idea that the great head of the Church did not require the sacrifice of an innocent, unoffending man, for the sake of maintaining peace and order in the Church. The Church required no such sacrifice for her unity or her character. As to the unkind epithets to which the brother referred, he wished to be understood not as having applied them to New England, but to abolition and its misguided abettors. If New England was engaged in this unhallowed war on the South and on Southern institutions, then he meant New England; if not, he would be understood otherwise. He intended no disrespect to New England. He would cheerfully acknowledge, because he honestly believed it, in accordance with the views so eloquently expressed by the brother who had preceded him, that there were many noble souls from New England; as the last speaker had referred to Bishop Soule, he hoped he should be permitted to say that from his father's representations he had learned to admire him before he saw him, and acquaintance had ripened admiration into reverence. There was an honored representative from the New York Conference (Dr. Olin) who favored the Conference with his opinions a few days ago, whom he loved from his early boyhood and never more than now, and he took this occasion to assure him that, whatever might be his vote on this trying question, he would still remain enshrined in the fervid affections of a heart too warm to speak prudently on an occasion like this. And, sir, I recognize you," addressing Mr. Peck, "as a man with a soul in your body, warm, generous, glowing. I admire your spirit, your genius. The beauty of the bud gives promise of a luscious blossom, the early beams foretell a glorious noon. And now, sir, though my speech shocked your nerves so badly, I trust my explanation will not ruffle a hair on the crown of your head."

Mr. Peck had thrown his fan up to his face as if to shield himself from a severe blow. The burst of laughter which followed, as men looked at the shining, hairless scalp, was sufficient to restore good humor.

So closed Mr. Pierce's part in the greatest debate of Methodism. The results all men know; Bishop Andrew was virtually deposed, and the Church was divided.

REV. S. OLIN, D.D.

While Mr. Pierce was in New York the American Bible Society, for which his father was agent, held its annual meeting. The General Conference, and a large assemblage of the most gifted men of all the churches, attended. Mr. Pierce was invited to take part in the exercises, and delivered one of the speeches. Not since John Summerfield had made his celebrated speech on a like occasion had any Methodist preacher made so profound an impression.

The Rev. William Martin writes of it: "I heard him in

1844, before the American Bible Society, when Freelinghuysen, Lord Ketchum, and other distinguished men of the nation were the speakers, and from every indication, intense attention, frequent, loud, and long-continued applause, together with the many enthusiastic expressions I heard, the young Georgia Methodist preacher surpassed them all."

A partial report is all we have, and probably all that remains, of this remarkable speech.

"If," said Mr. Pierce, "the universal success of the Bible cause, the realization of the most sanguine wish of the most devoted adherent, depended upon the establishment of this truth, we might consume the hours of this anniversary in congratulatory addresses and antedate the joys of a victory wide as the world and stable as the pillars of heaven. If the propriety of the sentiment, the convictions of its justice and truth, were the pledge of a zeal as unwearied as its importance demands and of an enterprise commensurate with its value, then, sir, you would have nothing now to do but to regulate your appropriations and direct your future movements. But, sir, human nature is made up of such contradictory impulses that conscience is sometimes powerless when truth is clear, and the purest minds must needs be stirred by way of remembrance."

Mr. Pierce then proceeded to comment upon the following points: "That the Bible, after prolonged research, has been admitted to be divine, by the consent of the master-minds of every age. Though the oldest book in the world, it is still ever new; its leaves never wither, and its beauty never fades. In the palmiest days of persecution, when the spirit of despotism was abroad, and the leaves of truth were mutilated by the frauds of the impostor, even then it might be said, as was said of the ruler's daughter, 'It is not dead, but sleepeth.'

"This element of perpetuity is proof not only of its truth, but of its wonderful adaptation to the wants and woes of human life. Though stretching, as it does, over a thousand years, and composed by men of various mental complexion,

under as various circumstances, it is still the perfect realization of the idea of one mind. The dark gulf of futurity, over which poetry and philosophy hang with wearied wing, is lighted up by its rays; it attracts by no ingenious subtlety of argument, but all its teachings are perspicuous and popular. Lucid in its enunciation, the points of faith on which hang our hopes of heaven are covered with a flood of light. Through its columns the most gifted intellect may roam with profit, and before its revelation human reason stands rebuked, unable, perhaps, to believe, and afraid to doubt; and at the end of its pilgrimage, after the measure by which it shall test its own rectitude and consciousness, when that reason stands in doubt and despair, the great Teacher comes with the rule, 'If any man do my will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.'

"The Bible deals not in subtle analogies and cold abstractions, but in the healthful virtues of life; it comes home to the heart, and makes its truths the subject of consciousness whereby we exclaim: 'That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life.' It commends itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God, by the excellence of its law and the conclusiveness of its testimony, so that even human depravity, when it walks amid its precepts, is compelled, like devils among the tombs, to acknowledge the purity of its morals and the holiness of its presence. The genealogy of its proof demonstrates it to be the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. The faith that justified righteous Abel, and whereby Enoch walked with God, the faith by which Abraham kept the covenant, the importunity by which Moses prevailed, and the penitential sighs of David, still attract the notice of heaven, and call down the blessing of God. The baptism of the Spirit still attends on the ministration of the Word; and though no cloven tongues of fire flame from the lips of proselytes, the heart still palpitates beneath the warm breathings of the Holy Ghost, before whose stately step-

pings the human reason falls in reverence, and the human fancy cowers in astonishment.

"In every age there have been men who have set themselves forth as teachers of wisdom, but they have divided their doctrines into parts for the schools, and parts for the people, and imparted these to a company of select friends or pupils, whom they regarded, and who regard themselves, as a privileged order. Occasionally these instructors may have done more; and for the sake of winning the temporary admiration of a fickle crowd may have enhanced their reputation, and deepened their sacred reverence, by obscure enunciations of awful mysteries—enunciations which were calculated rather to stupefy the soul than to make the reason dawn. Disdainful distributor of what she falsely called the first elements of religion, philosophy kindled her dim fires upon the peaks of human science, and left man covered with mist and darkness in the vales below. All other systems than this of the Bible have been founded on misconception of the wants of man, enriching time by despoiling eternity; they appeal to human reason, and exhibit, even when the majesty of mind is associated with them, an intellectual glory that stuns rather than instructs, and elicits an admiring wonder rather than the consent of the heart. But the Bible is adapted to all classes and states of man; and where it fails to save, it never fails to refine. The conviction of its truth is sustained by what man feels within him and sees without him, and, however invisible its operations and however difficult to trace its effects to their source, it still operates, slowly and surely, and builds the monuments of its divinity by the moral changes it creates. Whatever scepticism may insinuate of its improbability, whatever malignity may coin of its worthless tendency, it is still the rejoicing of us all that the leaven is in the meal, and will surely penetrate the whole lump; that the mustard-seed, the smallest of all seeds, is in the soil and will shoot forth its trunk and its branches and cover itself with foliage in which the birds may nestle, and take repose from the heat of the day. For the divinity of

the record, for the truth of its testimony, for the defence of our calling, and the justification of our ministration, we rely singly and solely upon the inherent energies of God in the Book.

"There may be nothing in the operation of the Bible to attract the notice of the great world; but simplicity is nature's great law. The cloud that passes along without the pomp of thunder or lightning pours from its generous bosom the gentle rain to gladden the earth, and makes the garden to smile and blossom. Philosophy, however, proposes herself as the regenerator of the race; standing out at the base of human corruption, with her form but half revealed by the artificial glare about her, she talks to the victim who is wallowing in filth and uncleanness, about fate and necessity, and leaves the miserable wretch disconsolate in his lot, diseased in his fancy, and bankrupt in his hopes. But the Bible, at one breath, sweeps off the mists from this palpitating mass of festering rottenness, reveals the present and the future to the eye of the morally maimed and halt, and says unto them, as unto the man at the pool, 'Arise, for thy redemption is near.'

"The Bible is a source of consolation in the calamities of life, and is equally adapted to the rich and the poor. But there are privations in the lot of the poor which make its teaching necessary. The beams of the sun are never more grateful than when he bursts from the clouds and the storms; and, in like manner, the Bible is never more welcome than when its leaves come distributing consolation to the needy, the desolate, and the heart-stricken of earth. The primitive denunciation falls heavily upon the poor man, and when all other resources fail, where shall we look for consolation but to Him who cares for all, to Him who listens to the chirping sparrow upon the wintry hedges of the world, and sees the parched lily drooping with heat and blight? Fear not, then, for are ye not of much more value than many sparrows? It tells us that He feeds the ravens and hears the young lions when they roar, and then, when man is forsaken, and his house and his earthly fortunes left unto him desolate, it tells

him that God, his friend, looks down from heaven and careth for these things. In the course of my pastoral visitations I lately called upon a widowed lady who had but recently buried a fond husband and now had three or four children about her, dependent for their support upon her needle. As I entered the house one of the little ones told me their mother had gone out for the morning. I passed on, and came to the habitation of an old lady, who was without father or mother or near relation in the world, decrepit with years, and with a soul bowed down with often mourning; she was alone in the world, and her tenderest earthly affections reposed in the silence of the sepulchre. There I found also the first lady, who had left her home, lonely and depressed with sorrows and cares, and had called on Mother Cox, such is the name of the aged servant of God, that she might gather strength and comfort from her communion. There sat those lone ones, widowed of earthly hopes, the one with a heart freshly scathed by the mysterious chastening of the wise God, and the other, with gray hairs, leaning upon the reed of faith, which that same God would not suffer to break and pierce her hand; and the latter, just tottering on the edge of the grave, was discoursing to the friendless Ruth and leaning over the ever-bubbling well of salvation, and drawing the waters of life to quench the spiritual thirst of her young sister and refresh her soul in its bitter wretchedness. It was there the divinity of the Gospel appeared, healing wounds and elevating hopes, and encouraging to that patient endurance whereby we inherit the promises.

"It is the sin of the nations and the curse of the Church that we have never properly appreciated the Bible as we ought. It is the book of books for the priest and for the people, for the old and for the young. It should be the tenant of the academy as well as of the nursery, and ought to be incorporated in our course of education, from the mother's knee to graduation in the highest universities in the land. Everything is destined to fail unless the Bible be the fulcrum on which these laws revolve. Can such a book be read with-

out an influence commensurate with its importance? As well might the flowers sleep when the spring winds its mellow horn to call them from their bed; as well might the mist linger upon the bosom of the lake when the sun beckons it to leave its dewy home. The Bible plants our feet amid that angel group which stood with eager wing expectant when the Spirit of God first hovered over the abyss of chaos, and wraps us in praise for the new-born world when the morning stars sang together for joy. The Bible builds for us the world when we were not; stretches our conceptions of the infinite beyond the last orbit of astronomy; pacifies the moral discord of earth; reorganizes the dust of the sepulchre, and tells man heaven is his home and eternity his lifetime.

"What, sir, was the Reformation, but a resurrection of the Bible? Cloistered in the superstitition of mediæval Rome for a thousand years, its moral rays had been intercepted, and the intellect of man, stricken at a blow from its pride of place, was shut within the dark walls of moral despair, and slept the sleep of death beneath its wizard spell. Opinion fled from the chambers of the heart, and left the mind to darkness and to change. But Luther evoked the Bible and its precepts from its prison-house, and the Word of God breathed the warm breath of life upon the Valley of Vision, and upon the sleeping Lethean sea. Intellect burst from the trance of ages, dashed aside the portals of her dark dungeon, felt the warm sunlight relax her stiffened limbs, forged her fetters into swords, and fought her way to freedom and to fame.

"The Bible, sir, is the guide of the erring, and the reclaimer of the wandering; it heals the sick, consoles the dying, and purifies the living. If you would propagate Protestantism, circulate the Bible. Let the master give it to the pupil, the professor to his class, the father to his son, the mother to her daughter, place it in every home in the land; then shall the love of God cover the earth, and the light of salvation overlay the land, as the sunbeams of morning lie upon the mountains."

The enthusiasm aroused by the speech was immense. Dr.

Jefferson Hamilton was sitting by Dr. Lovick Pierce, and, carried away by his excitement, he said eagerly to the doctor: "Did you ever hear the like?" "Yes," said the fond father, complacently, "I hear George often."

While he was absent his little baby-girl Sarah sickened and died. She was a sweet child of only a year old, the second he had lost, both in his absence. He came home to

BEVERLY WAUGH, D.D.

his stricken wife in June, and gave himself to hard work, preaching over one hundred times before Conference. When it met, his two years were expired, and he was sent to the Augusta District the second time. During this period there was quite a sprightly war waged in the columns of the *Advocate* on the question of whether the ministers should wear round-breasted coats or no. The custom had been assailed by an anonymous writer rather savagely, and defended with no less earnestness by others; at last Mr. Pierce, signing

himself 'Epaphras,' entered the field. He wrote only one letter, and left the question to be settled by others. I give a few extracts from it.

"ROUND-BREASTED COATS.—For myself, I think neither the more nor the less of a man for wearing a round-breasted coat. Some brethren have adopted them from taste, or early predilection, but troubled nobody else about them. To them we have nothing to say. They have a right to their choice in the premises, and it is nobody's business. Others wear them for conscience' sake. We think they are mistaken, but respect their motive and feel satisfied. And yet others wear them to gratify a father, a friend, or an old preacher. Here again the motive is kind, even if the act is not judicious. One man esteemeth one coat above another, another esteemeth every coat alike. Let each man be persuaded in his own mind, but when a man mounts the coat of his preference and even his conscience, and insists upon my getting one just like it, and puts me under the ban of his prejudices, it is high time to preach to him from the text, 'Hast thou faith, have it to thy self before God.' . . . . . .

"Some of our good brethren are afflicted with a monomania on this subject. In their estimation a church is worldly minded unless it is disfigured by round-breasted coats of the oldest pattern. The subject is intruded everywhere. At private houses, camp-meetings, everywhere, the changes and the charges are rung upon it.

"Verily, there is a species of dogmatic, fanatic, ultraism in all this that is, little as the brethren suspect it, malign in its origin, disgusting in its delivery, and hurtful to the cause of God.

"Those who determine upon the genuineness of religion by the color of her ribbons, or the shape of the coat, expose the Church to shame, and subject her members to ridicule.

"I knew a good brother who affirmed of another that he had as soon see the devil go into the pulpit. Why? *He had on a dress coat.* . . . . . .

"I know an honest brother, I love him much, who, despite his faith and zeal, has become so rampant in his feelings that with those who do not know him intimately his ministry is at a fearful discount. He is consistent, however. His figure is so antiquated by his ungainly costume that he looks

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as if the head of some one of twenty-five had been set upon the body and shoulders of some decrepit revolutioner. His clothes hang upon him like a shirt upon a pair of tongs. Nor is there any sense in such an arrangement of dress, nor is there any religion in it. Some men do not understand the difference between humbling themselves and humbling their religion."

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE DISTRICT AGAIN, 1845-46-47, AGED 33-36.

Sunshine—The Farming Elder—The Home Life—R. M. Johnson's Letter—His Ministry—Camp-meeting Season—Convention in Louisville—General Conference at Petersburg—View of the District—Sketches of the Preachers.

THE Conference met at Eatonton, in December. Bishop Soule presided, and Dr. Pierce, for the degree of D.D. had been conferred on him by the Transylvania University, was sent to the Augusta District as presiding elder. The district, as far as territory was concerned, was much as it was when he left it in 1838. It included Richmond, Columbia, Lincoln, Washington, Wilkes, Louisville, Waynesboro, Warrenton, Hancock, and Sandersville.

During his first term as a presiding elder on the Augusta District, ten years before, he had a home in Sparta. While he was on this district at that time there was a great camp-meeting in Hancock, and a number of sterling young planters had been converted and had joined the Church. These men became the warmest friends of the young elder; and now that he was out of a parsonage and must have a home, he turned his eye toward Hancock. Hardy Culver was one of his stanch friends, and continued such as long as he lived. He was a sturdy, industrious, prosperous planter, upright, generous, pious. From him, on easy terms, Dr. Pierce bought his second home. It was an old plantation, some four miles from Sparta. There was a three-room dwelling on it, located somewhat inconveniently. The spot chosen for the designed dwelling was in an old field, near the road. Whether from the fact that no sun-ray was intercepted by a

shrub or tree, or from the fact that he loved bright and cheery names, he called his new home "Sunshine," and here for over forty years, with only a few breaks, he had his abode. He spent a year in Sparta, and then removed to his home.

To the summit of a hill, near the road, he had moved his little cottage. There was not a tree, nor a flower, nor an enclosure, when the fair young wife with Ella, Lovick, Claudia, and Mary, the baby, went to take possession. He was four miles from the village, a half-mile from his nearest neighbor, but his gentle Ann had long since made up her mind never to fret or complain; and very cheerfully the wife of the most eloquent, and one of the most famous preachers of all Methodism, went into her three-room house and made it as bright as industry and neatness could make it. The neighborhood in which he lived was one of those often found in the State of Georgia in those days. The plantations were not too large to make the white population too sparse for social enjoyment, and yet they were large enough to make every man independent. Hawley Middlebrooks, Hardy Culver, Thomas Turner, all substantial men, who were true to the Church, and to the State, and to their friend, lived near. For their clerical neighbor they had a great affection, which was fully reciprocated by him. He dearly loved the country, had little use for towns or cities. Farming was a real luxury to him. He planted trees; every oak, elm, and cedar at Sunshine was planted by his hand. He planted flowers and fruits, and the enjoyment of his life was found in the rural surroundings of his own country-home. Sunshine was a dear spot to him, and the warm, generous hospitality he dispensed there has made the little cottage known all over the continent. Across the way from him was Rockby, the home of Richard M. Johnson, the distinguished author of the "Dukesborough Tales," and many other works of unusual merit. Although it is very possible that the account he gives of the bishop's home-life was truer of a later period than of this early one, yet it will not mar the unity of the story to give it here.

HARDY CULVER.

"33 TANEY PLACE, BALTIMORE, February 12, 1885.

"REV. ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD, D.D., LL.D.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have not had leisure before now to send you my promised letter about Bishop Pierce. As it is, I must say less than I could or would say if you and I were together for a chat of a couple of hours or more.

"I was glad when I heard that the getting out a biography of him had been intrusted to you. By inquiries among those who saw most of his private life, you can get much that will add to the interest already imparted by his public career.

"I was a neighbor to Bishop Pierce for twelve years, my home in Hancock, Rockby, adjoining Sunshine, which all know to have been the name of his. I had grown already to feel great admiration for one so pre-eminently gifted, and for many years had heard his pulpit eloquence with continual delight. But I did not know, until I had become his close neighbor, that, great as he was in public, he was equally so in private. A cordial friendship grew between him and myself, notwithstanding our divergence in religious faith. For, of all the very great men whom I have known, he seemed to me the most tolerant toward opinions differing from his own, upon whatever plane of inquiry.

"Now, what shall I say of George Pierce as a neighbor and a friend? I have been in his house and he in mine. We have met at the little creek, the dividing line of our plantations, and fished for minnows together. We have ridden, in his or my buggy, together, to and from Sparta. We have talked together of sportive things and serious things. He was ever a sweet consoler to me when suffering from domestic affliction. In all these relations his deportment was such as I have always remembered with pleasure; pleasure that continues to be a part of the sadness I feel now that he is no more. Such virtues as simplicity, innocence, compassion for every form of distress, readiness to co operate in propositions put forth for general or individual betterment, lowliness as well as cheerfulness in religious deportment—these are some of the things that made his private life seem exceedingly

beautiful. If he had ever any interchange of neighborly offices, or any alteration of conjoining fences to propose, I could never hesitate to agree, even without reflection thereon, because I knew that in such propositions he had had regard for my interests not less carefully than his own.

"There were several intermarriages between his negroes and mine. I once attended one between one of mine, Lucius (now one of your colored bishops), and Harriet, a fine woman belonging then to the bishop. He performed the ceremony in the mansion, after which the bridal party withdrew, and the whites spent the evening together until a late hour. He seemed to have partaken of some of the joyousness of our humble dependents. We had our pipes (for he loved the weed and was never without a good article), and I never have forgotten the hearty merriment in which we indulged, most of which had been inspired by his anecdotes. The sense of humor in him was exquisite and abundant. The twinkling of his beautiful eyes in making or listening to merry recital was as catching as fire, and tears of laughter I have seen pouring from them and others, on such and similar occasions.

"These intermarriages served to lead me to yet more familiar acquaintance with his domestic rule than perhaps I should have had otherwise. He was one of the very best masters in the whole State, justly noted in the State for general humane treatment of the slaves. His own were warmly attached to his person. I suspect that he made little if any by their work; but whatever was the result of the tasks he imposed, it subtracted nothing from the satisfaction he felt in the sense of having tried to do for them all that was suitable and possible to their condition. Hancock County was noted, as you are aware, for its skilful, successful planters. As a rule, they were kind to their slaves. Occasionally, however, one would hear of a case of neglect or intemperate driving. This was not at all frequent, but at such times a man stepping into the Methodist Church at Sparta might hear words from Pierce on the treatment of slaves that would make him feel like hastening to undo or repair any wrong he

may have done, intentionally or thoughtlessly, in a matter so important to civil society, to humanity, and religion.

"While all who knew Pierce well had affection for him, and he for many of them, yet he was one eminently sensitive to the sweets of individual friendships. I remember well how he loved the old man Hardy Culver, a sort of patriarch, one of the stanchest of his kind, and Colonel Tom Turner, whose son married one of his daughters. *He* also was a man of great strength of character. Among those outside of Hancock, my impression was always that he was most fond of General Toombs. They had been friends from boyhood. Alike in genius, eloquence, and probity, they must have become familiar and fond, especially when their vast powers were exerted upon different fields. The very last time I saw him, except one, he spoke to me with regret amounting almost to indignation, of the rashness with which the general was sometimes misjudged by persons who did not understand his character, his opinions, his language, and his habits.

"Of all public men whom I have known, Bishop Pierce, considering his eminent greatness, seemed to me the most prudent. This was more remarkable in that he was so fearless. No knight of the middle age was more courageous in forming his convictions or in supporting them by action and language. Yet he could mingle amid those engaged in the strifes of political opinions, and never utter a word or take a step that tended to injure the benign influence which he felt that Heaven had commissioned him to exert. No party could boast of him as a partisan, and none assail him as an enemy. In this respect he always seemed to me one not only to be admired, but wondered at. His presence upon the street on an election day, or other season of party gathering, operated benignly upon men of all parties. He was the most beautiful of mankind without, and men of all parties believed that his external beauty was the best expression that physical form and features could give of the more exquisite beauty within. They loved to meet and look upon, and talk with, and listen to a man whom they knew to be as consistent

as he was beautiful, as simple as he was great, as devout in heart as he was majestic in carriage and powers.

"Of the oratorical excellence of George Pierce, of course the thousands who heard him know. Yet I do believe that his very greatest endeavors were expended in that same little Sparta Methodist Church. Scores of times have I heard him there during a period of more than twenty years, there and at the Methodist camp-meeting a few miles south of the village, in the which time I have listened to outbursts of words such as I do not believe were surpassed on the Bema of Athens or the Forum of Rome. Many a time have I looked and listened when I would have feared that he must fall from such daringly lofty, often involved eminences, but that the thrilling of his voice and the ecstatic beauty of his face told that he felt conscious of celestial support. I have heard him preach sermons on occasions of the death of friends and church brothers and sisters, while the coffins would be resting in the chancel below, when men's hair would nearly stand on end at some of his warnings, and they would actually seem to fall in love with death while he would be describing the blessedness of those who die in the Lord.

"What must such a man have been in his family? How many the benignities of fifty years in such a domestic circle! I yield to the temptation to insert a few extracts from a letter I received from him last February in acknowledgment of one and a box of cigars that I had sent for his golden wedding.

"'It is pleasant to know that your Georgia instincts are still strong within you. These are good things to cherish. We were born in a good time, grew up amid glorious environments, and the sight of the good old days is shining now in the halls of memory. I spent hours walking up and down, reviewing past scenes, calling back familiar faces and tones, and living over my boyhood and youth. Dick (pardon the slip, the spell of the past is upon me), *we* were honored in our aquaintances, companions, and friends. Our associations were of the best. If we are not gentlemen of the finest type we deserve outlawry. We had a splendid chance to be men:

for the glory and inspiration of high examples were always before us.

"'Well, the golden wedding has come and gone. We had a good time—delightful. Everybody (and the house was full and over) seemed happy. The occasion proved that there may be festivity full of soul-life, enjoyment, without the fiddle and the dance, or the exhilaration of wine or Kentucky Bourbon. We made speeches, talked, laughed, ate meats and cakes and fruits, had syllabub in abundance, oysters fresh and pickled, and good things generally. A box or two of cigars were exhausted. My old bride——'

"I omit the affectionate, tender praise with which he wrote of her.

"'We would all have been happy, nay, happier, if you had been there. Well, we closed with praise and prayer, and went to rest composed and blest of God. *It was a good time.* I trust it will do good, because people saw and felt that it was possible to be socially happy without folly or sin.

"'Yours in the bonds of Ga. and its memories,

"'G. F PIERCE.'

"I met him for the last time in July at Sparta, when I was appalled at his decline, so much more advanced than I had supposed. Yet his smile at some pleasantries we had was little subdued from what it had been in young manhood. I was convinced that his end was near; but I confidently believed that he would depart in the peace that remained with him to the last.

"This is at least enough for a letter intended mainly to tell you of some impressions made upon me by his life in private. I shall ever be fond to remember him, both for the pleasure I took in his society, and the benefits which I hope were imparted to me by his example.

"With great regard,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. M. JOHNSTON."

He did not spend much time in getting things fixed for

the little wife to manage ere the district called for his service. His district was not a large one as to the number of appointments, but covered a large territory. It had to be travelled entirely by private conveyance. To give an idea of the work done, I find in his old memorandum-book that during the year 1845 he travelled six thousand and eighty-six miles, and preached one hundred and fifty-three times. The record shows how he often returned to his home; he so arranged his district that he could spare a day or two for such time on

REV. J. P. DUNCAN.

his way from one appointment to another, until camp-meeting season commenced, when he could scarcely make the journey from one meeting to another. He had much use for these great assemblies, and did his grandest preaching at them. There were ten charges in his district, and there were thirteen camp-meetings, and he reached them all. The time he was on the district was a time of great revivals. He believed in them, worked for them, looked for them, and always had them. A fruitless ministry, he once told me, would have killed him. He could not live without revivals, and so he surrounded himself with revival preachers. Bishop

Pierce, after he had the giving of places, had perhaps a weakness for his old comrades, and at no time in his life did he undervalue the man whose only claim to distinction was that he was successful in winning sinners for his Lord. He cared little for culture or finish, if culture and finish were barren of results. John W. Knight, rugged, eccentric; John P. Duncan, finished and elegant, were alike dear to him, because they won souls. Josiah Lewis, stern as Cromwell; Charley Jewett, poetic, cultivated, with much of Duncan's fondness for all that was elegant and refined, one of his boys, was valued highly by him; Wesley P. Arnold, Caleb W. Key, these were of his staff. He was a field officer, and his subalterns were proud of their captain and ready to do his work. The work to which all energy was turned was to save souls. He did not spare himself, he did not spare anyone else. He never complained. Self, ambition, died when he gave himself to his Master; as his eye was single, his whole body was full of light. The record of his texts shows that he often preached at this period on the same texts, and his texts were always practical and direct. Taking at random a page from his memorandum, I find that he preached:

Warrenton, 1 Tim. 2 : 8.....Prayer.
Washington, 1 Tim. 2 : 8.....Prayer.
Washington, 2 Peter 1 : 10, 11.....Diligence.
Washington, Psalm 51 : 12, 13.....Penitence.
Sparta, 1 Tim. 2 : 8.....Prayer.
Warrenton, Psalm 51 : 13.....Penitence.

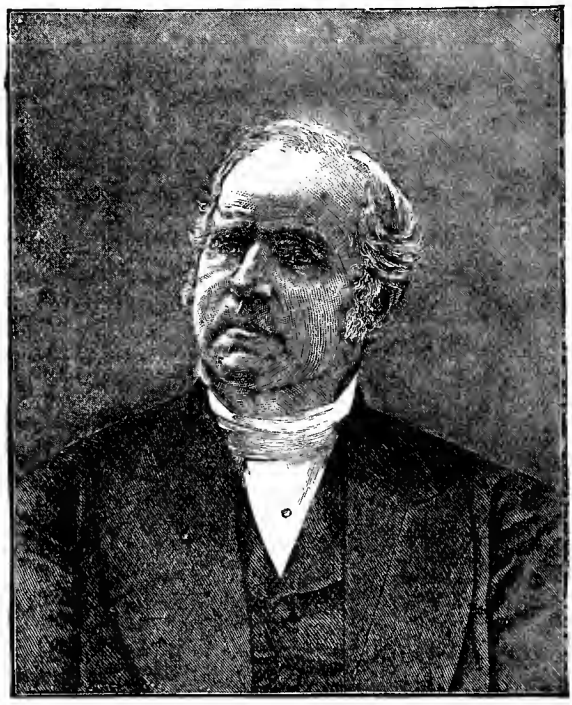
These texts are all direct and practical.

While he was presiding elder on this district he was called to attend the convention at Louisville, and the General Conference at Petersburg. His trip to the convention was made by way of Pittsburg, Pa., where he preached. He preached three times in Louisville, and made an address of an hour long. In the course of it he said:

"The truth is, this question cannot be compromised. It lies beyond the control of North or South. The whole secret

of the agitation was found in the fact that this question was bound up with religious conviction on the part of Northern men, and made matter of conscience. It is identified with their very hope of salvation, part and parcel of their religion.

"The majority of the late Conference, by way of dislodging from the public mind the sentiment of sanctity connected



BISHOP JANES.

with the Episcopal office, found it convenient to bring down the incumbent to the level of editors and agents, and had laid violent hands on a consecrated officer of the Church. The movement was and is essentially radical. He had said before, he repeated the prediction, that ten years would not pass after the North had lost the conservative influence of Southern Methodism before every distinctive peculiarity of original Methodism would be merged into Congregationalism."

He closed his speech by saying: "The North has taken their ground, we have taken ours, and cannot, will not abandon it. Re-union, then, is impossible; we have no overtures to make. It is due to the Church, to ourselves, to the country, that we stand upon our rights, and until the North comes back to the Scripture ground, he, for one, would say, 'Separation and independence, now and forever.'"

He went to the General Conference at Petersburg, and of his visit here Dr. Edwards writes:

"The first time I ever saw the late Bishop Pierce was at the General Conference, held in the city of Petersburg, Va., in the month of May, 1846. That General Conference being the first of the quadrennial sessions of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, attracted wide-spread attention. The whole Methodist community, far and near, was curious to see the body in session; to witness the deliberations; to see the great men, and to hear the distinguished preachers. It was everywhere known, as a matter of course, that the great Dr. Bascom would be there; that Drs. Capers and Paine and Winans, and the two Pierces, father and son; and the eloquent Parsons, and the scarcely less eloquent Kavanaugh, and others whose fame was filling the land, all would be present. Even then, no one perhaps had acquired greater reputation as a pulpit orator that George F Pierce, of Georgia. His father, Dr. Lovick Pierce, had been seen and heard in Virginia, but his distinguished son was only known by reputation. I, in common with others, was anxious to see and hear him. Being stationed in Richmond that year, it was an easy matter for me to run over to Petersburg, and spend the intervals between the Sabbaths in witnessing the progress of the General Conference business. The Conference was held in the old Union Street Methodist Church, which had but a few years before been turned over to the negroes, the white congregation having gotten into the new Washington Street Church. The old church, according to the prevailing custom, had large and commodious galleries, which furnished accommodations for the visitors who came as spectators. On en-

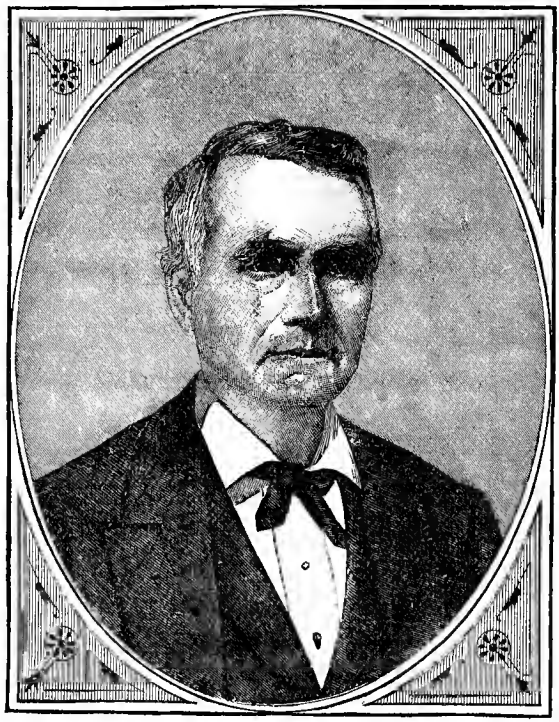
tering the north-side gallery, on the morning of my first visit to the Conference, I had a full view of the platform, and of the members who occupied seats in the centre of the church and under the south-side gallery. Rev. George W Charleton, a supernumerary preacher, who lived in Petersburg, was at my side, and, being an intelligent and observing man, he had learned the names and gauged the calibre of the leading members of the body. He at once began to point out first one and then another of the *magnates*, as he called them. I asked him to point out Dr. L. Pierce and his son George to me. He directed my attention to the front seat in the 'amen corner,' on the other side of the church from the position we occupied. 'The two men,' said he, 'occupying the end of the seat next to the wall, the younger of the two leaning on the elder. That is Dr. Lovick Pierce and his son George; and,' continued he, 'the father is as proud of that son as a peacock is of his feathers.' I had seen the 'old doctor' once before, on his return from a General Conference held in Baltimore. My attention was turned to the son. He was listening attentively to Dr. Alexander, who was just then making a speech. The subject under consideration I do not now recall. But I became interested in the face of George F Pierce. It was in a good light to show his features to advantage, and to reveal the play of his countenance as he listened to the speaker. The impression made upon me at the time was that I had rarely, if ever, seen a handsomer face, or more symmetrical features; and when I saw him rise to his feet his whole form, from tip to toe, struck me as a model for a sculptor. During the Conference he went once on Sunday to Richmond, and preached a sermon that fairly electrified the people. Next to Bascom, and I need scarcely except him, George F. Pierce made the finest impression on the minds and hearts of the people that was produced by the preaching of any of the very able men in that first General Conference of Southern Methodism. From that time I never saw this singularly gifted man until he came to the Virginia Conference as our presiding bishop."

He preached at Petersburg four times, and at Richmond twice, while he was attending the General Conference. This was the first General Conference held by the Methodist Church South. The effort was made to establish a great Southern Methodist University at Lexington, Ky. Dr. Bascom was to be president, Dr. George F Pierce, of Georgia, was selected as vice-president, and as one of the

WILLIAM CAPERS, D.D.

professors. He declined to go to Kentucky, as he had declined to take a professorship at Randolph Macon. His old friend, William Capers, and his friend of later years, Robert Paine, were selected as bishops. John Early was elected book-agent. The Conference was comparatively uneventful, and as usual he had little to say on the floor. He preached in Petersburg, May 24th, and on the 30th at the country-church, Rock Mills, near his home, and then left

immediately for his district work. The Conference of December, 1846, which met in Macon, made a change in his district, which very much increased the labor of travelling it. Savannah and Effingham were attached to it, so that he had to go from Lincolnton to Savannah in order to meet the demands of his work. He travelled that year, according to his record, five thousand three hundred and thirty miles, and



ROBERT PAINE, D.D.

nearly all of that distance by private conveyance. He never failed to preach every time he could, and he preached as readily and as eloquently in the country school-house as in the great assemblies of the cities. He never preached better than he did while he was presiding elder of the Augusta District. It is needless to say he stood at the top of the list in Georgia as a preacher. He had not lost his interest in the colleges, and was at the commencements at the Female

College in Macon, which had emerged from the depression of the years in which he was agent, and, having changed its name and to some extent its character, was now distinctively and nominally a Methodist College, and Emory, after very severe struggles, was doing excellent work with Judge Longstreet as her president.

During this period Dr. Lovick Pierce, the father, had been agent for the American Bible Society, and was still living in Columbus. The dear old mother was growing old, and her first-born, though in the same State, was almost always absent from her. His services were needed in the western part of the Conference, where he had never travelled, and so at the Conference which met in December, 1847, he was appointed to Columbus. The home in Hancock must be given up, and a journey of over a hundred and fifty miles must be made in a carriage. He sold out again all his family effects, and, selling his farm, he removed his family to the parsonage at Columbus. Columbus at this time was a thriving little city on the banks of the Chattahoochee. It was at the head of navigation, and the cotton of the rich Western counties found market here. The little city was only twenty years old, and the new church, now St. Luke's, had just been finished. The congregations were very large ; the large audience-room, galleries, and floor-sittings were filled with an attentive and intelligent and wealthy congregation. Dr. Jesse Boring, one of the most eloquent men in the South, had just left the station, and it was needful that the important place should be well filled, and Dr. Pierce recognized the need of the Church as imperative, and bowed without question to the will of the bishop. He told me that Bishop Andrew called him into his room at Madison and said, " George, I am going to send you to Columbus." " All right, sir, do as you please," and so he went. The readiness with which he had obeyed at all times made him perhaps a little impatient in an after-day with those who murmured at changes demanding only a small part of the sacrifice he had so readily made. He was not long in making the change, and preach-

ing in Sparta on the 9th of January, he preached in Columbus on the 16th, and up to August 13th he had preached nearly one hundred times. Bishop Pierce at no time of his life wrote many letters save to his family and to the *Advocate*, nor did he engage much in controversy of any kind, so that there are periods of his life in which we have nothing written by him, and this is one. He preached magnificently to great congregations and attended to the work of his charge faithfully, and this is about all the record we can make. He had removed to Columbus with the expectation of filling out his term of two years. For many reasons the change from the district had been a pleasant one. In Wynnton, a beautiful suburb of Columbus, his father had his home, and for the first time since he was fifteen years old he was able to see his mother almost daily. She was a mother one would love to see. Ann Foster and Amelia McFarland, the wives of Lovick Pierce and James O. Andrew, have involved the Church in a debt it can never pay. They did much to make the men they married what they were; Lovick Pierce needed especially the clear, strong, practical, every-day sense of the gifted woman he married, as Andrew needed the stimulus of his heroic, ardent, enthusiastic, spirited wife. If Ann Pierce had not remained at home and managed the affairs of the household, Lovick Pierce had been compelled to have given up his field work, and his life would have been a sad failure. Bishop Pierce reverenced and most tenderly loved his mother, and he recognized the fact that he was largely indebted for his every-day sense to her. She had given up her husband, her oldest son, her oldest daughter, her two younger sons to the service of the Church, and gave them willingly. She was not long for this world when her son was appointed to the church in which her membership was held, and it was a fitting thing that he should be near her. But it was not to continue long, for at the meeting of the Board of Trustees in July, George F. Pierce, D.D., was elected as President of Emory College.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT, 1849–1854, AGED 38–43.

Removal—View of Oxford—Professor Stone, Dr. Means, Dr. Gaither, Bishop Andrew, Luther M. Smith, Dr. Bonnell, Dr. Sassnett—Efforts to Build—General Conference of 1850—His Mother's Death—Obituary Notice—Agricultural Speech.

TEACHING was not to Dr. Pierce an inviting field. He loved the pulpit; he did not enjoy the restraints of the school-room. He had, at great cost to himself, just settled down near those he loved, he hoped for at least two years. He had one of the best congregations in the South—very large, and very highly cultivated. It ran as high as fifteen hundred on Sunday. He was the ruling spirit in a growing, thrifty city; the Church needed him and valued him. His home was commodious and comfortable, his salary ample and promptly paid; he was now for the first time in several years able to be at home, but the mandate of his brethren came and he obeyed. He never spared himself, nor ever asked one to do for the Church what he had not shown himself glad to do. He was elected president of the college in July, and in September he was at his post. He spent a few weeks on the way, visiting Sunshine, and spending some days at the camp-meeting in Hancock; at Sparta he preached on a subject on which he preached more frequently than any other in his ministerial life, 1 Timothy 1 : 16, "Prayer and preparation for it." He never failed to preach on this subject, and the record of his sermons shows that this one text was preached in almost every congregation to which he ministered for any length of time. He had some better facilities for travel in 1848 than in 1838, but still the removal from Columbus was made with

considerable difficulty. There were a hundred miles of stage travel before the railway was reached, and as many of wagon conveyance for his books and such articles as were needful to set him up to house-keeping once more. By September he was in the old home of Judge Longstreet, in Oxford, which he had bargained for.

Oxford, the lovely village among the oaks, had grown up, in the ten years since the corner-stone of the first college building was laid, into quite a beautiful little hamlet. Dr. Few, an old surveyor, and a man of fine taste, had so laid out the village that all the streets converged at the campus. In these wide avenues the forest-trees were untouched, and on roomy lots the professor, and the few families who had removed to Oxford to educate their children, resided. There were not many more than a score of dwellings in the little village, but the number of inhabitants was largely increased by the college boys, who came in September and remained till the succeeding June. Not far from the president lived Bishop Andrew. When the bishop could get back to his home it was no small pleasure to find George, as he always called Dr. Pierce, his next-door neighbor, and the pleasure was mutual. Just above him lived his colleague, Professor Stone, with his gentle Susan, the daughter of Bishop Capers. Bishop Pierce always delighted in dropping a line into the waters, and his Professor of Latin knew all the sucker-holes in the Yellow River and kept them well baited, and with amazing patience he and his president watched for the almost imperceptible nibble of the cautious fish, while the discourse ran on themes of deepest import. Dr. Means was then in the brilliance of his fame; enthusiastic, warm-hearted, gentle, tender Dr. Means, who loved an adjective as he loved an experiment, and whose splendor of diction was only equalled by his fervor of declamation and his unquestioned piety, lived near him, and was his Professor of Natural Science.

Dr. Gaither, his physician, was one of his earliest friends, when they were both young men on the Alcovi Circuit. The doctor was a man of striking features, and of unquestioned

G. F. Pierce

REV. BISHOP GEORGE F. PIERCE, D.D.

intelligence and integrity. Other friends were: Mrs. Lamar, the accomplished and gifted mother of Judge L. Q. C. Lamar; Professor J. M. Bonnell, the gifted Pennsylvanian; Luther M. Smith, the old student, the accomplished Professor of Greek; and there was elected to a professorship, while he was president, Wm. J. Sassnett.

This election added another friend to his circle. Dr. Pierce and Dr. Sassnett had much in common and much out of it. Sassnett was a radical in everything; Pierce was a conservative; Sassnett an enthusiastic democrat, Pierce a whig of the old stripe. Sassnett was fond of philosophy, and gave much attention to the Germans and the Scotch; Pierce abhorred the whole race of speculators and metaphysicians. Practical, straightforward, conservative, he had neither time nor inclination to spend an hour with Fichte, Lessing, or Herr Hegel, and had not much more fancy for Sir Thomas Browne or Sir William Hamilton; but to Sassnett a knotty problem in philosophy was a precious morsel. Despite all these differences, the good sense of the men and their genuine affection for each other brought them close together.

His home life in Oxford, as his home life had been and was to be everywhere, was beautiful. Lovick was a sprightly lad; George, the bright son of his brother James, was also with him; Ella, the light of his eyes, his first-born, was now a charming young lady ready to go to college in Macon; Claudia, a bright little girl, and Mary, and Ann the baby, and the gentle wife made a domestic circle which gladdened his heart. And he, who had been for so much of the time in the past almost an exile from them, could now spend a little while at home. He was never in his life in easy circumstances, for he was so generous, so concerned about others, so free from secularity, his income was so small, and his demands so many, that he was pressed from these causes; but a growing family of young negroes on the plantation had something to do with the pressure upon him at Oxford: to sell them, he could not; to feed them he must, and they drew upon him heavy drafts.

He had taken the presidency of the college with the ex-

pectation of preaching as much as ever, and he never allowed a Sunday to pass in which he was not in the pulpit. He made frequent excursions to places easily reached, and, preaching on Sunday, returned to the college to his duties. As college president, they were very onerous. The college had struggled with difficulties from its very birth, and its difficulties grew with its growth. Dr. Few, from whose far-seeing wisdom it had sprung into existence, had been taken with the deceitful mirage of interest-bearing notes, and they had been given by the tens of thousand. The college was built and endowed, *on paper*, at its birth, but, alas! the interest failed to come in, the notes were not paid, and Emory, when Dr. Pierce came, unendowed, unequipped, and with buildings unsuited for her work, was now burdened with debt, and embarrassed by her narrow accommodations. The new president fell heir to these embarrassments. He set to work at once to raise the means for building a College Chapel, to cost $10,000. This seemed a great sum in those days, and while there were many Methodists in Georgia then who could have given it from half the proceeds of a single cotton-crop, it required a hard struggle to raise the sum. I find in an old book, in his hand-writing, the subscriptions to this building. The largest is from Iverson L. Graves, $500; the next, Robert Toombs, $200.

The college building was erected, alas! none too well; for before the death of Bishop Pierce it was torn to the ground, and on its foundation Seney Hall was built. He did not teach constantly, though when he was in Oxford he took his regular turn in the class-room, and taught moral philosophy and evidences and rhetoric. He was an admirable disciplinarian. The students always found him approachable and agreeable, and all mere thoughtless offences were passed over; but meanness, lying, and vice shrank away from his presence. He took much interest in the religious work of the young men, and gracious revivals followed his earnest preaching. The college grew, in every way, while he was in charge of it.

WM. J. SASSNETT, D.D.

While he was in Oxford the General Conference of 1848 of the M. E. Church assembled in Pittsburg, and Dr. Lovick Pierce was the fraternal delegate from the M. E. Church South. He was refused a hearing and, while treated with respect, refused recognition as a delegate from what was called a seceding church.

In 1850 the second General Conference of the M. E.

H. B. BASCOM, D.D.

Church South met at St. Louis. At this Conference Dr. Bascom was elected Bishop. He shared with Dr. Pierce the place of the first preacher of the Southern Church. He presided over one Conference, and then died. This Conference adjourned hastily, because of the invasion of the cholera, and the death of Isaac Boring, a delegate from Georgia. The delegates were on the way home, when at Kingston, in Georgia, where the stage from the West reached the railway,

a telegram was called out for Dr. Pierce. It read, "Mrs. Ann Pierce died this morning." *Who was the bereaved, the father or the son? Was it the wife of Dr. Lovick Pierce, or of Dr. George Pierce? Each was named Ann.* The fearful suspense lasted till they reached Atlanta. The letter from the old doctor tells the sad story.

"TUESDAY MORNING, May 28, 1850.

"Two weeks ago, at this hour, seven o'clock, your excellent mother had just closed her breakfast duties. At nine her life closed in one moment. Then we were in the bustle of General Conference, little thinking of the sad event.

"This day is one of mournful recollections to me. Weekly, monthly, and annually, while life lasts, will my mind turn to this day, as a day of great bereavement.

"It must be gratefully felt by us all, that no one has ever died in this place to whose memory such suitable and long-continued memorials of sorrow has been paid. The church is still draped in deep mourning. The world and the Church both feel that your mother was no ordinary loss to society. To me her loss must be irreparable. Emptiness must be written upon much of my future life. What is not filled with God will be largely vacant. Ella will be at your depôt on Sunday's cars. James will not stop. He desires to be with me as long as possible. Oh! how shall I spend my dreary nights alone?

"Let me know your mind on the subject of a monument. One will be erected, if life lasts and heaven smiles. The monument is to be erected of good marble on a granite foundation, without ornament. On the west face will be as follows:

ANN MORTON,
WIFE
OF REV L. PIERCE,

And only daughter of Colonel George Wells
and Elizabeth Julia Foster,
Departed this life, Tuesday, the fourteenth day

of May, eighteen hundred and fifty, in the sixtieth year of her age, having been forty-three years a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

On the south:

But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately He putteth in the sickle because the harvest is come.

On the east:

Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Prov. 31 : 28.

On the north:

The family's farewell—Adieu, till we meet in Heaven.

"Please write immediately if you concur, or make any new suggestion.

"Yours,

"L. PIERCE.

"You see, my son, how my nerves are unstrung. Will *you* be able to read? How shall a suitable obituary be written? Will you do it? I wish you would."

She was indeed a worthy wife for so great a man, and a mother who well deserved the tribute he paid in the following sketch of her published in the *Southern Christian Advocate:*

"*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.*

"Obituaries are not intended merely to commemorate the private affection of surviving friends, but to chronicle the virtues of the departed, that though dead they may still speak for God and goodness.

"The memories of the gifted and the renowned, whether conected with the history of empires, or the enterprises of the Church, however interesting to read, often fail of general utility, because they present phases of character and standards of action, inimitable and impracticable to the major-

ity of mankind. These examples stand out isolated in their grandeur—quite above and beyond the aims and hopes and capacity of the multitude, and repress emulation by the overwhelming force of humbling, discouraging comparison. But when the great elements of character—the radical principles of a sanctifying godliness—the radiant virtues of a useful life are found blended with the history of those who, dwelling in life's sequestered vales,—move along the noiseless tenor of their way, dispensing happiness to all around, uncheered by the world's plaudits—faithfully performing every duty,—unnoticed by the world's eye—patiently bearing the varied ills to which flesh is heir, without murmuring or complaint, then may we hope that the record which affection makes will not only embalm the excellences of the deceased, but furnish to society motives to piety and a model for imitation.

"It is not my purpose, however, to write an essay or a eulogy, but mournfully to record the fact that my beloved mother, Mrs. Ann M. Pierce, is no more. She departed this life on the 14th May last, in the sixtieth year of her age. Her death was sudden, without premonition, and without time for word or sign. On the morning of that day (so sad to her family) she was in her usual health, and engaged with her household duties. While sitting in her chamber, assisting her daughter (Mrs. Gambrill) with some needle-work, she suddenly raised her hand, and exclaimed, 'Oh! what a pain in my head,' and before the shriek of my sister's alarm could summon another member of the family, my dying mother fell into her arms, and the spirit was gone. My father and myself were at St. Louis, and it is no small addition to our grief that we had not the melancholy privilege of looking upon the face of the dead, and following the body to the house of earth and silence.

"My mother was born in Prince Edward County, Va., December, 1790, but was reared in Greene County, Ga. Her early education was worldly in its nature, aim, and end. She was gay—fond of the pastimes of fashionable society, and until her seventeenth year, forgetful of God and eternity.

In 1807, at a camp-meeting in Greene, she was awakened—came to the altar as a mourner, with heart subdued and resolved, joining the church as a seeker—laid aside her ornaments, and became Methodist in her attire and habits. For weeks she sought the Lord, but found him not till near two months after her awakening. She was converted at a camp-meeting in Hancock County—in her father's tent—at a late hour of the night, after a struggle of intense penitence and prayer. Of this glorious event she never doubted. The witness was clear, strong, permanent—her joys full-flowing, rapturous. Her experience was distinguished for many years by the same characteristics which marked her espousals to God.

"My father and herself were married on the 28th of September, 1809. Henceforth the cares and anxieties of wedded life, augmented by her peculiar relation as the wife of a travelling preacher, seemed to modify the expression of her religious feeling. The joyous emotion was substituted by the self-denying principle—the gushing raptures of personal assurance by sympathetic yearnings for the good of others. The spirit of self-sacrifice, prompted by natural nobleness and love, and consecrated by grace and devotion, was never more beautifully illustrated—more perseveringly sustained than by my now sainted mother She did not live unto herself. Her family—the Church, the poor, the orphan—absorbed her sympathies, and appopriated her toils. Kindness which never calculated, save for the purpose of judicious distribution; self-denial which never faltered at cost or trouble, or sought relief and exemption by pleading the sacrifices of the past—forgetfulness of self amid the checkered scenes of a history familiar with disappointments; and sometimes made yet more sad by afflictions—these, with all the kindred virtues of a noble heart and a holy life, formed the staple of her experience, and the manifestations of her character. With a mind singularly quick in its perceptions, originating, inventive, and practical, she was a counsellor in embarrassments whose judgment demanded respect—fertile in ex-

pedient, she triumphed over difficulty—buoyant with hope and indomitable in energy, though sometimes cast down, yet when all others gave up in despair, she rallied, and planned, and succeeded. Restricted in her resources, her prolific economy multiplied a scanty income to sufficiency, and made her home a retreat where plenty smiled and comfort dwelt. Now, how dark that home without the light of her countenance! How lonely he who, himself old and decaying, mourns the wife of his youth, the joy of his life, the solace of his age! How bereaved are we, the children of such a mother? But we will hope and rejoice, even while we suffer. *Thy dead shall live again.*

"As a travelling preacher's wife, my mother was a pattern without spot or blemish. Though my father had never moved his family, yet the Methodists and people of Georgia will bear him witness that no member of the Conference has been less restricted in his work, or more prompt to his appointments. I have heard him say, that in the last thirty years he had been absent from home on ministerial duty full *twenty*. Nor is this conjecture an exaggeration. Her motto was, a full amount of disappointments—and fill them by all means. Neither business, nor affection, nor inconvenience was ever allowed to interfere with the gospel call and the preacher's duty. No real indisposition or anticipated sickness shook her steady purpose never to be in the way of the work of God. No capricious fears, no selfish demands, no womanly weeping delayed the time of departure. The early breakfast, the packed trunk, the preparation of all needful things, told of her presiding care, and her cheerful submission to sacrifice for Christ's sake. She gave her husband and three sons to the work of the ministry, and often exhorted us in her brief, but impressive way, to fidelity. The memory of her advice was precious while she lived, and, more consecrated by her death, it recurs, mingled with tender recollections and sanctified by the hope of reunion in heaven.

"The deceased had been a member of the Church forty-three years. Always consistently pious and devoted, since

her children came to years and she had more leisure for reading and less anxiety to provide, she became more and more filled with God. There was a heavenly ripening in her faith and feelings, the world dwindled to a speck and heaven filled the field of vision. This calm, steady confidence—the mellowness of Christian affection—was manifest to all in her love-feast and class-meeting conversation. In the class on the Saturday before her death it is said there was an unearthly glow upon her face as she talked of God and grace—herself and her prospects. In the moment of dissolution it rekindled, and rested upon the coffined sleeper when she was borne to the tomb. Blessed light of Christian joy—calm sunshine of gospel peace—a stricken household hails the symbol—type of a purified soul, and a world without sorrow, tear, or change. "G. F. PIERCE."

But she was safe, and he went on with his work. He succeeded at last in getting a sufficient subscription for the new building, and in 1852 he laid the foundation of the new chapel. He made the address on laying the corner-stone. It is found in the "Lectures and Addresses."

To those who do not have access to this volume, a few extracts from this able and beautiful speech are due. He says:

"Emory College originated in a popular necessity It was demanded by the wants of the people. It was not a sectarian scheme to promote a denominational interest, though justified by the mission of the Church and imperiously necessary to the discharge of her high obligation. In these days of light and progress and achievement the Christian community, failing to occupy with her own instrumentality that preliminary ground where opinions are formed and character moulded, and over which it is the province of education to preside, must inevitably grow imbecile, effete, and disreputable.

"Born and reared in the good old commonwealth, I love her soil, her institutions, and her people; her progress delights me, her growing cities, her improving agriculture, her thrift

her intelligence, her buoyant step in the pathway of aggrandizement and renown, as Samson said of the Philistine maid, 'please me well;' the ninth State in the Union in respect to population, the sixth in the area of her square miles, the third in the number and length of her railroads; almost equal to any in her manufacturing enterprise; first, foremost, best, ahead of all her sisters in the number and character of her seminaries of learning. But how came she so? Who put her in this proud position as to the number of her literary institutions? It was not her legislation, not her politicians, not her mass-meetings or party conventions. No, but her Christian denominations.

"The first quickening impulse on the inert mass, the first breath of life on the valley of dry bones, the first bold, robust, expansive movement is to be traced to the leading churches of Georgia—their synods, associations, and conferences. The Methodists, true to the spirit and plan of the venerable founder, marched abreast with the foremost in this conservative enterprise. The Rev. Jesse Mercer, honored be his memory, by a munificent bequest, endowed a Baptist University, which bears his name. The Presbyterians, never behind where learning is concerned, bestirred themselves, and Oglethorpe rose from the ground. Nor were these schemes effected without opposition; the friends of the State College were alarmed lest these rival institutions should drain its patronage and alienate the confidence of the country. Sectarianism, priestly intrigue, church bigotry, were dreaded and denounced. Mistaken men! we but meant to do our duty, and bless our country. Injure Franklin College! we never designed nor wished it, nor have we done it. Yet perhaps the groundless apprehension itself has been useful. Her exclusive friends have been rallied, their zeal renewed—and the result, a comparative revival of the institution. The old eagle has moulted and renewed her youth. She never thrived so well. Once alone on the eyry, on the rolling Oconee, she drooped solitary and sad. No kindred pinion fanned the air; but when Oglethorpe, and Mercer, and

Emory spread their wings and began to soar, she saw, and competition waked her ancient ambition. Together let them rise, and blasted be the archer whose envious arrow plucks a feather from their glory."

It is difficult to make extracts from this admirable address. The views of the doctor are certainly decidedly opposed to the views which are now received as almost universally true in America. He was pronounced in his opposition to even the poor-school system, much more so to the common-school system, believing that the people ought to be educated, but neither by charity nor by the State. He believed that in the then condition of things there was too much ignorance to desire an education if it was freely offered.

"Ignorance," he says, "is in every county, lives in the shadow of our court-houses, within sound of our college bells—ay, sits upon the tripod and waves the imperial birch in all the pride of power, or struts in the majesty of the tyrant of the log-cabin, the terror and curse of the trembling school-child.

"Schools, originating in the felt wants, the active convictions of the people, will sustain themselves by virtue of the circumstances which bring them into being. The process is slow, but healthful and sound, and in the lapse of time events will bring about the consummation at which we aim. It cannot be greatly accelerated by any mechanical, arbitrary system, without violating the logical consequences of events, and producing a precocious state of society full of mischief in tendency and in fact.

"A great public charity which provides indiscriminately for the poor is a social and political evil.

"An established provision under authority of law for the education of children corrupts the parents by diluting the sense of responsibility, and defrauds the child of a sympathy which none but a parent can feel."

The education of the people, he says, must begin at the top.

"Let the State," he says, "foster her State College and

the denominations rally to their respective institutions, and those agents, with their annually increasing force, will cultivate the land, the wilderness become a garden, and the Empire State of the South set as a Kohinoor in her queenly diadem of the Republic."

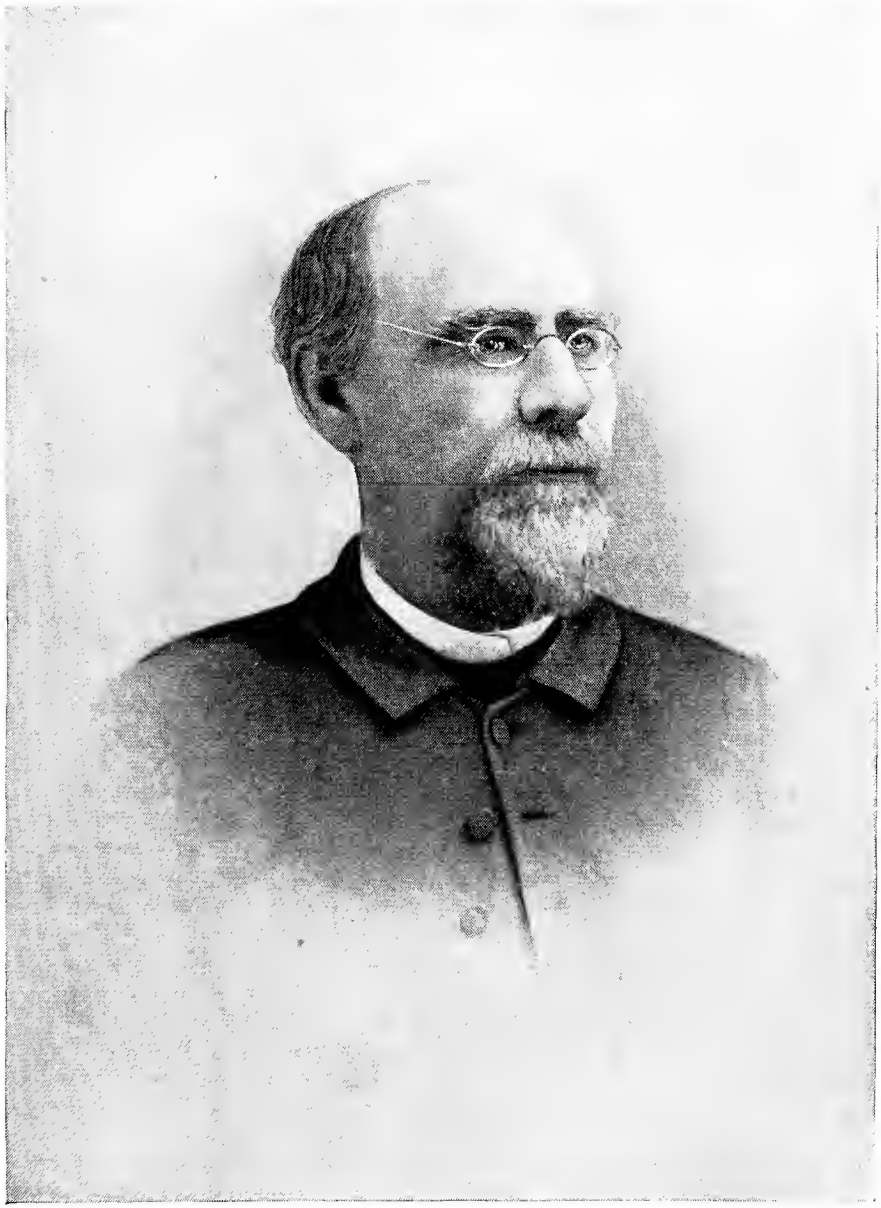
His old student, Rev. Dr. W. C. Bass, long time President of the Wesleyan College, says of him in a memorial address:

"His influence over students as a college president can hardly be estimated. In the pulpit, in the class-room, in the social circle, his words were full of wisdom, and never failed to produce an impression on the young who were fortunate enough to be under his tuition. He was not a teacher of text-books—that was irksome work to him—but he was a great moulder of character, and never failed to influence the destiny of his pupils. The undecided and wavering student was stimulated and encouraged—the young man pausing on life's threshold, and hesitating as to a vocation, found in him a safe counsellor and friend. He seemed to know character intuitively, and could almost prophetically forecast the future of those committed to his care.

"Students found in him a tender elder brother, sympathizing with their perplexities and ever ready to relieve their anxieties. To poor young men he was a Christian benefactor. He always had a place for them in his heart and in his home.

"The home-life of Bishop Pierce was in perfect harmony with the teachings of God's Word. He was, at home, with his wife and children and grandchildren, a pattern of cheerful piety. He taught religion and offered daily in his household the morning and evening sacrifice, but best of all he illusrated religion in his life. His home was an earthly paradise. Innocence and love were twin sisters whose presence always made his home happy. Kindness, gentleness, forbearance, tempered the firmness of the father, and discipline was administered so quietly and so wisely that the youngest child yielded a cheerful obedience to authority.

"This pattern father secured the confidence of his off-



WM. C. BASS, D. D.

Prest. Wesleyan Female College.

spring, and they looked upon him not only as a loving father but as a wise and sympathetic friend. The youngest child loved and trusted him, the oldest revered and honored him. He loved his home, though so much of his life was spent away from it. Of the strongest domestic attachments, his long absences from home were keenly felt. Yet such were his views of duty that he never hesitated when the time came for him to undertake his longest journeys. His faithful and beloved wife, who now mourns in widowhood, was so well in accord with his views, and so conscientious in respecting them, that she never murmured at the frequent partings and long separations, though they robbed her of the sweetest earthly enjoyment. So diligently had he trained his household in the ways of piety that there was a cheerful acquiescence on the part of young and old in all the requirements which official or religious duty imposed."

His college life in Oxford was perhaps the happiest period of his domestic life, if happiness is to be measured by freedom from heavy care; he was in buoyant spirits, in perfect health; his children were as yet children; his social surroundings were congenial and delightful. He was succeeding in his plans for putting the college on a firm foundation. He was having a moulding influence on the young men of Georgia and the South, and blessed revivals followed his labors. While he was in Oxford he was invited to deliver the address before the Georgia Agricultural Society. At that time the society confined itself to the one object for which it had been organized, and was simply an agricultural and mechanical exhibit. Its fairs were such as a Christian man could indorse. Racing and gambling were strictly eschewed. He had much interest in them and helped them. He was invited to deliver an address, and did so. Mark A. Cooper, R. Y Harris, and D. W Lewis were a committee who invited him to publish his address. It is not found in his sermons and addresses, and I give some extracts from it.

"Encouragement meets you everywhere in a thousand forms. The generous earth responds in increased productive-

ness to the farmer who pours back upon her bosom the elements of which improvidence had bereaved her. The 'old red hills' are beginning to change color, to moult and renew their youth. The unseemly gullies that yawned in ugliness and abandonment are filling up and smoothing their wrinkled faces, and the forsaken fields rejoice once more with the rustling corn and the waving harvest. Even the lands now thrown out as commons will cover their nakedness, and shame with an evergreen forest which, however ridiculed and despised as the proof of sterility, will, nevertheless, in the lapse of years, through nature's mysterious recuperative processes, repair the ruin wrought by a barbarous civilization, and yield bread in plenty to our enlightened posterity.

"It is, moreover, a cheering indication that the people come with spirit and enthusiasm to these annual gatherings, as to a festival. Interest is excited, ambition roused, emulation at work. Society feels a quickening impulse. The village is alive, the city stirs, the country is awakened. Parents and children mingle with new zest in household cheer—the sweet interchanges of domestic confidence and love—as the anticipated pleasure comes on. The fair is a gala-day for all the land. And if these exhibitions served no higher purpose than to afford a brief relief to the oppressed man of business —a day of respite from brain-toil to the overworked student —an hour's forgetfulness of himself and his infirmities to the weary, languid invalid—or taught the dull misanthrope that the great heart of humanity, on all fit occasions, pulsates with a kindred throb, they would still have their moral uses, and the benefits would compensate the expenditure. But they rise into much more striking significance when we remember that they combine utility with enjoyment, and are intended to reflect honor upon that pursuit which underlies all the real prosperity of the country. The people have turned away from party strife and political conflicts, to contend in friendly rivalry for the prizes of skilful industry. The statesman and the divine, the planter and the artisan, hoary age and ruddy youth, sire and son, matron and maid, are all here to do

reverence to the dignity of labor. It is a great republican demonstration of the genius of our government, of the spirit of the people, of the capacity of man, of the obligations of society to skill and toil. I have attended on several of these occasions, and, in common with the crowd, have found much in every department to gratify taste and swell the heart with hope in the contemplation of the future; but I have thought the people themselves, in their sobriety, intelligence, and elegance, clad in the gay habiliments of peace, mingling in the salutations and sympathies of polite and polished intercourse, the most impressive argument, the proudest exhibition for the honor of the State. Look out upon this eager, interested, waving multitude, and you see the heads and hands that have made this old commonwealth an empire; an empire, not by the addition of territory, not by the glory of battle, the pomp of war and victory, not by the death of liberty and the gorgeous coronation of the assassin who struck the fatal blow—no, but by the arrest of emigration, the wise investment of capital, the resuscitation of exhausted land, the division of labor, internal improvements, sagacious legislation, and the general diffusion of knowledge.

"Every agricultural product, every manufactured article, every artistic creation, every invention, however simple, is an argument for liberty and a blessing to labor. They illustrate the social and political principles of our country, and prove what unrestricted and independent effort can do, when protected in person and property by equal laws and a beneficent government. They are contributions to the national income and wealth, and to the exports of commerce, which often confound the forecast of the theorizing politician and not infrequently forestall the disasters which an ill-judged and erring statesmanship would entail upon the land. They are themselves of the highest order of practical statesmanship, and accomplish what no system of revenue, no policy, no administration can do in settling questions of currency, by the creation of value, by their effect upon the great law of supply and demand, and by fixing the relation of capital and

labor, the distribution of interest and wages. They speak what the French savants propose in vain—to provide for the human race an universal language; a language known and read of all men. Its alphabet is, progress and comfort; its science, wealth and power; and its consummation, universal peace and universal brotherhood. These improvements dignify labor, ennoble the heart and hand, reveal the fact that human interests are interwoven and that selfishness is a crime and a curse, exalt the masses, by converting the very necessities of their condition into a blessing, through educated effort, and by making toil itself the minister of present wants and the security of future supply. Let knowledge and virtuous industry and enterprise go through the land and plead, as they will do, in the eloquence of personal independence and household comforts and the provision, maintenance, and education of children, and they will plant the civil institutions of the country on a firmer basis, and become the most potent auxiliaries of the academy, the press, and the pulpit, in introducing and establishing the reign of truth and benevolence. Rome voted triumphs to her victorious generals, red with the blood of conquests and fresh from the carnage of nations—let us decree a triumph to mechanical genius, to agricultural science, and build a crystal palace, where beauty may come with her smile, genius with its poem, eloquence with its oration, piety with its love to God and man, and do reverence to industry and its fruits, art and its creations, humanity, its fraternal sympathies and its boundless hopes.

"Agriculture needs no eulogy. As long as men love bread it will need no advocate. It feeds the world. Without it the sails of commerce would rot in idleness, factories stand still for lack of work to do, cities perish, and the race of man cease to be. To 'dress and keep' the garden of Eden was man's primeval employment; to 'subdue the earth,' his divinely appointed task. As the great provider of the raw material of human subsistence and industry—without which neither commerce nor manufactories could exist—it

has not only been the most universal employment of man, but has enlisted the solicitude and protection of government in every age of the world. It is a very significant fact, full of encouragement to us, who live under the freest and most benign institutions of Christendom, that this great interest has always flourished most in those nations most distinguished for the freedom of their constitution, the grandeur of their achievements, and the liberality of their public policy. No vocation can show a longer catalogue of historic names, from Adam, the first man, down to the three great political lights whose recent setting has left our American heavens in darkness. To own land is almost an instinctive wish of human nature. Men of all professions, amid their toil and care, look forward to the quiet of the country and its innocent pursuits as a desirable refuge. The statesman, on whose broad shoulders hung the nation's honor and the nations's weal, has rejoiced to throw off the burden and to seek in the bosom of his family, amid his fields and flocks and herds, the fidelity and affection which he did not always find in public life. The warrior, all covered with the glory of a triumphant campaign, has retired to the solitude of rural employments, where, safe from 'war's alarms,' he might repose in peace and plenty. The poet, wearied with the world—'the proud man's contumely, the oppressor's wrong'—goes forth to commune with nature in her teachings, and, in the shade of the paternal roof-tree, pours forth the inspiration of his sweetest song. The orator, long tossed upon the waves of stormy debate, worn and exhausted by the toil of the hustings, the forum, and the legislative hall, retreats to unbend his overtasked intellect and to refresh his jaded spirits amid the green pastures and sportive winds of his country-home. Devotion, too, luxuriates in retirement from 'city full,' from life's cumbering cares, and finds in the quiet hush, the Sabbath stillness which rest on hill and vale, the witchery of the world dissolving, and the spirit grow strong in the raptures of high communion.

"It is historically true, I believe, that no purely agricult-

ural country has been great, prosperous, and powerful. But the sun, in his circuit, never looked upon a continent which afforded the same encouragement and facilities for the highest perfection of the art as our own happy land. Yet, with all its advantages, agriculture, even here, must depend for its profits, not upon the simple productions of the ground, however abundant, but on their marketable value. The want of a market for the surplus produce of the farm has been, in many sections, the incubus on the earnings of Southern husbandry. Railroads and factories are fast removing this obstruction, and the stimulus is felt in the increased cultivation of every article of consumption. A yet further division of labor is necessary, and the Southern States, with that great staple which is all her own, might not only control the exchange and commerce of Europe and America, but make of themselves a power to be felt and feared in the councils of the country and the intercourse of nations. And though it is said the world is banded against us, yet, by a wise use of the means which God and nature has put into our hands, by being just to ourselves and faithful to our duties, we may defy our enemies, and, in default of their respect, send them naked through the earth; for if the corn of Egypt in the olden time fed the world, it is the glory of the South that her cotton clothes it. This is our defence. I need not exhort a Georgia audience to stand by their arms.

"First, let us reform the agricultural system, which makes cotton to buy everything else, and thus every year transfers from the State the annual increase which ought to remain in the form of capital. If our great staple had not become the currency of the world, the great medium of exchange, we should long since have been impoverished and ruined. The strongest evidence of the capacity of our soil to produce, and of the industry of the people, and the most overwhelming demonstration of what Georgia might be, under a well-regulated system of farming, is to be found in the fact that, under a mode of cultivation which exhausts land and a plantation-economy which consumes income, we have

lived and prospered. When we learn to produce what we consume, raise our hogs, our mules, our horses, and have breadstuff to sell under every season (albeit the cotton-crop may be shortened), we shall nevertheless live better, save more money, regenerate our lands with more rapidity, and be a richer and a happier people. A change is demanded by sound economy ; for the waste of soil, the exhaustion of land, consequent upon the culture of cotton, as now conducted, is not compensated by the annual increase, encumbered as that is by an enormous tax for family consumption and plantation supplies. The process really involves an annual diminution of capital and a positive waste of income. But for the natural increase of property, and the remunerating prices of cotton for the last few years, many of the large planters of this country would actually have grown poor. On all such plantations the evil compounds itself, for the demand for consumption increases while production diminishes. Negroes multiply and the land yields less and less. The squealing pigs cry, 'corn, corn, corn,' and the thriftless master responds with cotton-seed, or turns them into an old pine-thicket and says, now 'root or die.' The lowing cows chew the cud of bitter meditation, and wonder at the folly which pulls at their empty udders night and morning, while there is neither grass in the field, nor shucks in the pen, nor hay in the stall. The patient mule, who with all his reputed stupidity is yet something of a philosopher, drags his weary length along, gravely speculating upon the mad inconsistency of expecting a good day's ploughing out of his hungry anatomy.

"But this emigration from the country to the towns inflicts this injury—that it abandons agriculture to overseers and to negroes ; the former, however respectable as a class, having no interest beyond their wages, and the latter none beyond their maintenance. Improvement on this plan is an impossibility, and dilapidation inevitable. The owner's authority and intelligence and supervision are necessary to develop this noble art. Agriculture, if profitable, I know is

not a pastime ; but it ought not to be rejected because of its sweat, and dust, and toil, as if it had no charms beyond its gains, no pleasure besides the joy of possession. If we expect to ennoble and elevate it, we must associate it with science, intelligence, and taste ; throw round it the attraction of cottages, and gardens, and flower-beds, and orchards. The farmer's dwelling must become the home of hospitality, and knowledge, and refinement. But while the gin-house is the best house on the premises, the cotton-blossom the only flower that throws its fragrance on the air, a worm-fence—the unsightliest thing in all the land, except the drunkard, whose reeling pace it most resembles—the only enclosure, who could admire a country-home and a farmer's life ? If I were a woman I should hate cotton from seed to lint, unless my husband would provide better for me and my children than he did for it. When I looked at my comfortless habitation and through the gaping cracks on every side discerned the well-framed gin-house and the towering screw, with its long arms stretched out, as if to grasp in all the plantation, my jealousy would burn with rage. By the way, if the ladies would deliver to their lords some of those well-timed lectures which they know so well how to make, they might contribute to a reformation which would beautify the land and greatly multiply their own enjoyments.

" I am not the advocate of show, parade, or extravagance ; I care not to see palaces or mansions, but I would like to see neatness and taste presiding over all the yards, and gardens, and houses of our country-population. The love of the beautiful ought to be cultivated, not only as it may afford gratification to the eye, but as a moral sentiment—the friend of virtue and the foe of vice. Home should be associated in the experience and memory of childhood with all that is lovely and attractive—flowers, and music, and love. The vine over the door, the evergreen in the yard, the flower in the window. which so often gladdened with its hue and its odor, the gravelled walk, the sports in the garden and the field, all consecrated by parental love and domestic bliss, are

images of purity and affection which will live like guardian angels in the youthful heart, and amid the desolations of grief and age will come like ministering spirits to revive the joys of other days and point the weary soul to the heaven and home of the departed. Home—there is magic in the word, poetry in the sound. 'There is no place like home,' with its morning and evening salutations; a shelter from the world's bitter blasts, a balm to the chafed and wounded heart, the blest retreat where love and friendship meet and mingle into bliss."

He was unceasingly at work for the church and the college, and, preaching, begging, and teaching, was a busy man. His busy, happy life glided on, and perhaps he had never a happier day than his one in Oxford; but it was evident to all that he could not be held there, and in 1854 he was elected a bishop.

He delivered at each commencement a baccalaureate, and I give some extracts from one delivered in 1850.

"Our hearts are full of anxiety, and while we rejoice with you on this memorable epoch of your history we yet rejoice with trembling. Oh! if the soul be not right with God, what are the dangers of the mighty deep, its night and storm and darkness, to the imperilled voyager to yours? What though he goes down to sleep amid the pearls and corals of the ocean? What though his friends, as the mother of Sisera, look out the window and sigh in vain through the lattice for the coming of his chariot-wheels? What these dangers and sorrows, compared with the moral peril that ambush the slippery path of youth, the pestilential levities, the fetid debaucheries, the damnable heresies of faith and feeling, of sentiment and practice, which poison and corrupt the very fountain of thought and principle and action, and shroud the eternity of the soul in the blackness of darkness forever?

"How many young men are to be found, once modest and moral, who have been seduced by the enticement of sinners, debauched in taste, corrupted in habit, and now, dishonored and outcast, reel by day and night from the dramshop to the gambler's den, and live only to break the hearts

they were born to bless? How many parental hearts are bruised and bleeding, trampled by filial ingratitude; their hopes extinguished, their joys blighted, life's aim defeated, consolations gone, and all its brightness fled?

"Alas! there are honorable men, seniors in depravity, who lift up the light of their countenance on the profligacy of the times, and with placid smiles initiate the young into the mysteries of guilt.

"And last, and worst of all, there is in these latter days a systematic effort to supersede the simple, stringent, pure morality of the Gospel by circulation of sentiments which give to human action a larger liberality, and to passion a conventional license to sin without fear and without rebuke. This specious, insinuating infidelity is distilling its poison under the patronage of science, education, and knowledge, glorifies the nineteenth century, chants pæans to the march of mind, pities the superstitions of our Bible-believing ancestry, and congratulates the world on the birth of Thomas Carlyle, Ralph Emerson, Miss Martineau, and their compeers in nonsense and impiety, and these godless crusaders claim a presumptive right to the alliance and co-operation of the enlightened, educated, and philanthropic; and in these blessed times of light and inspiration not to adopt liberal views, free-thinking doctrines, not to read God out of society, religion out of conscience, not to believe that we are on the verge of that political millennium when there shall be no king in Israel, and every man shall do that which is right in his own eyes, is to confess yourself a fool, too dull for illumination, or a wretch incapable of sympathies with his kind. These system-mongers, with some knowledge of human nature, and experimenting upon the fact that the world has been governed by names—the fascination of words, the music of a sonorous sentiment, a big, round, full word that chimes in with the humor that happens to be afloat is a mighty engine in the hands of a political trickster; truth, reason, the interests of the country, all go down before it. and the enchanted people shout: 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.'"

"On the same principle, these modern reformers talk of humanity, equality, and fraternity, pity the poor and landless, would partition earth anew, denounce all existing forms of government, civil and ecclesiastical, and propose to demolish and reconstruct the entire social fabric. Marriage and monopoly, the Sabbath and sanctuary, the priest and ruler, Jesus Christ and the gospel, all have had their day, and must retire from the stage while these architects of ruin are erecting a crystal palace for the grand exhibition of a world without a Bible, of liberty without restriction, of government without a constitution. In the meantime they tell us that Moses was a great man, Jesus a good man, and the prophets and apostles representative men, the Bible a good book, the gospel a grand development in the progress of the nations; and thus, as Joab served Abner, they seek to conceal the dagger's plunge by the kiss of hypocrisy. They resemble a Hindoo rabble, cheering the devotee as he hangs on the tenter-hooks of torture, and urging him to the last fatal act of superstition with panegyric and acclamation; and oft these men have their admirers among the good, and are lauded original thinkers.

"Authors of a new philosophy, the self-inspired dreamers have found their mother tongue inadequate medium for communicating their oracular jargon, and they have stirred the well of English undefiled until it is undefiled no more. Long-buried thought has heard the trump of resurrection. Consternation has turned popery pale. The democracy of mind is waking from the slumber of centuries, the Siberian exile is dreaming of liberty. The down-trodden masses of Europe are holding whispered councils, and the spirits of Tell and Wallace, Kossuth and Garibaldi, are mingling with the throng. The throes of an incipient earthquake are shaking the thrones and principalities of immemorial time. The press groans and travails in mighty birth, change and tumult ride upon the wind, the sea and wave are roaring, and men's hearts are pulsating as upon the eve of battle. The times are ominous, and while the philanthropist hails the signs of an oncoming regeneration, he can but fear lest the unchained elements, in

the pride and power of their freedom, should sack the world, and make the desolations of its glory the voiceless heralds of their triumph. The last great conflict between truth and error, as foretold by prophecy, is rushing on; but, ere the victory is won, who shall predict the varying fortunes of the strife? Long time in even scale the battle may hang, and anon the foes of God and man, righteousness and order, shall shout the triumph of error; again the friends of truth, few but undismayed, shall rally to the rescue, and on the final issue rests the hopes of earth, the glory of heaven, the happiness of man. But, in the progress of events, what scenes of impiety, ambition, and infuriate passion!

"Let blasphemy display his colors in proud contempt of the living God, let disorder spread from kingdom to kingdom, from pole to pole, let the foundations be broken up, the fabric fall, and earth quiver under the descending wreck. Where infidelity had ploughed and sown broadcast the seeds of unbelief, in the day of harvest she will find that she has but planted laurels for the cross. Christianity invaded the Roman Empire when her eagle spread her wings from Scotland to Egypt, in her days of greatest pride and power. She has met pride, prejudice, and philosophy in the fields of open combat, and they have fallen at her feet as did Pilate's sentinels before the descending angels at the tomb of her founder. She has landed as a stranger upon the shores of heathenism and ignorance; barbarism and vice fled from her glance, and the children of idolatry bowed in worship at her altars.

"This campaign is already opened, the hosts are mustering for the war. Science, with crowbar and telescope in hand, is walking round about Zion, inspecting her towers, marking her bulwarks, and engineering for a desperate assault. Infidelity, petulant and impious, is printing her books, freighting every wind with her sentiments, multiplying her converts, and planning for universal empire. A restless, licentious spirit, impatient of restraint, burns unsmothered in the bosom of the nation, and needs only the breath of occasion to break forth in volcanic rage—a firebrand to set the

earth in a blaze. The danger is upon us, and in some respects the aspects of the future are portentous and appalling. The press is licentious, genius is prostrated, parental authority is sundered, extravagance and idleness and unscrupulous liberality are justifying a thousand evils, and conniving at the introduction of a thousand more. But, for one, I am not alarmed. I have hope for the time to come. If sin is busy, religion is not dead. Infidelity is concocting its fell schemes of mischief; the Bible is also diffusing its leaven. The Church is enlarging her views, multiplying her enterprises, and training her disciples for glorious war. The old star of prophecy which beamed upon her fortunes in light serene, undimmed by the smoke of martyrdom, through ten long bloody persecutions, still poised in the heaven of revelation, burns on unshorn of its rays, a promise and a pledge, luminous, enduring, unchanged.

"The glory of the country, the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, will be intrusted to your keeping. I beseech you be good, courageously, nobly, Christianly good. I know not which most to admire, the pious youth or the venerable saint. A young man, chaste, modest, religious, a tree in vernal prime, full of flower, diffusing upon the air the odor of grateful promise; an old man, meek, loving, resigned, a tree rich in autumnal hues and mellow fruit, drooping its laden branches to the earth. How lovely both! Yet flowers precede the fruitage, and the patriarch of three-score years and ten will be but a worthless cumberer if life's springtime forgets its buds and blossoms. Oh, the dreariness of old age without religion and religious hopes! A heath in the desert, blighted, lonely, shaking in the blast, neither sun nor dew can revive its early bloom. But youth and piety, oh, how beautiful! 'A tree planted by the waters, that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green, and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.' Such be your emblem and your history."

CHAPTER IX.

THE BISHOP, 1854, AGED 43.

The General Conference of 1854—Views of Holiness—Elected Bishop—Resolves to leave Oxford—Presentation of a Watch—First Conferences—Dr. Price, Dr. Edwards, Dr. Wilson—Views of the Episcopacy—Preparation for a Long Journey.

THE General Conference of 1854, the third of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, met in Columbus, Ga., in May. This was the first General Conference which had ever met in Georgia. The city in which it assembled was the same in which Dr. Pierce had filled his last pastorate. It was the home of his father, and of several of his sisters. Many of the friends of his childhood, who had known him in Putnam and Greene, were living here. The Conference was composed of the leading men of the Southern Church, many of them his associates in the General Conferences from 1840 to 1854. No man in the body was better known than he was, and no one shared with him the place he held as the first pulpit orator of the South.

Lovick Pierce, William Capers, James O. Andrew, John Early, Robert Paine; men who had known Asbury and McKendree, were still here. They were somewhat broader in their views than those who immediately preceded them, but were very conservative. Leroy M. Lee, W A. Smith, Alex. P Green, Jefferson Hamilton, John B. McFerrin, H. H. Kavanaugh, W M. Wightman, George F Pierce, were in the strength of their manhood and were striking figures on the canvas. Wightman, the scholarly, fastidious, and elegant editor; Kavanaugh, the unique Kentuckian, whose jovial spirits and genial laugh and irresistible humor were only surpassed

by the Miltonic eloquence shown in his sermons, which always began with Paradise Lost and always ended with Paradise Regained; John B. McFerrin, the unequalled debater, who could floor an opponent by an illustration or a witticism when he failed to do it with an argument; Whitefoord Smith, the elegant and cultured South Carolinian, then in his prime; William J. Parks, the man of the people; John W. Glenn, the oracle of the Georgia Conference; James E. Evans, clear-headed, true-hearted, and Jesse Boring, who, after five years of

FRANCIS ASBURY, AGED TWENTY-FIVE.

hard work and careful planning for the Church in California had now returned to the State of his birth as a delegate from the Pacific slope, were some of the members of this Conference.

More bishops were needed. Andrew had been a bishop over twenty years; Capers, a preacher since 1808, and a bishop for eight years; Paine had been in the work since 1816, and Soule since 1800. There was no question as to who would be one of the new college. Dr. Pierce, of Emory College, was the one to whom every eye was turned. There was but one objection alleged against him. He had been

devoted to his work; self-sacrificing, unambitious, and thoroughly conservative and orthodox; but it was whispered that he was not sound in his views on Christian perfection, or, at least, not Wesleyan. He was approached by James E. Evans, so Dr. Evans told me himself, and requested to give his views on this vexed subject. He said they were substantially those held by the Methodist Church and by Mr.

REV. W. MCKENDREE.

Wesley. He did not claim they were in every respect those of Mr. Wesley nor those held by his own father, and still less were his views the views which a few years before had found special prominence in the teachings of Professor Upham and Professor Mahan, and of Mrs. Palmer, of New York. He said that the command to love God with all the heart was obligatory on all, and possible to all true believers; that no second work of grace was needful to give this power, and that entire

consecration was absolutely essential to the very existence of a symmetrical Christian life, and must be made at the beginning of it. He held that a pure intention did not make a perfect character, and he did not think it wise to make the profession of perfection obligatory upon any, however holy he was. He did not deny that there was a rest of faith, a perfect love, that casts out fear, a constant dominion over sin. These views he presented as his, and he was elected as bishop by the General Conference, knowing that he held them. Mr. Wesley would, no doubt, have detected some difference between Dr. Pierce's views of the extent of the work done in conversion and of those he held; but whether Mr. Wesley would have recognized such a substantial difference between the two opinions that he would have stressed it, may well be doubted.

From these views Bishop Pierce never swerved. It is not my province to do more than to state his positions, and not to defend them. He put the work of a true conversion very high. The rigidest legalist never exacted a more unquestioning and entire submission to God's law. The most fervid mystic never went beyond him in his views of the willingness of God to dwell in the soul, and to cleanse and to fill it. He and his father differed on this subjeet; Dr. Lovick Pierce accepted the views of the modern interpreters of Mr. Wesley, as represented by Dr. George Peck and of Mrs. Palmer, as being not only true, but thoroughly Wesleyan. Dr. George Pierce differed from them; more on a question of religious philosoply than on that of the possibility of Christian attainments. He was elected at once, despite this acknowledged difference of view with some of the fathers.

Thirty years after this the same subject became agitated, and he was interviewed by a reporter of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and these were his declarations:

"The subject of sanctification, or Christian perfection, or holiness, has been the matter of controversy in the Church prominently at different times from Wesley's day down to the present. The great difficulty has been, not an actual dis-

agreement upon the subject itself, as in the attempt to define what is undefinable. To convey an idea in precise terms of what is a matter of fact and of feeling rather than of doctrine, is always sure to confuse the common mind, and to provoke controversy. The Scriptures unquestionably teach that holiness of heart and life is an essential to salvation. But to express exactly what it is, how it is to be obtained, would be to any man a very difficult undertaking. There are general views of the subject, in which all, I think, may harmonize. I rejoice in the recent revival of this subject, and while I do not agree with the views or methods of its modern advocates in all respects, I think the agitation has done and is doing good. It has led to inquiry, discussion, self-examination, and stimulated a great many to seek a higher life and a deeper religious experience. Good has been accomplished, and more general good will follow if its peculiar advocates are prudent and judicious in their teaching, and are faithful to their own professions. I think that if less was said in the way of personal claims and professions, and the doctrine left to vindicate itself by the lives of those who are the subjects of this work of grace, it would be better for all concerned. A preacher may present the truth and enforce it by arguments from his own experience as illustrative of Scripture preaching, without claiming himself to be an example of it. I believe in holiness, and have struggled through life to illustrate it in spirit and in conversation, but have never felt called by the spirit to avow those high attainments which some of my brethren report concerning themselves. I do not discredit their testimony nor deny the facts of their experience, but think it more modest and humble, saying less of one's self and leaving character to the judgment of the Church and the world."

He was elected in May on the first ballot—Rev. H. H. Kavanaugh and John Early as his colleagues—and he decided to leave Oxford and go back to Sunshine, for Ella, his first-born, married during the summer the son of his old-time friend, Colonel Thomas Turner, of Hancock, and he wanted his child to be near him. Jennie the slave, whom he had

bought when he was in Macon, had brought up quite a family of sturdy children, who were on the farm. Isham and Clyde, and some others had come to him from his grandfather's estate; and though he was by no means wealthy, and was at this time sadly hampered with debt, he was able to sit under his own vine and fig-tree, when he could stay at home. But the removal did not take place at once.

REV. H. H. KAVANAUGH.

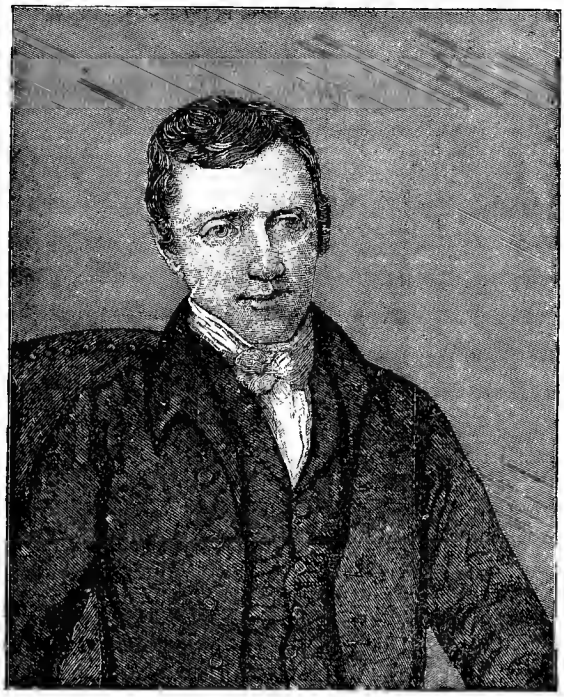
When his students learned of his election they made arrangements to surprise him with a handsome testimonial of their genuine affection, and purchased for him a gold watch, and when he came back, they made him a present of it with the usual ceremony. He accepted it, and made the following speech:

"I accept the present, the gift of yourself and fellow-students. I should do violence to my own feelings, and be

unjust to you and those you represent if I did not say, I am deeply affected by this unexpected token of your kindness and goodwill. Your gift is rich in its material, chaste in its workmanship, and will be useful to me in my future divisions of labor and travel, and in my hours of solitude and study. But valuable as it is in these respects to me, it is richer far in its associations and the reminiscences it will awaken when I am gone.

"This watch will tell the passing hours to all who may look upon its face; to me it will speak of long years of pleasant social intercourse, of mutual kindness, of friendships sanctified by learning and religion. It will be a memorial of the past that shall call up familiar scenes, loved faces will beam upon me once more, and tones never to be forgotten will come back fresh and musical as now. What joys these recollections may enhance, what sorrows they may assuage, heaven only knows. Toil and sacrifice are before me, but this token I will keep for your sakes. It shall be an heirloom. I will tell its history to my children, and send it down to my descendants an unwritten legend of love and memory. If the Lord shall spare him to survive me I will bequeath it to my only son as a talisman, honorable to his father's name, and commemorative of an important event in the history of my life. I thank you, my young friends, and tradition shall perpetuate the acknowledgment among those that love me best. But allow me another word which perhaps the occasion makes proper. I have never felt that I did wrong in accepting the presidency of this institution. I did not seek it. It was no choice of mine. My nature and my habits both incline me to a more active life. But, sir, seclusion from the great world's eye was no privation. The plaudits of the multitude I have never sought, and while I do not pretend to despise the praise of man, it has never been with me a motive to action. My position here will compare in usefulness with almost any other. What nobler profession than to mould mind, heart, character The chiselled statue, with all its symmetry, is but a statue still, dumb, blind, and dead. The

pencilled canvas, with all its figures, scenes, and colors, is but the mimicry of life. The teacher deals with mind, quick, living, immortal mind, its bloom is hearty, its fragrance health, its fruit honor. Here is a statue that can speak when the sculptor is dead, in speech how admirable, in reason how like a God. He deals with the heart, its sentiments, affections, motives ; oh, if he can mould them to



BISHOP EMORY, D.D.

virtue, truth, and purity, what evil may he not prevent, what good may he not do ! The heart, 'tis the lost and wandering sheep which Heaven seeks, and when 'tis found there is jubilee among the angels of God ; the heart, infinite in its capacity of love and enjoyment, the eternal God may inhabit it, and he alone can fill its unmeasured, immeasurable power. Mind enriched, heart made pure, how lovely is character. The Greek Phidias, the Italian Angelo, wrought in marble as they said for eternity, and men call them immortal.

I had rather be the instrument of making you good men, good Christians, than to be the incarnation of all Greek and Roman fame. The deed may have been wrought in silence, without the sound of hammer or chisel. A kind word, a gentle rebuke, a pulpit discourse, a closet petition may have wrought the change; the world may never know who did it, the deed is recorded, and the record is seen. Shut up in these college walls I too have been working for eternity. I may die to fame unknown and be buried without a monument, but, if I have done you good work, shall live for you as immortal.

"Once more, my young friends, I thank you. The interest I have felt in you is known only to the Searcher of hearts. I have sometimes spoken sternly, but never harshly. As to your courtesy and respect to me, I could ask no more. Your mental improvement has been my ambition, your souls' salvation my heart's desire and prayer to God. I leave you to-morrow, but Emory College and her students will be enshrined in my affections. I shall be a pilgrim upon the earth yet a little while, and you will be scattered. In the wanderings of life we may meet again. In my home, where 'er it be, you will always find a welcome; in me, a friend whose love is only less than those who call you son.

"'I ne'er shall clasp your friendly hand,
In greeting or farewell,
But thoughts of our eternal home
Will in my bosom swell.
Then when we meet in holy joy,
No thoughts of parting come,
But never-ending ages still
Shall find us all at home.'"

To Dr. Means, his successor.

"I retire from my post relieved of those anxieties I might have felt, by your acceptance of the place. The heart of the Church pulsates with a gentle throb. The public mind reposes in confidence, and these young hearts feel that if they have lost a friend they have found a father. I commend

them to your charge. Hold them to their duty with a stern hand but a loving heart. Rebuke them when they do wrong with all authority, and yet draw them with the cords of love. And when with them you tread the 'solar walk or milky way,' or go down to examine the foundations of this old world, say to them that in the beginning God laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of his hands. And when at morning and evening prayer you gather them about your college altar, let faith grasp the tree of life and shake from the emerald boughs upon their thirsty spirits the dew of heaven and the refreshing of love divine."

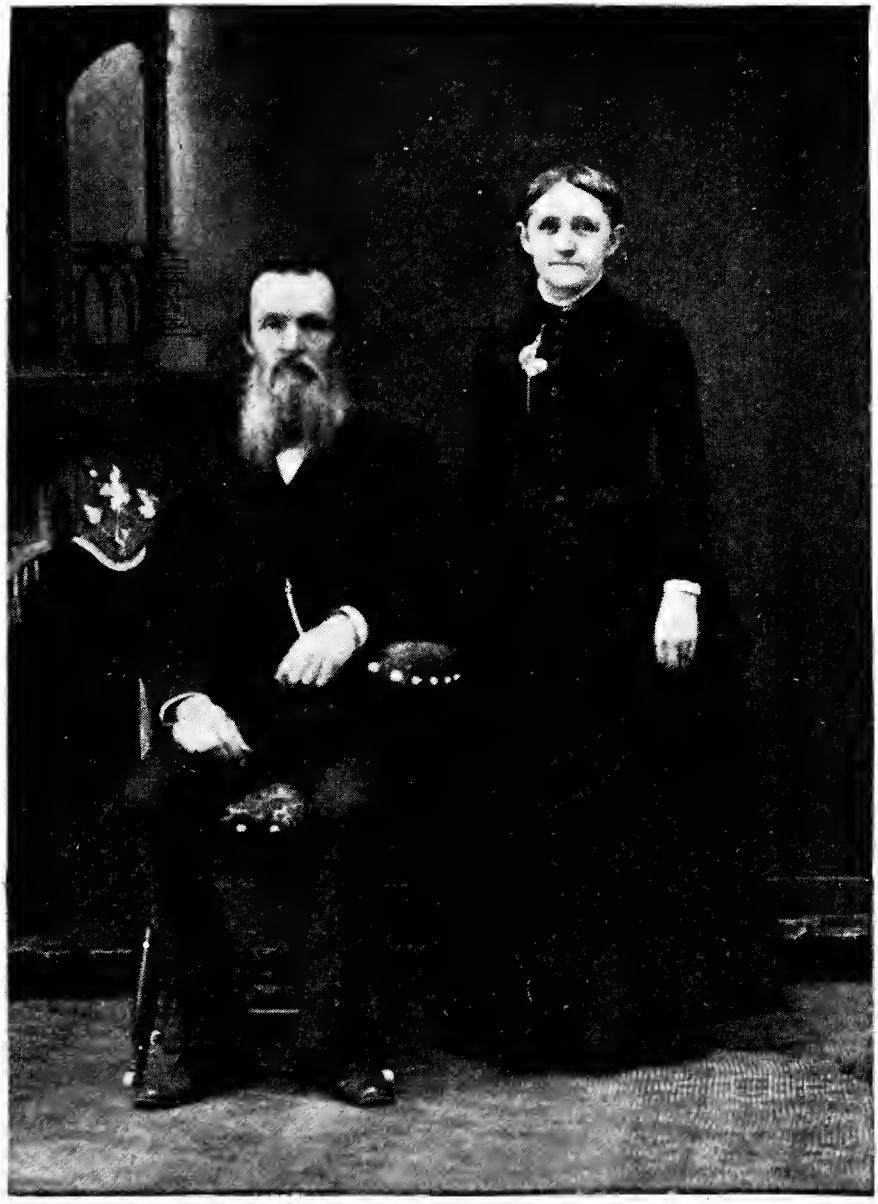
He went to Sunshine in July. He did not have much time for rest, for his journal, or rather his memorandum-book, shows that he preached in Columbus, May 21st; Oxford, June 4th; Savannah, June 11th; Fort Valley, June 18th; Cuthbert, June 21st; Americus, June 22d; Oxford, June 25th; and Sparta, July 2d. He was at Commencement in Oxford this time, and removed his family to Sunshine in July. He spent the few weeks before he began his episcopal tour at home, but he was not idle. At Rock Mills, Smyrna, and Sparta, two country churches and one village church, he preached several times, and at Culvers, near his home, he held a protracted meeting, and in seventeen days he preached twenty-three times. That the reader may get a correct idea of the character of the subjects chosen by him for a revival, I give a few of the texts which he used:

1. I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto thy testimonies; 2. And I say unto you, ask, and it shall be given you; 3. He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; 4. But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared; 6. The Rejection of Esau.

After a summer of hard work in arranging for the future he began his first episcopal tour. Bishop Pierce did not desire or seek for the office of bishop; the Church had conferred it upon him; he knew the labors and anxieties it entailed. He had no ambition for place or power, save for the

desire of doing good by an active public life. He would have gladly spent all his days at Sunshine, in the bosom of his family; but when he heard the voice of the Church calling him to the office of bishop, he obeyed the call; and being chosen and ordained a bishop, he determined to be one. He knew what the episcopate among Methodists meant. He knew that he was no apostolic prelate, with miracle-working powers, upon whom the Church rested, one who made priests, and who ruled them. He knew he was chosen by his peers to superintend them in their work, and being chosen, was merely one of them still, a superintending Presbyter; that he was chosen by the churches to watch over and to protect their interests, and was their servant, not their lord. He knew where his duties lay, and he knew the limit to his power. This limit he never transcended; this power he never abused. He had the same ideas of his work that were Asbury's, McKendree's, and Andrew's. The preachers were to go whither the bishop said, and the bishop was only to say go when he thought God said it. He resolved never to let anything stay him in his work, and from this day in May, 1854, for nearly thirty years, he never had a moment's respite from self-exacted labor. He presided over the Holston Conference, which met at Cleveland, Tenn., in October. This mountain Conference was at that time unbroken into factions, and was a large body. Rev. R. N. Price was a young man who had just joined the Conference, and he has given us a sketch of this first visit of Bishop Pierce.

"If I am not mistaken, Holston Conference was the first Conference presided over by Bishop Pierce. The session was held in Cleveland, Tenn., in October, 1854. He was just from a protracted meeting in Georgia, where he had preached some seventeen or eighteen sermons, and he was slightly jaded. But though fatigued in body he was strong in spirit. He appeared to me as one of the most perfect specimens of physical humanity I had ever seen. What a vigorous, symmetrical, well-filled-out frame! What an open, benignant countenance! What a keen, lustrous eye, flashing with



JOHN AND ELLA TURNER.

goodness and intelligence! Indeed he seemed, as he afterward showed himself to be, a perfect man, possessing every thing essential to noble manhood, without superfluities to mar and blot the picture.

"The sermon on Sunday of the Conference was such as might have been expected of George F. Pierce in his prime."

He returned home for a little while, and while at Sunshine he wrote to John Turner, who had married Ella. This is the first of those family letters of which we have so many. It shows the every-day practical sense of the great orator:

To John Turner, his son-in-law.

"SUNSHINE, October 24, 1854.

"DEAR JOHN:

"Since you left all things continue as they were. Doc and Mollie have been unwell, but are better. I shall leave on Thursday for the land of pitch and turpentine.

"To-day I was in town and saw your father. He told me he had written to you, and gave me some account of your interests in Alabama. We conversed about your affairs in general and concluded that it was best for you to remain here. An arrangement for land can and will be made. There is no difficulty about that. If you get possession of your negroes and are so inclined you can farm with me next year and save yourself a considerable amount and make provision for another year. Even as to your pecuniary interests this place is best for you. The region in which your Alabama friends live is not the place in any respect for you. The idea of your going back and forth, wintering there and summering here, involves great loss of time, much expense, and no little neglect of business. It will not work pleasantly or profitably George Culver has returned and wants to get his land back, but cannot succeed. He repents his bargain, and so does every man wellnigh who leaves Middle Georgia.

"If you leave here you will break me up in all my plans and hopes. Ann will not be satisfied so far from Ella, and to leave her in her loneliness will add no little to my trials in leaving

home. Family fellowship is no mean source of enjoyment in this sad world. To break up when there is no necessity for it will hardly be right. We can live happy here if we learn to be content with *plenty*, rather than *gain*. The natural increase of property, with the blessing of Heaven, will make you rich by the time you are forty. Conclude to cast in your lot with us in old Hancock and I think we shall live and do well. Write me at Pittsboro, N. C., and after the 12th of November to Columbia, S. C. May the Lord direct you in all your steps and order all things for the best.

"Kiss Ellen for me and tell her to say come back.

"Affy."

He went soon afterward to the land of pitch and turpentine, as North Carolina was called in the cotton States, and Dr. Wilson tells us of his visit:

"It was in the fall of 1854, the year of his election to the episcopacy. Our session was held in the town of Pittsboro, N. C. Owing to an unusual amount of Conference business the session lasted two weeks, or at least embraced two Sabbaths.

"It was the first time a large majority of the members of the Conference had seen him, a few of the older members having met him in the General Conference and become specially interested in him after his election, forming a personal acquaintance with him. When he entered the Conference-room, of course all eyes turned to him. In face, form, and movement we had not seen his like before—young, elastic, graceful, and handsome, he filled a very high ideal of perfect physical manhood. As president of the Conference, and as he went in and out amongst us, his bearing was faultless. Deferential to the old, attentive and gentle to the young members of the body, and respectful and affable to all, he drew the hearts of our preachers and people to him in no ordinary degree. This love clung to him as long as he continued to make occasional visits to our Conference, and now

pays tribute to his memory with a tenderness and fervor that words cannot measure.

"In the chair, conducting the business of the Conference, there was no affectation of ability or special readiness for prompt decision upon technical law questions, but a careful, painstaking attention to what was in hand, that fully made up for his want of experience as a presiding officer, and put him, in the judgment of those whose opinions were entitled to respect, in the front line of our chief pastors.

"During the long and tedious session of the body, an episode occurred that will live in the memory of all who were present. The central interest of the session was a 'war of giants' between two eminent ministers of our Church. The trial had been progressing for several days, conducted with marked ability on both sides. A distinguished minister from another Conference had occupied the witness stand for some time. Misunderstanding the purpose of those who had subjected him to a very minute and rigid examination, and believing that the design was to call in question his veracity before the Conference and the large audience in the house, he claimed of the bishop the 'personal privilege' of being heard. This was accorded to him. He further requested that no one should leave the house without hearing him. He then proceeded to throw around himself a vindication, and to hurl at his supposed traducers a philippic that I have never heard surpassed by any man. Those whom he had misunderstood vehemently called upon him and the bishop and Conference to be allowed to put in their disclaimer of the construction he had placed upon their purpose. When this was done the intense excitement of the Conference and audience abated, and the storm was followed by a calm. At this auspicious moment the bishop arose from his seat, and made a most powerful appeal to the parties in the contest to refer their controversy to mutual friends for settlement. He put his request with such extraordinary force and power, as he pleaded for the best interest of the brethren themselves, and the peace of the Church of Christ, that all parties accepted

his proposition. The case was transferred from the Conference to chosen friends, who agreed upon a settlement, and reported to the Conference. The Conference approved their action. For a time the 'churches had rest.' Whatever may afterward have been said as to the strictly technical correctness of this administration, there was but one voice—and that voice has echoed throughout the Conference for more than thirty years—as to the substantial wisdom of our young bishop's work, and that he came to us and remained with us to the end, in the 'fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.'

"But at that session of our Conference, Bishop Pierce's grandest success was in the pulpit. He preached three times while he was with us. One of these sermons I did not hear, having been assigned by the Committee on Public Worship to preach at the same hour to another congregation. Two of these masterpieces of pulpit oratory it was my privilege to hear, and of the other I heard so much said that it almost seems as a sermon to which I had personally listened. The whole Church knows of the indescribable grandeur and power of the bishop's highest successes in the pulpit. These sermons were of his best. He never surpassed them with us, although he never failed to preach to us on a very high plane as a master workman. Our preachers and people who heard these sermons, at once placed him as *primus inter pares* in the pulpit. I think most of them never changed their opinion.

"But my sketch is too long. His sun of life has gone down. No clouds are around its setting. Its glow of light and love falls back upon the Church to teach and warm us into a higher life. The North Carolina Conference bends as low as the most admiring in devotion to receive her share of the benediction of such a life and death, and drops upon his honored grave a tear as radiant with love as theirs.

"Affectionately yours,

"N. H. D. WILSON."

He went thence to Columbia, South Carolina, where he presided over the South Carolina Conference. It was the Conference to which his father had gone in 1804, in it he had himself spent a year, and with its leading members he had a close intimacy. William Martin, who had been his colleague in Charleston, he sent on Spartanburg Station, and Dr. Whitefoord Smith, who succeeded him on the Augusta Station, was

WILLIAM WIGHTMAN, D.D.

on the Greenville Station. Joseph Cross, the inimitable little doctor who made almost the circuit of the continent as a Methodist itinerant and died an Episcopal rector, was in Charleston; Walker, Betts, Crook, Derrick, and Kelly were on districts; his old friend Dr. Wightman, was now President of Wofford College. The Conference was strong and wealthy. Its missionary contributions were greater than those of any other Conference in the connection. It was a

rather difficult thing for a new bishop to preside over such a body to their satisfaction, but he did so.

He made a hurried visit home. It entailed a long ride in the cars and by carriage to secure him a few days with his family, but as soon as Conference adjourned he hastened to them and spent a little while, and on the 29th of November he was at the Virginia Conference. Dr. Edwards, who had been even then for twenty years a prominent preacher, and who still wields a ready pen, has given me the following letter of recollections. Although some portions of his letter refer to after periods of the bishop's life, I shall give it all here.

Dr. Edwards says:

"He presided at the Virginia Conference held in the City of Norfolk. He became a great favorite in the Virginia Conference, respected by everybody, preachers and people. At that Conference in Norfolk he preached a sermon on Sunday morning that has never been forgotten by those who heard him. On Sunday night he was wearied and fell far below the morning sermon. In 1857 he presided at the Virginia Conference held in Elizabeth City, where he preached one of the greatest sermons of his life.

"My next meeting with Bishop Pierce was at the General Conference held in Nashville, May, 1858. I have occasion to remember this meeting, having it scored on the memory by a little incident that occurred at the General Conference Missionary Meeting held one night during the Conference. Rev Joseph Cross, D.D., myself, and Bishop Pierce were announced as the speakers for the occasion. Dr. Cross made the first address, and having but recently returned from a visit to Europe, he made frequent reference to scenes and incidents of foreign travel, by way of illustrating and giving point to his line of remark. I followed; and, having made the tour of the continent but a short time before this meeting, I, in turn, made some reference to what I had seen and heard abroad. Bishop Pierce arose to make the closing address. He began by saying in a deprecatory tone and man-

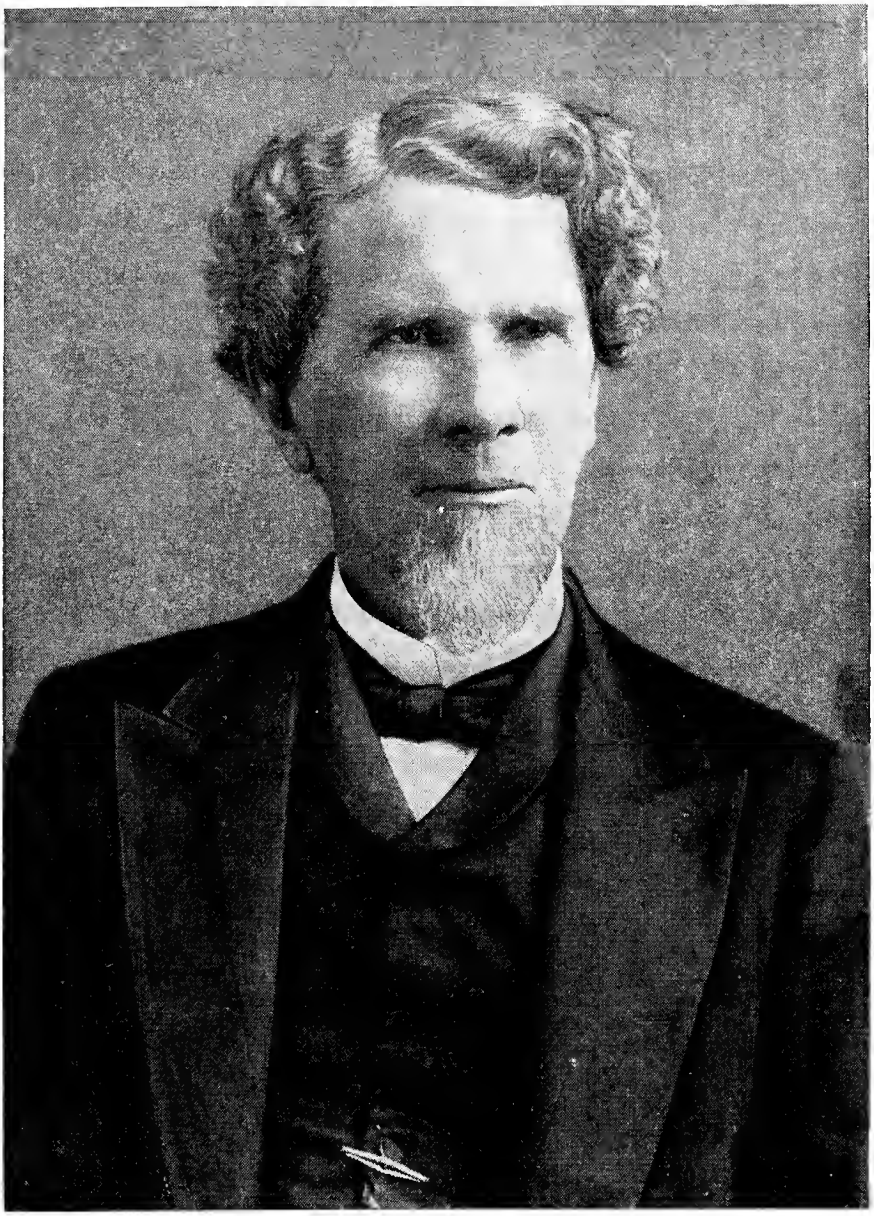
ner: 'I am a ruined man. I am not eloquent like Brutus, not have I travelled in Europe, or in other foreign countries. I have never been to Rome, or Venice, or Milan. I have never seen the Pope, or any of the crowned heads of Europe; but,' said he, 'I have been beyond the Mississippi River, and away into the Indian Territory, and have slept in wigwams, and I have shaken hands with *Washelitubby*.' This is the nearest approach to my remembrance of the name. By this time the bishop got the laugh on us, which I enjoyed with peculiar zest. He then went on and made a speech that cast mine and Dr. Cross' in the shade.

"On Bishop Pierce's first visit to the Pacific coast, he wrote to me from San Francisco, California, in the following language, as nearly as I can now reproduce it. After stating the pressing demand for preachers in the Pacific Conference, he said, 'by the authority vested in me as one of the General Superintendents of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, I command you, as an obedient son in the Gospel, to come at once to San Francisco, and take charge of our church in this city. Your services are needed, and they can do better without you in Virginia than we can do without you here.' I replied that I had the profoundest respect for him personally, and was by no means wanting in loyalty to Episcopal authority, when exercised in the bounds of prevailing usage; that the changes in the times since the days of Coke and Asbury had modified episcopal prerogative in making transfers from one remote section of the country to another; that I fully recognized his authority to wallop me about, from the mountains to the sea, in the bounds of the Virginia Conference; but that, situated as I was, with a family growing up around me, to say nothing of my personal preferences for my own Conference, I must most respectfully decline obedience to his episcopal mandate. I heard no more from the bishop until I saw him at the seat of the Virginia Conference, after his return from California. In recurring to our correspondence he said that he had but little hope of getting me to San Francisco when he wrote; but he thought,

possibly, by stating the urgent needs of California, and, by putting on an air of episcopal authority, he might move me to comply with his command. I have sometimes thought what might have been the result, in the event Bishop Pierce had laid in a complaint against me before my Conference, for disobedience to episcopal authority in refusing to go to San Francisco. Suppose he had put in the charge against me of violating my ordination vows, in that I had promised 'obedience to our chief ministers,' etc., with 'submission to their godly judgment," and then had, as in this case, very decidedly refused to go to the work to which he assigned me. But Bishop Pierce was not the man to raise any such issue. He had too much practical common-sense for anything of the sort.

"Bishop Pierce attended the sessions of the Virginia Conference in the following order: In 1854, as before stated, in Norfolk; in 1857, at Elizabeth City, N. C.; in 1863, during the war, in Richmond; in 1866 at Norfolk; 1870 in Lynchburg; 1878 in Petersburg, where he preached a sermon of wonderful power. A distinguished physician said to me, after hearing that sermon: 'It seems a pity that such a preacher should ever die.'

"His last official visit to the Virginia Conference was at the session held in Portsmouth, 1882. It was at this session of the Conference that a class of four or five preachers, of the fourth year, had failed to pass an approved examination on one of the studies of that year, and the chairman of the committee, Dr. W W Bennett, refused to recommend them for elder's orders. I interposed in behalf of the class, and expressed the wish and hope that the Conference would excuse the brethren on that one study, as the committee had reported an approved examination on all the other subjects. On further inquiry it was found that the class had failed on Mosheim's 'Church History,' and on that alone. The bishop said, 'That was a difficult text-book on which to stand an examination; and that he himself could not stand an approved examination on it, wanting, as it was, in methodical ar-



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arrangements. 'What is to be done?' I inquired of the bishop, in this awkward pause. 'I appoint you,' replied the bishop, 'to labor with Dr. Bennett, and get him to give the class another trial; or to waive the objection and let them pass.' I appealed to Dr. Bennett once more, and then to the bishop to indicate some way by which we could bridge the difficulty. The bishop said to Dr. Bennett: 'Waive your little objection, and let the brethren pass.' 'By what law?' inquired Dr. Bennett. '*By the law of kindness*,' responded the bishop. This little incident endeared Bishop Pierce to that class of clever young men. Another examination was ordered by the Conference and all were approved by the committee.

"On the occasion of Bishop Pierce's last visit to the Virginia Conference as its presiding officer, his health was greatly impaired. That sweet and musical voice which had given a charm and fascination to his rhythmical and beautifully rounded periods, as he swayed the multitude with his matchless oratory, had lost much of its former compass, melody, and ringing resonance. He retained his vigor of mind and sweetness of temper, and all that refined, delicate, and urbane courtesy that was interwoven with every fibre of his whole nature. He took peculiar pleasure in conforming to all the usages of the Conference, not involving incompatibility with what was right and proper in itself. As a presiding officer, he treated the humblest member of the Conference with the same measure of respect and courteous civility that was awarded to the more prominent and influential members of the body. In social life he was free and easy, conforming to the prevailing customs of the society into which he was thrown, with a flexibility of manner that imposed no undue restraint on the harmless indulgences of the circle with which he, for the time, was surrounded. And yet the man has not lived who was truer to his convictions of what was right than was Bishop Pierce. He was as firm as a rock where moral principle was involved, but pliant as an osier in things purely conventional. Nor did he consider himself infallible in his judgment, by any manner of means, in making

out the appointments of the preachers, even with the best advice and counsel afforded by the presiding elders. Hence, under the new development of facts bearing on a given case, he made changes, after the Conference sessions closed, in conformity with such facts and conditions. This, at least, he did in more instances than one in his administration in the Virginia Conference. He was loved, honored, and revered in this Conference. As such he was always welcomed to the presiding-bishop's chair in the annual convocations of the body. The foregoing is but a faint memorial of the bishop, as he was held and esteemed by the Virginia Conference. My personal attachments for him were tender and strong. He, perhaps, more nearly approximated my ideal of a true man, whether viewed in a physical, intellectual, moral, or strictly religious light, than any one man I have ever known. If this sounds like an extravagant exaggeration, the reader will qualify it by a concession to the partiality of the writer."

At Cleveland he preached on "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." And at Norfolk on the same text. At Pittsboro he preached three times, and at Columbia once.

He had now made his first Episcopal round. He belonged to the third generation of Methodist bishops. The absolute rule of Asbury, without which perhaps the work could not have been done, was only to be defended by the exigency of the times, and was only possible under the conditions which then existed. McKendree had very wisely modified this government; and while nominally autocratic it was really aristocratic, for the council of presiding elders shared with him in the work of placing the preachers and providing for the churches. This system, while never legalized, had become by precedent established, before the time that Bishop Pierce began his work. The bishop, he knew, was responsible to no authority save to God, but he did not allow that fact to lead him to despotism. Bishop Pierce had little use for mere theories, he looked at everything from a practical standpoint. Questions of office or order never annoyed

him or engaged him. He was an officer called by his brethren to do a certain work, to see to it that each preacher had a place suited to him, and each place a preacher suited for it, and of that he was, after getting all the information he could, to be judge.

The days of interference with episcopal appointment had not then come. In the South, churches, save in a very few cases, left the bishops and the cabinet to choose for them, and the "*esprit de corps*" forbade a high-toned Methodist preacher from choosing and seeking his place. Bishop Pierce had known all the phases of preacher life. He had been a junior preacher on a circuit and station, a preacher in charge, and a presiding elder. He had known all the trials of narrow circumstances, and his heart throbbed in sympathy with every man of his brethren. He bore each one on his heart, and never willingly burdened one; but he had such a sense of the importance of the work, and such contempt for what the world calls hardship, and such buoyancy of spirit, and such a good wife, that what seemed a burden to many was a mere feather-weight to him. His judgment from the very first was wonderfully good. Sometimes he erred, but not often, and when he found a mistake was made he was ready at any moment to correct it. In these first days of his episcopate he was, while not at all arbitrary, perhaps a little less tender than he became in after time; but in all his life he had but one motive influencing him, and that was the good of the man and of the work.

He closed his Conference work and went to Sunshine to spend, for the first time in his life, six months at home. Bishop Pierce was never a rich man, and never an avaricious one. He was no trader, no speculator. He had bought an old plantation, near his friends, and had brought up on it a family of servants, born like those of Abraham, under his own roof. Those familiar with the cost of bringing up young negroes to manhood well know that the burden upon the master was a constant one, and to renovate an old plantation in the days when every field was to be fenced, was not an

inexpensive thing. He had been away from his plantation, except for a few months in the year, for a long time, and there was much to be done. He was as industrious as a bee, and he found much room for all the work he could do. The little three-room cottage was to be enlarged, trees were to be planted, the garden to be made productive, and the little family to be made comfortable before he began his journey to the West. Claudia was now at college at Madison, Lovick, a spry lad about the home, and Mary and Annie, his little girls, were at home at school, Ella lived near by, and his home-life was full of joyousness. He was now in the vigor of a majestic manhood. His health was perfect, his spirits exhuberant. At no time in his life was his sky more cloudless, than in these days of his first episcopacy.

Although the bishop was so busy at Sunshine he did not allow home duties to keep him from the pulpit, but preached constantly, alternately at a little church near Sunshine and at Sparta, making one visit to Augusta, spending his time at home until June, when he made a visit to East Tennessee, and to Southwest Virginia.

In the fall of 1855 he began his first trip to the Far West. I shall now, much to my own pleasure as well as that of my readers, be able to make Bishop Pierce his own biographer.

CHAPTER X.

EPISCOPAL JOURNEYINGS, 1855, AGED 44.

Literary Address—Emory and Henry—Departure for the Far West—Parson Brown—The Stolen Hat—Down the Cumberland—Up the Missouri—In the Wilds—Lost on the Prairie—Into Arkansas—Into the Nation—Tahlequah—Fat Landlord—Indian Mission Conference—Asbury School—Letter to Ella—On the Way again—Quicksand—Rough Travelling—A Night with a Choctaw—Tablechubee—Arkansas Again—Hard Travel—A Narrow Escape—A Lonely Road—Wachita Conference—Camden—College Speech—Off to Texas—The Brave Lad—The Wilderness—The Circus—Texas—Revivals—An Effort at Singing—Galveston—Homeward Bound—Difficulties—Sunshine at Last.

HE was a fine letter-writer and wrote regularly to the Church papers after he became a bishop, and his correspondence with them and with his family is so full that his biographer has little else to do than to collect his letters. He had been invited to Emory and Henry College, in Southwest Virginia, to deliver the literary address, and he did so in the summer of 1855. This address was substantially the same that he delivered at Oxford some years before. Rev. R. N. Price says of it:

"On Wednesday, June 6, 1855, Bishop Pierce delivered the annual address before the literary societies of Emory and Henry College, Virginia. In my journal I find this brief notice of the address: 'Bishop Pierce delivered the annual address before the literary societies. He is one of the master-workmen that need not to be ashamed. His theme was "Denominational Education, or Education the Business of the Church." His speech had taken deep root in the truths of science and philosophy; but in point of diction, beauty, force, and oratory it towered in the heavens. Many of us re-

galed ourselves delightfully beneath its spreading branches, and luxuriated in its refreshing shade. It was delivered extemporaneously'

"The audience was large for that day, and embraced much of the intellect and culture of the section. Judges, lawyers, physicians, educators, preachers, and the cream of wealth and fashion were there. When the orator arose the audience looked in vain for the manuscript, or even the notes. The speaker took the open field without the usual breastwork of table or desk. Apparently he shot without a rest, but he hit the mark at every report. The oil, seemingly improvised, had, no doubt, been well beaten; for Bishop Pierce combined the double talent of the *memoriter* and the *extempore*. For an hour he held the audience, from its highest culture to its rudest illiteracy, spell-bound. There was learning without pedantry, depth without tediousness, display without effort. He seemed to stop simply because his time was out, leaving the impression that we had had only a sample of an inexhaustible store that lay behind. Men who were accustomed to manuscript preaching and manuscript addresses were as much astonished as delighted."

He returned home, and in the early fall he left home for the West, and of this journey he writes fully. These letters were written by him to the *Advocate*, and were published afterward in a volume now almost out of print—"Incidents of Western Travel." He says:

"On September 20th, 1855, accompanied by my son Lovick, early in the morning I took the stage for Double Wells, on the Georgia Railroad. A ride in an inferior vehicle, with horses the worse for wear, prepared us to appreciate the speed and comfort of the rail. Our driver was facetious, and entertained us with sundry witticisms on men and horses. One of the team, that morning, he had dubbed 'Parson Brown;' whether on account of his grave looks or his steady habits, I did not learn. The driver commented at large on the 'Parson's' merits and demerits, the second

branch of the subject affording much the wider field for expatiation. His besetting sin, I learned, was laziness, and his chief infirmity, a short memory. However, by diligent application of the lash, by jerks, and clucks, and shouts, we reached the dépôt just in time for the cars to Atlanta. Farewell to hacks and horses ; and if forever, still be it so. Too slow for the ' progress,' and too rough for the luxury of the age—farewell.

" I found a seat, and as is my wont I prepared for sleep. I hung my hat upon a hook, and composed myself to rest. When I came to myself we were in Atlanta, the cars empty, *my new hat gone* and an *old* one in its stead. I rushed out, and found everybody busy about luggage, and its transfer to other trains. Having secured my trunk, I went ' prospecting ' for my hat. As all around me were in motion I stood still. Presently a long, gawky man, though well dressed, came along, and I observed that his hat was *too big* for him and was new, and the old relic I had on was too small for me. But, satisfied from the circumstances of the case that a mistake had not been made, but that some stealing had been done, I hesitated to accost the—gentleman. But the desire to have a hat that fitted, and that ' would make the trip,' as they say in Texas, overcame my reluctance. So, very significantly, I said to him, ' You got hold of the wrong hat this morning, sir. *This* ' (handing him his worn-out head-piece) ' will fit you better than the one you have on : suppose we exchange ? ' He told a *story*, but gave me my hat.

" Now for the State Road and Chattanooga. We are off, and, without accident or incident, reach the terminus of the road, dine, and are once more on the rail for Nashville. Lookout Mountain looms darkly over us as we wind along its base, and the shadows of night thicken around us. Now the moon struggles up the cloudy heavens, and while the valleys rest in yet deeper gloom the circling ridges are gilded with silver light ; and, as we sweep round one of the many curves along this great highway, a mountain on fire greets our gaze. But the iron horse will not pause, and we leave

the scene, with all its elements of beauty and grandeur. What bridges, and curves, and gorges, along this route! To weak nerves, how frightful! Even the strong man feels safer when he is over.

"In the early dawn we reached the City of Rocks. Hiring a carriage, we drove up to the residence of Dr. Summers, and found him on his knees at the family altar. Of course we did not interrupt him, but waited patiently for the end. O that this pious custom of morning and evening devotions with wife, children, and servants were universal; at least, with Church members!

"Prayer finished, we knocked, and the doctor opened the door, and, with a welcome *à la Summers*, we entered the hospitable mansion. What a man for work is my host! And yet he has time to eat, sleep, talk, or for any other odd job. His plan is elastic; he can expand it without derangement, or stop the machinery, if need be, without losing a half day to start it again. His system has none of the rigidity of mere form, but all the activity of a vital organism. He is not punctilious about little rules, but always busy; not wedded to a set order, so there is motion and progress. Accordingly he *does* more than any man I know, and slights nothing—does everything well. He keeps that rule of a preacher —'Never be unemployed, never be triflingly employed;' and thus is an example to us all.

"It was my purpose to spend the Sabbath in Nashville, but a boat, highly recommended, left in the afternoon of Saturday, the day of my arrival, and, by the advice of the brethren, I went aboard the Sallie West, bound for St. Louis.

"At four P. M. we weighed anchor and drifted slowly beneath the wire bridge, in full view of the Methodist Publishing House, and then we were fairly afloat upon the basin of the Cumberland. In the famous debate on the location of our Southern Book Concern, at the General Conference in Columbus, some preacher called this river 'Goose Creek,' in derision. I found it, as I always had, navigable; and from

the height of its banks and the breadth of the stream, I should say that, winter and summer, it is, for steamboats, the most reliable river in the West, save only the Father of Waters.

"I found myself a stranger among my fellow-passengers, and, as I had purchased books in Nashville, I did not seek to make new acquaintances, but made ready for reading. Among other books, I got the 'Life of Robert Newton,' and I beg to commend it to every Methodist preacher. Circumstances did not allow preaching on the boat; so, having read some portions of the Holy Bible, I spent the Sabbath-day in perusing the interesting biography of a great and good man. What a man—what an example was Newton! How much he did! How hard and long he worked! Did he do more than his duty? Who thinks so? And if *he* hardly reached the gospel rule of labors, what idlers are many of us who minister at the altar! I confess to a feeling of humiliation in reviewing my life, as I read, and in my berth on that boat I pledged myself to a more active consecration. No doubt every preacher would feel as I did; at least—the brethren will pardon me—I know none who could make the comparison unrebuked. I do not speak of results, but of effort. The issue of this book is timely. The tendency everywhere is to contract the field of labor; to do less; to preach less frequently, and to rest longer. Read this book, ye sound, hearty, healthy Methodist preachers, who do not work so much as a *conscientious* supernumerary ought to do, and keep a good conscience if you can. May the dead Newton—buried in English ground—still speak to the ministry and the Church in the living records of this American reprint of his biography.

"The mate of our boat could do more volunteer expletive swearing than any man I ever heard. He horrified me. Inwardly resolved to talk with him, I embraced the first opportunity, although expecting to be repelled. To my astonishment, he seemed subdued by the first word, and bewailed the follies of his life. He had been a Methodist; but, an orphan-boy, poor, and doomed to struggle unaided with the

ills of life, he had drifted from place to place, from business to business; and, cut off from religious association, he had fallen, fallen, till blasphemy and sin had become his daily history. O how many wandering stars there are, shooting on to the blackness of darkness! Whether my well-meant exhortation availed to reclaim this backslidden brother or not, it secured me and others from the din of his imprecations.

"The Sabbath evening came, and, having done what I could to improve the day, I rested from thought and care till morning light. Travelling by water to me grows irksome after a day or two. Three meals a day—reading a little, talking a little, walking a little, and all the while, paddle, paddle, puff, puff; now stop to put off freight; then stop to take on something or somebody, one gets tired—at least I do—and the first step on solid ground brings a thrill of pleasure.

"On Tuesday night we reached St. Louis, and in the morning went ashore. We drove up to Brother Polk's, with whom I stayed during the General Conference of 1850, and found him and his amiable wife as warm-hearted and hospitable as ever.

"St. Louis is called, I believe, 'The Giant of the West,' and in truth it deserves the cognomen. Young, with vast proportions, rapidly growing, its full dimensions no man can forecast. 'The City Fathers' are planning wisely and munificently for its ornament, and for the future comfort of its multiplied population. This place is one of the strongholds of Romanism in America. Schools, convents, and priests abound. The black-robed ministers of Rome move stealthily along the streets; and I fancied that I could see an ominous shadow in advance and yet deeper gloom rushing after them. Protestantism should be reinforced in St. Louis. More strong, bold men are wanted, not to fight, but to pray; not to quarrel, but to preach 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' Heaven help Methodism to do her part in defeating the 'man of sin,' and in diffusing through all the West a pure Christianity!

"On inquiring for the preachers, I found that all (pastors and the editor) had gone to the Missouri Conference. Pressed for time, I made haste to purchase a buggy and a pair of horses for the long land travel before me. On consultation, it was determined that I had better go up the Missouri River to Boonville, and take a prairie route, and thus avoid the Ozark Mountains. I lost a day or two in time, but gained largely on the score of road and comfort.

"I put my horses and buggy aboard the Martha Jewett, bound for Lexington on the Missouri, and lay over one night, purposing to take the great Pacific Railroad, and to intercept the boat at Hermann—the point to which the cars were running at the time of my visit.

"This little town has a German population, devoted to the culture of the grape and to wine-making. Here the passengers dined, and, of a great number, I believe I was about the only one who did not test, by actual experiment, the qualities of the staple product of the place. They seemed to relish the flavor of the article, if I might judge from their comments, or the quantity consumed.

"This railroad, as the name implies, is a magnificent project. The route along which it runs is picturesque, but full of difficulties. In fifty miles we passed through several tunnels, all short, but all through solid rock. The road runs generally along the bank of the river, which on one side seems walled in by an almost mountainous ridge. A section of the base is dug down, or rather blasted off, and the material thus obtained is used to make the bed of the road—leaving a perpendicular wall on one side, and the rushing waters of the turbid Missouri on the other. It is a splendid contrivance for fatal accidents. The breaking of an axle—a run-off—must dash the passenger, either against a granite wall or into a watery grave. But no matter; it is one of the projected ways to the land of gold and the luxuries of the East. With such objects ahead the Anglo-American dreads no peril, fears no cost. Progress is the word, 'manifest destiny' a law—*the* law.

"But yonder comes the boat. We go aboard, and find the captain a gentleman in manners and spirit, and the crowd of passengers orderly, sedate, and all disposed to contribute to the general happiness. After leaving St. Louis all to me was new, and so I travelled with my eyes open.

"It is to the Missouri River that the Mississippi is indebted for its current and its turbid waters. Though very low on my trip, still it rushed like a torrent, and I witnessed several of those landslides, on a small scale, which are perpetually changing the channel of the river, and making the stream itself a sort of running mud-hole. The passage of steamboats at low water on this river is one of the marvels of navigation. In many places not only is the channel narrow, but from bank to bank it seems guarded by the most formidable snags, straight, crooked, forked, pointing outward, inward, crosswise, forming often what in military phrase are called *chevaux de frise*. I very often thought our craft was at the end of her journeying, but I was mistaken. She would creep in among these 'sawyers,' and when one, being struck, would lower his head a little, the bell would ring, and on would go the steam, and over and through we would pass. I soon learned that the logs which keep their heads above water and lie parallel with the current are not dreaded much, but those which lie on the bottom across the river are the great difficulty. I found much amusement in listening to the man who sounded the depth, and I soon learned to prognosticate a thump upon the bottom. The man throws his lead, and cries with a sort of Irish accent and nasal tone, 'Six fate—five fate—five and a half—four fate—three and a half.' Now look out—'Three feet!' There, now she strikes. The boat is fast on a sand-bar, or balanced on a log. When she will get off is doubtful; perhaps in an hour—it may be a half day. Sometimes, while we were struggling to move along, within sight might be seen two or three other boats all fast—puffing and paddling, spars in the water, capstan turning, all hands busy, and, sad to tell, many tongues blaspheming. Backward or forward, no matter which way, so the boat

moves. Sooner or later the task is finished, and on we go rejoicing, but fearing a like mishap.

"At Jefferson City, a man came aboard who keeps a wood-yard just above. While standing alone he approached me, and as I made some slight remark about the river as a navigable stream, he broke forth into the most eloquent eulogium: 'More boats plied its waters, fewer accidents occurred on it, it was navigable longer in the year, than any river in the United States.' Said I, 'Is it better than the Hudson?' 'Ah! stranger, I give that up. That is just one river alone by itself.' Content with checkmating his self-conceit even for a moment, I let him go on. 'Diana of the Ephesians' was 'great,' for by her he got his gain in the sale of wood.

"Leaving St. Louis on Thursday, we expected to reach Boonville on Saturday evening, but the logs and the sand-bars delayed us till Sabbath afternoon. I must not omit to mention that when I called, on the passage, at the captain's office, to pay my fare, he—as they say on the Western waters —'*chalked my hat;*' which being interpreted means, that he charged nothing either for me or my son.

"On going ashore, I went up to the hotel and found it crowded, but succeeded in obtaining a room, as I promised to leave early in the morning. I longed for my supper. My time came at last, and I did ample justice to a feast of fat things.

"When I came out, the church-bells were ringing, and I sallied out to find the Methodist church. After many inquiries I found it, and stopped at the door, intending, if I could identify the preacher, to reveal myself and preach for him. In this I failed, and so I sat down with the few who were out, and heard a very fair sermon from the preacher in charge.

"Early in the morning we left, without guide or any particular directions, for Versailles—forty miles distant—on our way to the Indian Mission Conference. For miles we met the country-people going in to the fair. Every kind of vehicle had been pressed into service, and, in the way of locomotives, the animal world was well represented. Of course

the horse was the most popular as a riding animal, but several persons were mounted on ox-back.

"And here let me say, the ox in Northern Missouri is as far superior in size to the Carolina and Georgia steers, as Job's warhorse to an Indian pony. They are an elephantine race. Four, six, and eight pair, all of which I saw, constitute a team, equal to any load a wagon can bear. It is common to hitch sixteen of these bovine monsters to a plough to turn over the prairie sod. The plough cuts thirty-six inches with every furrow. I saw this work going on, and it made me ashamed of Southern agriculture.

"During this day's ride, for the first time in my life, I saw a *bona fide* prairie. After passing over a very broken country, well wooded, and tolerably settled, we came suddenly on one of those wide-spread plains with which the West abounds. I call them plains, because in them are hundreds of acres perfectly level; they are destitute of timber, and there is very little to obstruct the vision; but generally they are undulating. They remind one of the ocean; and if, when the sea is rolling in heavy swells, its waters could be arrested in their flow and all made still, the type would be perfect. In these almost boundless wilds, water is scarce, but wherever a stream runs, there the timber grows, and, of course, near these two indispensable articles, all the settlements are found. The scarcity of water and the intense cold of this region are the great drawbacks upon this otherwise very desirable country. The land is fertile—producing from fifteen to thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, and from fifty to one hundred bushels of corn. Oats of the finest quality are abundant, and I found that my horses, fed on clean oats, travelled with more spirit and seemed less fatigued with a long drive than when fed on corn.

"With a good road and fresh horses, we accomplished the first day's travel and reached the inn at the little prairie town before sundown. It was the first day of October, and very cold, and we found the fireside a very pleasant retreat from the sharp winds which had fanned us all the day long.

"On the next day we pursued our journey, forty miles, to Warsaw, on the Osage River. The hotel was undergoing repairs, and we had very airy lodgings for a cold night. On inquiry, the inn-keeper told me that he paid sixty-six dollars a thousand for every foot of lumber he was using. He bought in St. Louis, shipped to Boonville, and then wagoned it eighty miles. Pretty expensive and troublesome building, that!

"Warsaw aspires to the dignity of an inland port. This she expects to realize by narrowing the channel of the river just opposite. At this point the stream is wide and flat, with a gravelly bed. When we crossed by fording next morning, we found *two* men and mules with scrapers raking the gravel into a ridge on one side, hoping, I suppose, that the current would do the digging and the deepening. The faith of the people in the success of the project must be weak, as they employ such cheap machinery in the enterprise.

"To-day on the Osage, and the streams which run into it, we have some very fine lands, but the settlements are few and far between. When we reached the next noted stand, late in the afternoon, the proprietor informed us that he could not take us in, as his family were sick, and his lots crowded with mules on their way to the South. He said there was a house five miles ahead where we could find lodgings.

"On we went, and found the house, and hailed its inmates: a lad of some sixteen summers came out, and told us very decidedly that we could not stay there. 'Why, I was told you kept a public-house here.' 'We did,' said he, 'but we have never taken anybody in since *that* storm.' The sun was setting, and a cloudy night at hand. 'How far to the next house?' 'Five miles,' was the answer.

"Once more we took up the line of march. Darkness came down upon us—the road was invisible—the horses nearly out of sight—the rain threatening to descend, and yet no sign of a human habitation. Now the idea struck me that possibly we had passed the place, and to move on or go

back was a question of no little concern. In mid debate of this interesting topic, we found ourselves out of the road among the bushes. The point of our departure was uncertain, and on which side of us lay the right track was somewhat doubtful—no very pleasant condition in a thinly inhabited region. We put out for the prairie on our left, trusting that instinct and habit would incline the horses to take the road if we struck it at all. In this we judged rightly, and a mile or less brought us to the desired haven. The light beaming through the window upon the outer darkness, and the soft voice which cried 'Come in,' were very grateful, as they ended our anxieties, and promised rest to our weariness.

"At this place lived an old widow and her daughter. They were Methodists—the house was one of the preaching places for the circuit. So I let them know that I was a preacher, and they made me feel quite at home. Presently a foot-traveller arrived, and he too was admitted under the hospitable roof. After prayer we retired, and the pedestrian informed me he was returning from Kansas—of which he gave a sad account. He left, he said, because they had so little preaching out there. But this man, who loved the gospel so well, left without paying his bill in the morning. O, human nature!

"The next day we had *the pleasure* of driving through prairie mud, with ever and anon a descending shower, and both together made travelling a task to our horses, and brought us once more into the night before we reached lodgings. Amid rain and cold we arrived at Springfield, which, like 'Fame's proud temple,' rests upon an eminence, up which the traveller toils with slow and laborious steps.

"The next morning it was sleeting, and soon after we left, a genuine snow-storm fell upon us for three hours or more—to a Southern man, a strange sight for the fifth day of October. With bad road, rain, sleet, and snow, we took up early in the evening, and found comfortable entertainment at Mr. Smith's. Whether it was '*John*,' or not, I did not inquire.

"The next day we passed over a road, the beauty of which

would repay one for the trouble of going to see it. It winds along a valley, for the most part, sometimes with lofty ridges on either side, covered with white flint rock—tall trees, without any undergrowth, towering up from base to summit, and presently a mountain lifts its majestic form before you; and all the while, without jolt or jar, even wearied horses will carry you over the gravelly road, six or seven miles the hour. It is Macadamized by Nature's cunning hand, smooth, elastic, and generally descending in the direction we were going. The very horses seemed low-spirited, when by and by we reached the hills and the rocks. The last few miles of this day's travel were rough enough to endear the morning's ride, and to make a stopping place very desirable. We found it at the house of a gentleman whose face struck me as familiar, and, on asking after his 'antecedents,' I found that he used to bring horses to my native county in my early boyhood.

"The next day was the Sabbath, and we left to reach Bentonville, a little town in North Arkansas, in time for preaching. But the wretched road defeated us. We were too late—the congregation was dispersing as we came in sight, and nothing was left us but to hunt a home for the evening and night. This we found by going beyond the village to an old widow-lady's, to whose hospital roof we were recommended. We found her alone, old, crippled, but cheerful, a beautiful example of Christian trust and hope. Seldom have I had a more pleasant or profitable conversation than with this aged disciple. Religion was to her a companion and a guardian, a solace, and an earnest of heaven to come. It was beautiful to see her old eyes flash with inward joy, and to hear her tongue, eloquent with intelligence and piety, discourse of her trust in Providence, and her readiness to depart when the Master should call.

"After tea and evening prayer, as my son and myself were about to retire, she asked if I would object to sleeping in a room where there was a large pile of apples. I told her, 'I had no objection, but I did not think it safe for her to trust my travelling companion in such a place.' She laughed, and

told Lovick to take as many as he wanted. He was not slow to take her at her word. The supply relieved our thirst, in the absence of water, many a time in the next two or three days. This fruit is raised abundantly in the region through which we were passing, and pays well when carried to market. Large quantities are wagoned to Western Texas, and sold at *ten cents per apple.* A very remunerative price!

"On Monday morning we left our venerable hostess, and took a sort of trail to the Cherokee Nation. The way was very narrow, but open and remarkably well located, considering the topography of the country. About noon we crossed the line and left the States behind us. My son had never seen an Indian, and was all curiosity. It was not long before we came suddenly upon a group of men and women, boys and girls, in the yard before a little cabin. They were taken by surprise, and contrary to Indian habit, gave themselves up to wonder at seeing a man on wheels in that wild region. One pair of eyes gazed on them from the buggy in eager observation. I reined up, slackened speed, that both parties might be satisfied, and wished for a daguerreotypist to take the picture. That night, we stayed with a half-breed, and took our first lesson in the fare of the Indian country. The mistress of the house, however, was a white woman, and rather neat and tidy in her person and domestic economy. I have seen better places, and I have seen worse.

"On the 8th of October we rode into Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee Nation. The Council was in session, and we tarried an hour or two to dine and see the chief men of the tribe. The house at which we stopped was kept by an Indian and his wife—both full-bloods—and we found everything clean and nice. The man was absent, but the lady entertained us well, both with her cooking and her conversation. John Ross, the chief, we failed to see, as he had gone out to his residence, four miles distant. During the year he had joined the Methodists, and promises to exert a most wholesome moral influence upon his people.

"The Indian Mission Conference was to meet in the morn-

ing at nine o'clock, and I was still near seventy miles short of it. We left reluctantly, but duty urged us on.

"That night we reached Fort Gibson, and stayed with a man who is worthy of some description. He was an old soldier, holding the post of ordnance-sergeant, but has unquestionably outlived the days of active service. Like Falstaff, he is of goodly dimensions, exceeding any man in the girth I ever saw. Though the weather was cold, he was in his shirt-sleeves, and was puffing as one oppressed with heat. When we drove up, he very bluffly declined to receive us, declaring that he did not keep a public house. 'I was directed to your house, sir, with the assurance that you did take in travellers.' 'Well, I do, sometimes, but my wife is sick, and I am not fixed for you.' 'Where can I stay to-night?' He commenced giving me directions to another house; when in the midst, he paused, and, with an expletive I will not repeat, he said, 'It is too bad to send a gentleman to such a place; get down, I will do the best I can for you.' Down we got, and having provided for our horses—being waited on by a Creek Indian who could not speak a word of English—we entered the house, and found a retired soldier's fare not bad to take at the end of a long day's journey,

"In the morning, the old sergeant asked me if I was not a 'professor of the gospel.' Paying the heaviest bill on the whole route, we left in haste to reach the Asbury Manual Labor School, the seat of the Conference.

"Within a mile of the Fort we crossed the Neosho and Arkansas Rivers, fording both with ease. Ascending the bank of the last and crossing the swamp, we entered upon the prairie once again. The country from Tahlequah, in the Cherokee, to North Fork, in the Creek Nation, is the most picturesque I ever saw. The views are sometimes enchanting. Valleys, plains, and hills—the last often naked, diversified in form, sometimes crowned with timber—variegate the scenery and furnish the eye with endless gratification. Occasionally the slate rock crops out on the side of some gentle acclivity, and forms a wall so regular as to suggest the idea

that art has been lending its aid to enclose a lawn or garden; and the trees above grow with such regularity as to complete the illusion, and leave you under the expectation of seeing a white cottage gleaming through the foliage. But no—Nature alone is here. From some primeval period—how far back in the roll of centuries who can tell?—these scenes have blossomed in vernal and in summer suns and rains—faded in autumn—perished in winter—but to revive in beauty more luxuriant, with only some wandering eye to admire them. Our Maker must delight in the beautiful, or there would not have been such a seeming waste of tints and hues and all the forms of wild natural scenery.

"The hills of which I write sometimes aspire to the dignity of mountains. One, called Chimney Mountain, from its peculiar shape, seems to preside over the prairie and to watch every passer-by. For twenty miles or more it is seemingly about you; you cannot escape it; turn any way, there it is; you feel haunted and then attracted; and when at last some rival mound, aided by distance, hides it from your vision, you feel as if you had looked for the last time on some old familiar landmark, or had bidden a friend farewell. To see this country in the spring, when the grass is green and the earth looks new, if I had the time (and the money), I would cheerfully encounter the labor of this long, long travel. At such a time it must be 'beautiful exceedingly.'

"Early in the afternoon, after a hard drive of forty-five miles, we reached the place of Conference, and received a hearty welcome from the white man and the Indian.

"On our arrival at the Asbury Manual Labor School, after the salutations of friends and an introduction to strangers, our first request was for water—the best of all beverages, and never more appreciated by us than at this time. Forty-five miles—*prairie miles*, the longest in the world—we had travelled without the refreshment of water for man or beast, and a cool draught from a living well was a luxury beyond price. The whole region over which we had passed during the day was suffering from a drought of

eighteen months' duration. The creeks and branches which, in an ordinary season, wind their serpentine way through these grassy plains, had long since ceased to run, and the Indian inhabitants and the passing traveller were alike dependent upon the stagnant pools, which the cattle had fouled with their feet. When offered to my horses, they blew their nostrils in disgust, and, though suffering from thirst, declined the noxious mass—it could hardly be called a fluid. The people, however, take up a bucket of this mixture and leave it to settle. When the dirt has been precipitated and the surface has been skimmed, the liquid is tolerable, 'in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is.'

"It would be well if all who are skeptical about the possibility of evangelizing the Indians could attend a session of our Conference among them. Indeed, even those who never doubted the redeeming, elevating power of the gospel might have their faith confirmed and their ideas exalted by the services and sympathies of such an occasion. I confess to strange and commingled emotions, for days and nights, while the business of Conference was in progress. The place, the school, the Conference, each and all make an interesting paragraph in the current history of this aboriginal race. But a generation gone they were heathens; now they have flourishing academies, houses of religious worship, the apparel and the manners of civilization, districts, stations, and circuits, the white man's book, his gospel, and his preacher.

"How strange is every thing around me! I have just passed over a wild, vacant country, dreary but for its beauty, with here and there, at long intervals, a hut or wigwam; and now, here is a large three-story brick building—a school-house—with superintendent, teachers, male and female, and an Annual Conference assembled within its walls! The bell rings, and we all descend to the dining-hall; the boys sit at one table, a teacher at the head; the girls at another, the guests at a third. All in order; no rushing and jamming; and now every one at his place awaits in silence the invocation of a blessing upon the bounteous board. Is this an

Indian country? Who maketh these to differ from their kind and even from themselves? Is this magic? Yes, but not of Aladdin's Lamp. Christian benevolence has wrought the change. The gospel and schools, Christianity and education, have greatly reformed, improved, and elevated these tribes. You can see it in the first red man you meet on the highway. Yon cabin and enclosure evince the fact. That quiet audience, eager for the word of life, proclaims the change and the cause of it. Listen to that song—that prayer. The dialect is strange—an unknown tongue—you cannot understand it; but you *feel* that he who speaks 'knows in whom he has believed.' From a thousand causes the tendency among all the roaming tribes is to extinction. They are perishing. Every year leaves their numbers less. But the Cherokees, Creeks, and Choctaws multiply—increase. Chili McIntosh informed me that the Creeks had increased *two thousand in five years!* This fact proves a change of habits, physical and moral, and is a decided vindication of the plans of the Government in their settlement, and of the Church in their instruction.

"The desire to learn the English language is almost universal among them. They seem to regard the knowledge of it as one of the chief agents of their elevation, and as a security against the relapse into their former ignorance and superstition. This is a powerful motive with them in patronizing the schools, and they avow the wish that their language may perish with the old and adult population. This is the true policy for them and for us. It is a sound, albeit it is an Indian's philosophy. And I will say, in passing, it is the right policy for the State and the Church in reference to all our foreign population, whether we seek to Americanize or Christianize them. Individual conversions there may be, but we shall never imbue the mass with American ideas, sentiments, and the Protestant religion, until in their progress and improvement they reach a point at which we can communicate with them in a language between which and their old ideas there is no association. Without this the work of mental amalgamation will never go on. The parent will per-

petuate in his child all his transatlantic errors, political, religious, social, and ecclesiastical. For long, long generations they will be as French, as German, as Swedish as the people they left in their fatherland.

"The necessity to learn our language ought to be thrown upon them by refusing to translate our laws or to print a paper in their mother-tongue. In our Church movements we should rely far more upon Protestant Christian schools for the rising generation, than upon the translation of the Bible and preaching to the adults. This subject is delicate in its relation, but it is worthy of discussion.

"I must close my account of this interesting Indian Mission Conference. Nothing special occurred during the session save the admission into the travelling connection of James McHenry—better known in Georgia and Alabama as 'Jim Henry'—the hero of the Creek war in 1836. The lion has become a lamb—the *brave* a preacher. The war-whoop is hushed; the midnight foray is with the past; the Bible and the Hymn Book fill the hands that once grasped the torch and tomahawk. The bold, valiant savage, who spread consternation among the peaceful settlements on either side of the Chattahoochee, now travels a circuit, preaching peace on earth, good-will to men. The Lord make him an apostle to his people! He does not like to allude to his past. This shows the genuineness of his repentance. A professor who delights in the narration of the evil deeds of other days dishonors himself. He ought to be 'ashamed.' A good man always is. The memory of the past is the burden of the present and a shadow upon the future. He remembers not to boast in idle story, but to repent. He begs God to forgive and bless, that he himself may never forget.

"One day a brother informed me that the Indian preachers wished to hold a 'council' with me, and requested me to designate an hour for the interview. I did so, not knowing what they wished. They came to my room at the appointed time, and seated themselves in grave silence. I waited in vain for them to open their minds. *That* is not Indian eti-

quette on such occasions. They were waiting for me, and so I inquired about what matter they wished to consult, and learned that they only desired to talk with me in their own way about the Church and the schools, and the wants of the nation. They were interested in the welfare of their people, and had formed very intelligent notions of their wants, and of the best modes of supply.

"In the midst of our talk, *Chili McIntosh*—well-known in Georgia, in the days of 'Troup and the Treaty'—came in. The son of an old chief, himself a chief, the Indians all rose, in respect to the man and his title. They called him *General.* I had seen him at my native town (Greensboro), in my early boyhood, when, in the costume of an American Major-General, and accompanied by some fifteen or twenty of his warriors, he visited several places in Georgia. The boys and the ladies were all greatly impressed, during that tour, with his manly beauty. He was caressed, and dined, and toasted everywhere. He made a triumphal march through the country. In conversation, I found that he remembered every incident, private and public, in his visit to Greensboro. Among the rest, I reminded him of a question proposed to him by my father, and told him how as a boy I was impressed by his answer. The question was: 'Is there any word in the Creek language for blaspheming the name of God?' The answer was: 'There is not.' He remembered the conversation, and reaffirmed his answer, appealing to his countrymen for its correctness. They all agreed he was right, and with one voice declared that '*If an Indian wanted to say baa words, he must talk English.*'

"McIntosh has not the height or majesty of person with which my boyish fancy invested him in other days. Though not an old man, he is now very gray; has a mild, gentle face, more expressive of humor than of boldness, and looks as if he would like a joke better than a fight. In conversation he is entertaining, quick-witted, and ready at any time for a little fun. Wishing to hear him talk, I asked him various questions about his people, the country, the soil, and the prospects of

the Nation. He says it is a much better country than the one they left, though, for years, the people were dissatisfied. On their removal, sickness prevailed, many died, and they decreased fearfully in numbers; but trial and experience reconciled them. They could not be induced to return. He says every man coming to that region must pass through a process of acclimation. Fever and ague are the doom of every settler. He said to me, 'If you will stay three weeks, we will *shake* you in.' As I did not tarry so long, I escaped the promised initiation.

"On Sabbath morning I performed the task of preaching through an interpreter. It is not so difficult as I imagined. A man has time enough to think. Give me a sentence to start with, then, having common liberty of thought, I could make the rest in the intervals. An idea which I could convey in a dozen words, the interpreter would take a minute or two to explain. My discourse, I am confident, could be delivered in forty minutes; but, pronounced and interpreted, it consumed two hours. The plan does not suit me. I keep too cool. Those who are accustomed to it enjoy it. They say they have the same expansion of thought, the same gushing feelings as when preaching to the whites. A very diffuse speaker might achieve an important reformation in his style, by the exercise. Some of our long-winded parsons would break down in the *legs*, at least, if they did not quickly learn to diminish the number of sentences and curtail them in length.

"On Sabbath night I tried to preach, by request, without an interpreter, as most of the Indians would understand me, and many whites were anxious to hear. Brother Mitchell concluded with an exhortation, and invited mourners to the altar; several came forward, and the closing exercises were resigned to the Indian preachers. They sang, prayed, wept, clapped their hands, and seemed as much at home in the business as we do at a camp-meeting. The strange sounds, all barbarian to me, amused me; but the hearty tones, the spirit, the earnestness of the people, melted me to

tears. I felt that the religion of the Bible had obliterated the distinctions of color, race, and nation, and that a common salvation made us brethren in spirit, partakers of like precious faith, one in sympathy, hope, and prospect.

"In conversation with the brethren, both white and Indian, I was interested in a fact of which I had not thought before, but which on digestion I regard both natural and philosophical. It is, to speak in Methodist phrase, the way these simple, untaught people get religion. With them there is no long agony of repentance, no such struggles as our civilized, refined sinners pass through; but the moment the proposition that Christianity is true is apprehended and embraced, they submit. The argument is short, overwhelming, conclusive. The Christian religion is from God: I ought to have it—I must have it—I will have it. Superstition, sin, pride, self-will are swept away: they confess, pray, believe, rejoice; and their after-life attests the reality of their moral renewal. How like to the case of the eunuch, of Lydia, and of others is this! With them the truth is new—startling. It is a revelation, before the light of which false notions vanish. With us, the truth is familiar: we know it; but we hold it in unrighteousness. Our convictions are diluted with vain reasonings, and neutralized by long resistance. To them, the claims of God and the necessities of their nature are developed in the light of a sudden, awful demonstration, and they capitulate. The simplicity and tenderness of the offered terms of reconciliation subdue their fears, and they yield in transport to the attractions of love divine. But our history is one of hesitation, debate, contest; and when we conclude to try, our purposes falter; indecision relaxes our energies, doubts embarrass faith, and conversion comes at the end of a long, hard struggle. Simple faith saves the poor Indian instantly, but we are too *smart* to believe so easily, and must ask questions, and have a long strife of words and explanations before we can venture to try the prescription."

On reaching the Nation, he wrote his daughter:

"ASBURY M. L. SCHOOL,
"CREEK NATION, October 11, 1855.

"MY DEAR ELLA: We reached this place on yesterday, thus finishing a drive of *four hundred miles in ten days.* But, as I feared when I wrote last, we were one day behind time. We had a hearty welcome from white and red. This Indian country is beautiful, but sadly wanting in water and greatly afflicted with drouth. Of its scenery I must defer a description until I get back. There is much to admire and to tempt one to emigration, if there were not so many drawbacks in climate, society, and the absence of water. On yesterday we travelled forty-five miles without a drop of water, except that which the cattle had fouled with their feet; literally mud-holes, some of them covered with a green scum, which the Indians skim off, and then dip up and drink. But, oh! the prairies—how beautiful. We had to stop often to admire. Hills, mounds, pyramids, mountains in the distance, and then the lines of timber marking the course of the wet-weather creeks, all diversified in form and range, constitute a panorama of exquisite beauty. From the sublime to the ridiculous—Lovick and I are both suffering from *chapped lips.* The wind and the sun on the prairies both helped on this calamity. Mine are to-day sore with fever-blisters, and Doc says his feel like he had been eating red pepper. You never saw a little fellow open his eyes like he did when he saw the first Indian. Eight of them met me in my room this evening, to hold what they call a council. It was quite interesting. Doc was all eyes and ears. In the midst, the very man we wanted to see (Chili McIntosh) came in. He was quite humorous in some of his remarks. He is getting old and gray. He is now a Baptist preacher. When I shall mail this I do not know. Good-night. Heaven bless you all.

"Most affectionately,
"G. F. P."

"Intercourse with my brethren in the ministry is always pleasant, and it helps to make my office tolerable that it

brings me into contact and acquaintance with so many whom else I should never have seen. A genuine Methodist preacher I love with all my heart. He is a man among men. There are in him elements of moral grandeur which exalt and ought to canonize him in public estimation. Who loves the country or does more for it than he? Who is more dead to the world and self? Self-denying, self-sacrificing, fearless of winter's cold and summer's sun—carrying the gospel to the poor—undiscouraged by 'the proud man's contumely' and the world's neglect—he is always a hero, and sometimes a martyr. These are the men who have been the sturdy pioneers of progress and order, civilization and Christianity, over all our Western wilds. The politicians and public men of Texas concede that but for the presence and influence of early Methodist preachers there, they would not have been able to maintain civil government over the heterogeneous population of the republic. God bless the memory and the example of these hardy veterans of the cross! If we could carry some of our tender-footed, soft-handed, faint-hearted, delicate parsons out West, and keep them from breaking down or running away, long enough to make a fair experiment, they might become men in the run of time.

"These red-men, as have been their custom from the beginning, still live along the streams, in what they call towns. These straggling settlements are far apart, and here the circuit preachers make their appointments. When the missionary rides up to an Indian habitation, no matter what time of day, the host blows a horn, and this is the signal that preaching will come on as soon as the people can come together. He never asks the preacher if he is sick or fatigued, willing or unwilling; the horn sounds and the people come—there must be service. The most material drawback on the comfort of this work is that so much time is consumed in riding. The appointments are far apart, the trails lonely, and the only relief to the way-farer is in the beauty of the scenery and the piety of his meditations. On Monday morning, the 15th of October, we left North Fork with Brother McAlister

and Brother Ewing, for the Choctaw Agency. The latter brother was expecting to be transferred from the Arkansas Conference, and to take work among the Indians. Tahlequah was left to be supplied by him. The brethren were on horseback, and the roads being very rough, they outwent us a little. By-and-by we saw them ahead on the bank of a river. Brother McAlister dismounted, punching about in the edge of the water up and down the stream with his umbrella. 'What is the matter—what do you mean?' said I. 'We are looking for a place to cross.' 'What, you are not afraid to plunge into this little branch! Why, it is not knee-deep!' 'Ah!' said Brother McAlister, 'the *quicksand*—the *quicksand:* all these streams are dangerous. Be sure you do not let your horses stop to drink, or you may be swallowed up. Once sink a little, and you are gone.' Thus admonished, we drove quickly over the wide but shallow stream. Our travelling companions entertained us with several stories about these quicksands—some serious, some ludicrous. We passed them all in safety; but I will say I never saw such sand-bars and beds anywhere else.

"To-day we crossed a mountain, and such a descent on wheels I never made before. When we reached the bottom I could hardly persuade myself that the feat had been accomplished without damage to the vehicle. This was one of the passages in life in which there were more '*downs*' than 'ups.' Once more we strike out upon the gently-rolling prairie. Delightful contrast! We had not travelled far ere we spied in advance of us a caravan of wagons and ox-teams, trailing its slow length along; and as we drew nigh, we heard, mingling with the shouts of the drivers, the cracking of whips, and the rumbling of wheels, other notes—so disguised, however, by the confusion of sounds, that we could not recognize them in the distance. When we reached the head of the train, lo! perched upon the top of bales and boxes, and yet under cover, was a young man scraping away upon an old fiddle—a perfect picture of self-satisfaction, oblivious with delight. He did not seem to see us. 'The world for-

getting, by the world forgot,' he was beguiling his dull vocation of its weariness, and obviously enjoyed his success. As to the skill of the performance I am no judge; but, to my unmusical ear, there was a charm in the tune (I do not know what it was), as its soft tones floated over the lone wild. It sounded like the sad wail of some solitary spirit mourning its exile from home and friends.

"About noon we halted on the bank of what had been a small stream—but now was no stream at all—to rest and lunch. While thus engaged, a stranger rode up on a gaunt, fiery mustang, dismounted, and made himself very familiar in the way of chat. We invited him to dine; he declined, saying he had the chills and was not *hungry*. We pressed him a little, and finally overcame his coyness. He drew out a formidable hunter's knife, and made sad havoc with our bread and meat; but he especially distinguished himself when he came to our dessert of cakes and pies. We had laid in enough for two days (not counting our unexpected guest), but our store 'grew small by degrees and beautifully less' with the first day's operation. The rapid disappearance of the peach pies distressed Lovick no little. He said, however, he should like to see that man perform when he *had an appetite.*

"Late in the evening, we began to cast about for a lodging-place. Brother McAlister knew the way and the chances, and thought a night's lodging in the woods through which we were passing not improbable. A little before dark we came to an Indian cabin, and by signs and gestures made known our wish to tarry for the night. By signs and gestures we were made to understand that we could stay We were left, of course, to wait upon ourselves; so we stripped our horses and led them to water; and when we returned, our host had brought to the lot a turn of corn and fodder, and as he let his own horses out, we put ours in and fed them to our hearts' content. Now we marched to the house to see about our own prospects for food and rest. There was but one room, but this was neat and comfortable, save that there

was about it an undefinable odor, anything but pleasant. It is common, I learned, to Indian habitations. The man, his wife and children, were well clad, and were attentive and polite according to their notions. Not a word of English could we get from any of the household. They could speak it, for they understood us very well in much of our talk; that was very obvious. My good friend, McAlister, undertook to secure us a good supper by giving special directions, more particularly about the coffee—with me, when good, a favorite article. But, alas! he succeeded better with everything else than with this necessary beverage.

"Supper over, we proposed family-prayer. Our Choctaw host had a Bible, and they all seemed to know what we were about. Father, mother, children, all came in, seated themselves very devoutly, and, though none of them were religious, manifested no little interest in the exercises. I longed to give them a word of exhortation, but my ignorance of their language forbade.

"When bedtime came round, the family all retired to the kitchen, and left us to occupy the chief room—their common dwelling. The beds—two of them—were so strongly impregnated with *that* odor I declined describing, that I concluded to make a bed of my own. Brother McAlister said his nose was familiar with the perfume from long habit; and Brother Ewing, intending to transfer, determined to begin his education that night, and so they took the beds. Lovick and I spread down the buffalo-skin, and, with cushions for pillows, and cloaks for cover, and feet to the fire, slept to the break of day. Nor did I feel, thank God, that this was a hardship in the service of my Master. He 'had not where to lay his head.'

"When we were ready for a start in the morning, I determined to try once more to get a word of English from my Choctaw friend. I said to him, 'What do I pay you?' His black eye twinkled intelligently: '*Two dollar*,' said he. O, the magic of money! *It* 'makes the mare go,' and Indians talk—Anglo-Saxon.

"Shaking hands with our Choctaw friends, we resumed our journey. The soil of this region is not so rich as that in the territory of the Creeks, but there are fertile spots which will repay the husbandman's toil.

"We halted at noon to rest our wearied steeds, and to consume the fraction of food left us by our guest of yesterday. That we might make it the more palatable, a fire was kindled; and, for the nonce, we all became cooks, each for himself. Brother McAlister, who is full of dry, sly humor, spiced his meal by a facetious conversation with Lovick on the art of cooking, Indian fashions, and sundry little incidents of border life.

"Early in the afternoon we reached Scullyville, the Choctaw Agency. Here is quite a village—stores and private dwellings. We stopped a while, and a glance at the interior of the trading-establishments satisfied me that the merchants knew how to cater to the tastes of their customers. All the gaudiest colors known in the world of calico flash upon the eye, and are displayed in the most tempting form.

"A mile or two more brought us to New Hope Academy, where we proposed to rest a day or two to examine the school and to visit the school at Fort Coffee, five miles distant. The next day the Agent of the General Government had appointed to pay over the *annuity* to the Nation. The Indians were assembled in crowds. Such a company of *men*, *squaws*, *papooses*, *ponies*, I never saw before, and likely never shall see again. There was the Christian Indian dressed like the white man; there too was the half-civilized, an odd combination of the apparel of the two races, and here was the genuine man of the woods, strutting in the costume of his ancestors—hunting-shirt, buckskin leggings, moccasins, and all. I saw one magnificent-looking fellow; he had the step of a chief, the air of a king; and he moved about as if he felt himself to be the embodiment of every thing which had been the glory of an Indian. Lovick's eyes opened wide upon the motley group, and he was highly gratified to see a few Indians, such as he had read of, in the habiliments of a

warrior—face painted, scalp-lock on the crown of the head, bow and arrows swung upon the back.

"At noon we had preaching. As very many could speak English, by request I preached without an interpreter. During the sermon I observed a very old man who seemed deeply interested; he wept much. When the services had ended and I had come down from the little platform, he approached me, and, seizing my hand, began in Indian and broken English to tell me how happy he was. About all I could understand was, '*Me glad; me glad heap—me glad heap,*' and this was said with streaming eyes, beaming face, and earnest gesture. The thought that God had made me an instrument of good to this old pilgrim was a cordial to my heart. I hope to meet *Tobleechubbee* in heaven. As I was about mounting my horse, another, a young man, came to bid me 'good-by,' and said something to me in his own language. I knew not what to say to him. Dickson Lewis, who was standing near, said to me, 'He says he is sorry he will never see you any more.' Pointing to heaven—'Tell him,' said I, 'we shall meet up there.' He burst into tears, wrung my hand and went his way. May we renew our acquaintance in a better world!

"The school at New Hope is for girls; the one at Fort Coffee for boys. I visited both, and was greatly interested in each establishment. This is not the place for an argument on the unity of the human race, but I am sure we all descended from a *common stock.* Kittens do not more certainly play the same antics through all their generations, than do boys and girls—no matter what their complexion—when gathered in numbers about a school-house. There are the same sorts of glee, fun, and mischief, and identical modes of manifestation, at the table, in the yard, about the school-room. I went in and heard the classes in spelling, reading, grammar, arithmetic, and geography; gave them a little speech, had prayer, and bade them farewell. These schools, well managed, will do wonders for this people in the progress of time. We must wait, and pray, and hope.

"Now farewell to the Indians. They interested me as an American citizen and as a Christian minister. May this unpretending record of my visit to them interest the Church in their welfare, stir up the preachers to go and work among them, and multiply the income of the Missionary treasury, that the Board of Managers may devise liberal things for their enlightenment and salvation!

"Once more upon the road. O, the dry weather! The highway is a bed of powder, so fine that a touch lifts it in clouds. I thought of a remark a distinguished Georgian once made to me in Augusta. It was a very dry season—the dust was terrible—everybody was complaining; he said to me, 'I wonder that when Moses was contending with Pharaoh, he did not try him with *dust*. If he had given him such a spell as this, I think he would have 'let them go!' However this might have been, it is certain that I never spent such a day as the one from the Nation to Van Buren, Arkansas. The next day the blessed rain came down, and the animal world breathed freely once more.

"I came to this place to fill an appointment on Sabbath—preaching morning and night—and on Monday evening delivered an address for the benefit of the Crawford Institute, an institution of the Arkansas Conference. Van Buren is a flourishing little town on the bank of the Arkansas River. It is distant five miles from Fort Smith, and, since that has been abandoned as a military post, has materially interfered with its business and prosperity We crossed and re-crossed the Arkansas River in flats and by fording, travelled along its banks, and I am satisfied that it will never be navigable any more to any great distance, except in a freshet. It is a great misfortune to the State; for without a marvellous change, it will be long years before there is any great line of railroads in that region.

"On Tuesday, the 23d of October, we reached Fort Smith, and found lodgings at Mr. Griffith's. To him and his kind wife and mother-in-law I am indebted for as much of comfort as I ever found anywhere away from my own loved home. May God reward their kindness a hundred-fold.

"In the morning of Wednesday, I opened Conference in the usual way. I knew but one or two of the brethren, and of course formed to-day several new acquaintances. This Conference occupies a considerable territory, but is very feeble in the number of its workmen. They need help. If the 'Iron Wheel' had half the power imputed to it, it ought to roll a score of men right off to Arkansas. And if the ministry, travelling and local, were awake to their solemn responsibilities, they would offer to go. On this topic, before I finish, I will give a separate and urgent letter.

"We had a brief, smooth, pleasant session; could have wound up on Saturday night, but did not, lest somebody might be tempted to break the Sabbath by starting for home. On Friday night we held our Missionary Anniversary. The preachers had done but little for this great interest, for the Tract cause, or the superannuated, widows and orphans, and *of course* got but little themselves. Drought—hard times—scarcity of money—these were the apologies. But I protest against the policy common in all the Conferences of turning out these great enterprises to starve by sheer neglect, because everybody is not growing rich as fast as he desires. Money can always be got for a good cause by an honest, earnest effort. Our preachers must learn to try; and if there must be a failure, let the responsibility rest on the people, where it properly belongs. But I am digressing. On this night we did far better than anybody except myself thought to be possible under the pressure of the times. One old brother went out, as he told me next day, expecting to give, as usual, *fifty cents;* 'but' said he, 'you made me feel so mean about it, that I actually borrowed *twenty dollars* before the meeting was over, to bring myself somewhere near my duty' He gave twenty-five dollars before the meeting was ended. He said he felt better and meant to do better.

"The services of the Sabbath were delightful. At night we had many mourners, and several conversions and some additions to the Church. Next morning we met at sunrise to wind up, read out the appointments, and dispersed every

man to his work, save one or two who remained to continue the work so auspiciously begun on the Sabbath.

"Our journey now lies between Van Buren and El Dorado, Arkansas. Breakfast over, we prepared for the long travel. About ten o'clock P.M. we bade our kind friends adieu; and with Brother Harris, a preacher of the Arkansas Conference, for a travelling companion, we left for El Dorado. The people who were familiar with the route assured me that I could not reach the next Conference in time. I was told the way was lonely, rough, mountainous, almost impassable in many places. With such reports, the idea of trouble *three hundred miles* long was not very refreshing. But I have learned two simple but important lessons in my life: first, no man knows what he can accomplish till he tries; second, things are rarely or never as bad as they are represented. Accordingly, we made the trip and had a day to spare. The road was bad enough, but I have seen worse. But I must not anticipate.

"The first night we reached a house on the road-side, and found the family were emigrants from Georgia. The man of the house was absent; the lady was glad to see one who knew the acquaintances of her youth. She told me they had moved several times, but had never found any country equal to the one they had left. By some means the family found out I was a preacher. When supper was announced, we all took our seats around the table, and there we sat—silent. I did not know their habit, and did not like to volunteer to ask a blessing, and concluded that, if they wished it, they would ask me. By-and-by, a youth who seemed, in the absence of his father, to have the management of the affairs, said to me, '*Make a beginning*, sir.' Here was a dilemma. What does he mean? 'Help yourself,' or 'Say grace?' The only clue to solve the mystery, was the gravity of his face. So, making his looks interpret his words, I proceeded to ask a blessing. Next morning I found that I had understood him correctly.

"We started early to-day, resolved to make a long travel.

The best-concerted schemes, however, are vain. We were passing through a circuit which Brother Harris had travelled a year or two before, and, contrary to my custom, he prevailed on me to stop for dinner, and thus we lost two hours which we were compelled to make up on the following day. About sundown we reached another of his stopping-places, and although eight miles from the stand we ought to have made, we concluded to tarry. By some curious telegraphic operation, the news spread through the country around, that *the Bishop was about.* By eight o'clock a considerable company had collected. I supposed they had come to see their old friend and preacher, Brother Harris. It was a soft, balmy night, and not feeling inclined for conversation, I withdrew, and was walking up and down a long piazza, seeking rest for my cramped limbs, and was just thinking of proposing prayer and retirement, when a brother came to me and inquired if I would not give them a sermon. 'What! this time of the night! Why, it is near nine o'clock, now!' 'Well, I know,' said he, 'that it is an unseasonable hour, but we have but little preaching in this region—we have never heard a bishop, and the people have come on purpose; and they will be greatly disappointed if you do not talk a little for them.' 'Very well, get them all together, and I will try.' So, planks were brought in and fixed on chairs, and there, late at night, among the hills and woods, in that lone widow's house, to a handful of people, I made an effort to tell them the way to the kingdom.

"In the morning Brother Harris had *the mumps* badly; it was raining a little and threatening a good deal, and it was thought imprudent for him to go on. My duties would not allow me to lie over, and, as he was among friends, we bade him farewell. This was the day among the mountains when, according to prediction, we were to break down, and get no farther without trouble upon trouble. And verily it was the loneliest, roughest road in some respects I ever saw. For twenty miles, I doubt if the wheels made one entire revolution on the ground. Rocks—rocks—rocks, of all sorts and

sizes; mountain after mountain crossed our path, and sometimes the descent was so steep that I had to get down and swing on to the rack to keep the buggy from so running over the horses as to make them unmanageable. We were obliged to go thirty-five miles to find a house to lodge in, and were told it was a miserable place at that: by going eight miles on we would reach Mount Ida, and fare better. A little before sunset we arrived at the first stand, on the banks of the Wachita, and a slight inspection satisfied me that no rest could be found there. So I determined to risk a night among the mountains, or reach *Mount Idea*—as the people called it. Just after fording the river we met three men, travellers, and all, as the phrase is, in liquor. As we passed, one of them sang out, '*Jordan is a hard road to travel*, a'nt' it, Mister?' Knowing that they would stop at the house on the other side of the river, I rejoiced that I had gone on, and next morning had additional evidence, as will appear, that I acted wisely in so doing. A dark, cloudy night settled down upon us, full five miles from the desired haven. We began to think seriously of camping, but having nothing to feed with, mercy to our tired horses drove us on. At last a glimmering light appeared—it was moving; the rattling wheels arrested the attention of the torch-bearer, and on coming up we inquired for the town of Mount Ida, and received the welcome answer, 'This is the place.' With Judge Ball, the chief man of the town, we found comfortable entertainment. The country through which we had passed was high, rocky, and poor, the water clear as crystal, and yet chill and fever rages. It is an annual visitor—the people never escape. The population is thin, and live mostly by hunting. The sale of peltry furnishes them with money enough to buy sugar, coffee, and salt, and, I guess I might add, liquor. Bear, deer, and wild turkey abound, and a hunter's life is the very highest style of living.

"Before day in the morning, a woman came at half-speed into the little village, and roused nearly all the dwellers therein with her sad account of wrong and outrage. The

drunken travellers we met the evening before had continued their potations after stopping for the night, and a general fight between them and the landlord and his family, ensued. According to her own account, she fought like a tigress, but at last fled to save her life. She said they fired at her twice as she ran from the house to the lot. Her story produced some excitement, yet but little sympathy was felt for her misfortunes. Her own reputation for meekness and long-suffering was not well-established. However, with a warrant, an officer of justice, and a few of that class who are always attracted by such scenes, she was about returning to the scene of strife when we left, congratulating ourselves that by coming on last night we escaped a household storm.

"To-day it was a great relief to us and our hard-pressed steeds to find a vast improvement in the road. The geologist and mineralogist would find much to entertain them in this region. On reaching Caddo Gap, a place somewhat famous in this part of Arkansas as having the best mill and making the best flour in all that country, we paused to admire and to speculate. Apparently, a mountain ridge once crossed this most beautiful river, but in some convulsion of nature, or by the pressure of the accumulated waters, it has been rent asunder; and now, between the precipitous cliffs there rushes a crystal flood, the motive-power of the mills below. Fine fish abound, and may be seen in the bright waters at the depth of fifteen or twenty feet. Finding a place of some reputation on the wayside, we took up early in the afternoon.

"The next morning the rain was descending in torrents, and a very bad road was made a great deal worse, so that after hard toiling we made but slow progress. The day's journey, however, with all its discomforts, being ended, we found pleasant entertainment with a Mr. Peek, near Arkadelphia. This region presents many attractions to those disposed to settle in the West. The soil is not very rich, but is productive and easy to cultivate. An abundance of timber, good water and plenty of it, nearness to market

and fair health for a new country, make it desirable for emigrants. Those who move from the older States prefer the richest lands, despite the swamp, mud, and fever. A bag of cotton to the acre is an offset to all objections. 'Cotton is king,' not only in the world of commerce, but it controls plantation economy, fixes the bounds of our habitations, and compensates by promise for a life of inconvenience, labor, and hardships.

"But we must pursue our journey, This day's ride I count as the dreariest, loneliest of my life. An old, forsaken, unworked road, narrow, crooked, abounding in roots, rocks, and gullies, running through a forest almost without an inhabitant—one wonders at last where he is, and whither he is going. But there is no one of whom to inquire, and echo herself is mute in these solitary wilds. We had been warned by our host of the previous night of a certain creek (with a French name that I have forgotten), its bottom mud, its bayous without a bottom, and its bridge without railing or plank, its rotten timbers and broken rails for flooring. Toward noon we reached it; and verily, in a rainy time, it takes a bold man to work his passage through its difficulties. Before we entered the swamp, fortunately, we saw by the wheel-tracks that some one had gone before us, or we must have guessed our route. Presently we came to a lagoon which had been causewayed, but the logs had been washed up, and were standing rather than lying, so that a passage in that direction was impossible. We could see where our forerunner had gone in, but could not see where he went out. Going in was easy, but where to come out was a question of some importance. I dismounted and pressed through the undergrowth of cane till I found a log on which I could cross, and then, inspecting the banks, found a place where I thought an experiment might be made, perhaps. Lovick concluded he could drive over, and seemed rather anxious to try; and in he went, and down went horses, buggy, and all. The passage was short; a plunge or two brought the horses to a little firmer footing; and so we were once more, not on

dry land exactly, but out of the water. That is an ugly place, try it who will. The bridge had been repaired, and was passable, but in a mile or two we had to cross the stream again, and this time to ford. We prepared for swimming, but escaped by a few inches. Our trunk was submerged, and ourselves pretty well moistened.

"According to report, the worst was yet to come. The Little Missouri River was to be passed, and its bottom was four miles wide. My only apprehension was that night would overtake us, amid its mud and gloom. The mighty trees and the dense canebrake shut out the light of day long before the sun goes down. Wild beasts abound in these jungles, and the idea that a panther may spring upon you from some overhanging bough is not very composing. We saw nothing, however, but one bear, who seemed to be content with his swamp fare. Dark night overtook us before we found a lodge in this wilderness.

"Some three miles from the river, after one or two unsuccessful efforts to get in, we prevailed with a good lady to give us shelter from the rain. The family was large, and the house had but one room for us all. This is common in new countries, and I have seen the like in the old. Here we saw a scene—a show which amused Lovick no little. As it illustrates the old saying, 'Necessity is the mother of invention,' while it is no mean specimen of woman's wit, I will describe it. The household consisted of the elder lady, her daughter-in-law, and some seven or eight children of various ages from sixteen to two. The husband of the first and the son-in-law had gone to market and were detained by the rain. At bedtime the ladies retired to the kitchen to give us an opportunity of undressing without observation. When they supposed we were asleep, they came in. Long before day the old lady arose, made a fire, and went out. I supposed the other would do likewise, but soon found from her breathing that she was fast asleep. I roused Lovick, and we availed ourselves of the moment to rise and dress. This done, we sat by the fire. When day had fully come, we heard a

noise behind, and on turning to look, the other lady had risen, and was in the middle of the bed, a large quilt over her head, and under its concealment she was putting on her clothes; and when she came out, her toilet was complete, save that her hair needed combing. Who but a woman would have thought of such a screen? She was as perfectly hidden as to her person as if she had been within brick walls. Genuine modesty, native womanly delicacy, can always protect themselves; and in this rude cabin, in these wild woods, the sentiment was as real in that woman's heart as in her sisters of more favored fortunes. I record the little incident, not by way of ridicule, but as an item of life in a new country; a proof of female invention, and a suggestive exponent of the general truth, that there are more ways than one of doing a thing.

"Rather than remain and incommode this kind family, we concluded, Sabbath as it was, to go on to Camden, hoping to reach it by the hour of morning service. In this we failed by an hour. Notice, however, was given, and I preached at night, and met with several old acquaintances. On the following day several of the preachers on the way to Conference passed along, and a crowd of us got together at night where I had an appointment to preach. Several of us tarried with Brother Annis, himself a preacher, and member of the Conference, and in the morning quite a cavalcade took up the line of march for El Dorado.

"On my arrival, the preachers were quite surprised to see me, as, knowing the route, they did not think it possible for me to get there in time. 'I'll try' can do wonders, and of course an earnest, persevering effort can accomplish what is at all practicable. Brother Radcliffe, the Presiding Elder, met me on the Square—not the Masonic, but the town Square—and took me down to Colonel Tatom's, at whose house I found a welcome and a home.

"The Wachita Conference opened on Wednesday morning, 7th of November. The preachers were very generally present. The reports of our Church interests within their bounds

were for the most part encouraging, except in relation to what are now called 'the finances.' Poorly paid themselves, the preachers brought up very little missionary money, and hardly any Conference collections. The apology for this deficiency was low rivers and hard times. I have no doubt the brethren honestly believed that nothing could be got by asking, and, with sad hearts and yet with good consciences, they cast anchor and longed for better days. But they were mistaken. A good cause and an earnest pleader can always raise money. Nor do 'the times' make much difference. When money is scarce, almost every man feels it is not worth while to be coveteous and to hoard, and he will give some of the little he has. When everything is flush and promising, men have larger ideas, new plans, and endless ways of investing, and they feel very reluctant to give at all. At any rate, it is the duty of the preachers everywhere to bring the noble enterprises of the Church before the people, and by special effort, argument, and appeal, invoke their aid. Let all everywhere do their duty, and we shall hear no more of an empty Missionary treasury; nor will the superannuated preachers, the widows and orphans, any longer get scorpions for fish, or stones for bread.

"These views were strikingly illustrated during the Conference. Dr. Hamilton, the Secretary of the Tract Society, came over, and proposed to hold a Tract meeting on Friday night. It was strongly opposed, on the ground that it would forestall and defeat the anniversary of the Missionary Society on the next evening. I took sides with the Doctor and declined to preach, to give him a chance. The meeting was appointed in the face of remonstrance and evil prediction. Dr. Hamilton opened with such a speech as nobody but himself makes—strong, religious, eloquent. The effect was fine. I followed, and took up the collection—a little over *four hundred dollars*. 'There now,' said a good brother to me, 'you have ruined everything.' 'You did not think there was that much money in Union County, did you?' 'No, I did not; but you have got it all, and to-morrow night we

shall get nothing.' 'Hold still; do not croak. Let Hamilton and me speak, for you and the rest are afraid of the people, and we will *double the amount.*' And we did. Never did I see people give more freely and cheerfully; proving that they had both the heart and the means to do liberal things. Give the people light, appeal to conscience, to their liberal feelings, and they will do well and grow better.

"The whole session was a pleasant one; a gracious influence attended our private meetings and public exercises. The people were unwearied in their kindness, and when the hour of adjournment came, separation was a tax upon the feelings of all. El Dorado is a beautiful village—society agreeable, the churches in peace, the surrounding country pleasant to the eye, and the soil amply repays cultivation. If I were a farmer, seeking a home in a new country, I should feel strongly drawn toward this section of Arkansas. In my judgment this State is greatly underrated in the East. The people, I grant, need rousing up to a proper appreciation of their advantages. They lack enterprise, public spirit. But there are the elements and resources of a great State. A dense and flourishing population might congregate within her borders, and when her lands are occupied, and her leading men in Church and State do their duty in enlightening and directing the people, her citizens need never to be ashamed, when they travel abroad, to tell where they come from. As compared with her sisters in the Confederacy, I predict for Arkansas a glorious development and a brilliant future. The raw material abounds; let the spinners and weavers go to work and vindicate the prophecy.

"On coming through Camden I had promised, if the Conference adjourned in time to allow it, to return and make a speech in behalf of a female college to be located at that place. Accordingly, after the closing services on Monday, I made haste to dine and to take backward steps for forty miles, to serve what I regard an important Church interest.

"Brother Bustin, an old Georgia man, had bound me by promise to stay at his house on Monday night, and to preach

at the church near by. I was weary with business and labor, and needed a night's repose for the refreshment of mind and body. But the people seemed anxious to hear the word, and, despite fatigue, I mounted a horse and rode to the church, and found, in the effort to preach, a special blessing. In a life of change and toil, I have often proved that when I taxed myself, put myself to trouble to serve God and do good, then I realized the deepest, most enduring consolations. That night's service profited me—whether others were helped I know not. The DAY will declare it.

"Many of the preachers accompanied me to Camden; and after tea I found a large congregation assembled in the church to hear an argument for the college. As nothing had been done in this region for denominational education, and as very few believed that anything could be done, I belabored my theme, and pressed the people to instant action, for two hours or more. We raised about seven thousand dollars, I believe; and when I left next morning some active friends were trying to increase the amount. They thought they could carry the subscription up to twelve thousand in the town and country. I hope they may succeed. Methodism cannot do her duty in this great country without seeking to promote and sanctify education.

"On Wednesday, November 14th, we went home with Brother Moores, one of the presiding elders of the Conference, and the next day set out direct for Texas. Pine woods, bad road, and solitariness, made this a long, tedious day. We had been directed to stop at a certain house as the only place where lodging could be got within any reasonable distance. Late in the afternoon, in the midst of a terrible swamp, we met a traveller on horseback. 'How far is it,' said I, 'to Mr. ——'s?' 'About three miles.' After we had passed, he turned in his saddle and called to me: 'Do you think of staying there to-night?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, I stopped there once, and never wish to do it again. There is a house just this side, a new settlement. I know not who lives there, but I would advise you to get in there if you can;

I know you cannot be worsted.' 'Thank you, sir, I'll try the new place.'

"When we reached it, concluding to reconnoitre a little, I asked for a drink of water. A servant-woman brought me somein a nice, clean cocoa-nut. 'Well,' said I, 'this is one good sign.'

"Pardon a little digression. I have noticed many things in travelling, and some indications, small in themselves, decide me very often in choosing a resting-place. The house may be very humble; but if the yard is clean, well swept, rose-bushes and shrubbery about, a vine over the door, a flower-pot on the window-sill, get down and walk in, if they let you, and they generally will; you may be sure that everything will be neat and clean. But a white house on the roadside, with every thing around out of fix, avoid as you would the small-pox. No comfort there—dirt, dirt—on the floor, in the bed, the table-cloth, the butter, the biscuit—everywhere and everything.

"'The goodman of the house' was out on his farm, and his wife was reluctant to take us in; she said they were 'not fixed; had just settled there.' I told her I had heard of the place below, and did not like to go there. She laughed and said, 'People do complain of the fare down there; but I do not like to take anybody's money without giving them the worth of it.' I liked that sentiment, and I put it alongside of that clean gourd, and renewed my applications. At last she said we might stay; but, 'You must wait on yourselves; yonder is the horse-lot, and there is the corn and fodder; and when you get through, take your trunk into that cabin out there—that is the only chance.' Very well, the work is done, and now for the cabin. As we stepped in, Lovick said, 'Father, we have hit it exactly.' The Shunamite did no better for the prophet. Clean floor, clean bed, white towels, a bucket of water, shining tin pan, everything in order; not fine, but free from dirt, white and clean. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' said Mr. Wesley. I believe it. *To live in filth is a sin.* A pure thought in some houses

is almost an impossibility. There is something wrong in *the best people* who live *slovenly*. There is no defence of it, no excuse for it. Laziness and dirt go together. I wish the Church were free from both. For the life of me, I cannot respect an habitually dirty man or a slatternly woman. The plain truth is, I do not try much. But at Brother Smith's—for the family were Methodists—mind and body both had rest. There was nothing to offend the senses or the taste. A plain, poor, humble man, he lived like a Christian gentleman. With nothing of what is called furniture—fifty dollars would have bought every chair, bed, bedstead, all the crockery, everything about the house—I ask no better entertainment in the way of food or place to sleep, except that I prefer a mattress to a feather-bed, winter and summer—all the time, for myself, my family, my friends, and my foes. The true origin of spinal diseases, nervous disorders, headaches, languor, and debility, in many cases—nay, in most—*is feather-beds*. I wish I had them all in one place, and were at liberty to do my will upon them; I would make a bonfire, far more purifying than 'Jayne's Liver Pills,' and more restorative to feeble constitutions than all the empiric nostrums puffed in a thousand papers. But hold! your 'gray goose-quill' has forgotten its errand and is wandering. Not much out of the way, after all. I hope to see the day when the *feathered* goose will be allowed to keep her plumage, or shed it only in the natural way; and the *unfeathered* geese, who have so long been robbing the first with violent hands, will consider the laws of nature, and grow too wise to sleep on *downy* beds.

"My worthy host was quite delighted with a heroic feat of a son of his, about ten years old, a few days before our arrival. The little fellow had gone down on a neighboring creek with his shot-gun to hunt squirrels. While wandering alone in the woods, a huge bear, gaunt and hungry, attacked him; and the brave boy, instead of running, stood still till the furious beast got within a few feet of him, and then with deliberate aim shot him. The bear fell; but rose and retreated a little way; the boy reloaded, and marched up and

slew him with a second shot. The skin was preserved as a trophy of the son's courage and skill.

"The following day we passed through what is called 'the Wilderness.' The region deserves its name: wild, solitary, without a settler, the timid deer will hardly flee at your approach. It is the very place that Cowper longed for; but 'the *lodge*' is not there. *That* must be built by the recluse after his arrival. A little before nightfall we reached Mrs. Harper's, a widow and a Methodist. Bereaved of husband and several children, she is afflicted indeed; yet our Heavenly Father has mingled many alleviations in her cup of bitterness. She has good hope in the death of the departed, and her own faith is strong and full of consolation.

"The next day (Saturday) I had an appointment to preach at Minden, Louisiana. In the morning it was raining, and having a hilly, heavy road, I had hard work to reach the place in time; but succeeded in getting there before the people dispersed. The congregation was good, and the service pleasant—I hope profitable. Here I saw several familiar faces, and shook hands with some old friends. How delightful these greetings are, far from home, among strangers!

"But the day's work is not done. Eighteen miles more must be passed in order to reach Cross Roads by eleven o'clock to-morrow, where another appointment awaits me. Brother Lawrence, a local preacher, wishing to be ordained next day, has come to guide me to his house. Brother Randle, the Presiding Elder of the district, kindly accompanies me. Before dark, we arrived, after a 'Gilpin' drive, at Brother Lawrence's hospitable mansion. On the Sabbath I met a large and intelligent-looking audience, and preached to them on the great plan of recovering mercy. I went home with Brother Carraway, near the church, and spent the afternoon and night.

"North Louisiana is an interesting country in many respects. Much of it along our route is broken—far more so than I expected; and even the more flat and level portions are sufficiently undulating for drainage. The citizens say it

is healthy. A stranger, however, while looking at the marshy bottoms, and the dull, sluggish streams, would come to a different conclusion. It is very productive, especially in cotton. Corn, too, does well, but wheat is a very rare and uncertain crop.

"At the time of my visit the low rivers had made biscuit scarce. Men of wealth were unable to procure flour. Indeed, the want of navigation through all this region over which we have been passing since we left Missouri, had put the common necessaries of life, especially *salt*, at fabulous prices. This indispensable article had been selling at from twelve to twenty-five dollars a bushel. High seasoning that!

"Descending a long hill, at the base of which there *lies*, rather than runs, a stream (here called a bayou), we struck Red River bottom. As we trotted down the hill aforesaid, I observed that there was a ferry across the bayou. The flat was on our side, and without noticing whether it was fastened to the bank, I drove in. When the buggy wheels struck it, away it went. A diligent application of the whip made the horses jerk in the vehicle, and by the time we were all in, and the ferryman, by a violent leap, had overtaken us, we were fairly over the deep, dark, narrow stream. On driving out, I turned and asked, 'How much do I pay?'

"'One dollar,' was the answer.

"'What! a dollar for crossing this little bayou, and ferrying myself?'

"'Well, you ought not to have driven in till I told you: besides, there is a bridge three miles from here, and I take toll for that too.'

"The bridge ahead was something like a reason for the enormous charge; so I left my dollar and moved on.

"I feel thankful that it was my good fortune to cross this famous bottom in a dry time. From the bayou to the river is eight miles. We did our best, and got through in three hours and a half. The mud is a perfect cement—a sort of clay bitumen, glutinous, pitchy; cleaving to man and beast and carriage, and making every step of your progress labor and

travail. But oh, how rich! What plantations might be laid out here if overflows could be prevented! The nearer the river, the higher the ground; and here vast cotton-fields have been opened, and such cotton-stalks I never saw before. They grow up like saplings, branching from the ground and laden with bolls. When I thought of the little *Tom Thumb* weeds of Carolina and Georgia, I felt sorry for the men who spend their lives in making cotton on clay banks and sand hills. However, these Red-River planters do not make and save more than one crop in five. The casualties of the location make strongly against them; but such is the amazing fertility of the soil that they grow rich, I learn, very fast, despite their disadvantages. The passion for 'the great staple' and its gains must be very strong in a man's heart to settle him down in these regions of mud and floods, of disease and death. Money is the great power in America, and the free-born citizens of the Great Republic are the people to make and save it.

"Crossing the river, we drove into Shreveport, a town very favorably located for business. It had been my plan to spend the Sabbath here, but I was forestalled by the appointment at the Cross Roads.

"After inquiring the way to Marshall we drove through; and as we had been told to follow the telegraphic wires, we found no difficulty in sticking to the right track. The posts and wires seemed like old acquaintances, after our long sojourn amid prairies and woods; and they indicated, too, that we had returned to the highways of a progressive people. But this is a new country; and although the citizens have availed themselves of the electric news-carrier, yonder comes a relic of the past—a primitive medium of transportation—a cotton-wagon drawn by oxen. For forty miles we were rarely out of sight of these clumsy vehicles and their slow-moving teams. But their days are numbered; one more season of toil, and the patient ox will rarely travel beyond his owner's broad acres, and the cumbrous wagon will stand still in its shed. There upon the right is an embankment,

and just ahead an excavation. These footprints of the engineer are the forerunners of an iron track, the iron horse—his speed and his burden. When once the steam-whistle wakes the echoes of these woods and vales, and the country commands all the facilities of a well-managed railroad, emigration from the East will receive a new impetus, and capital and intelligence will work new wonders in the West.

"We reached Greenwood, a little village not far from the line of Texas, about sundown, and, driving up to a fair-looking hotel, alighted. A young man, who seemed to have the management in his hands, approached me with an embarrassed air, and said that the Circus Company had filled his house, and unless I could consent to lodge in a room with some of the crowd, he could not take me in. 'Excuse me, if you please,' said I; 'I will go on, and risk entertainment upon the road.' This Circus seemed to haunt me. I taxed my wearied horses with a longer travel than usual to get rid of their company; but they reached Marshall almost as soon as I did; and on going to Henderson, a few days after, I found them again. I guess, however, they grew as tired of me as I did of them; for at each place, except the first, I had an appointment coincident with their hour of performance; and each time, according to report, the multitude rallied to the pulpit rather than to the play. But when there is nothing to divert public attention, what crowds of the giddy and thoughtless—ay, of old people too—nay (Heaven pity us!) of Church members also, these mountebanks, with their calico horses, gather about them! Alas for good taste, social refinement, intellectual resources, and moral principle, where these strolling vagabonds find patronage!

"We found a resting-place some two miles from the village. Even here, however, some late incomers from the show disturbed our slumbers, and made us wish we had gone farther. Morning came at last, and we made ready to enter Texas. Our introduction to this Mecca of the emigrant was not signalized by anything but our disappointment. The land was not so rich, the face of the country was more hilly

than I had expected; and, to my surprise, I saw in the fields, on either hand, galled spots, numerous gullies, old sedge-grass, and other signs of waste and decay. But this is not *Texas* yet. Even here, on the border, the soil is fine—a remarkable mixture of clay and sand, easy to cultivate, and, with good seasons, very productive.

"Early in the afternoon of Tuesday, November 20th, we reached Marshall, the seat of the East Texas Conference.

"Marshall is an interesting town. There is about it much of the beautiful and picturesque. The plateau on which it is situated is itself quite an elevation, while around are eminences crowded with tasteful private residences. The people are intelligent, social, and public-spirited, hospitable and generous on a noble scale. I was delighted with them, and felt while there, and still feel, an attraction toward them, almost strong enough to move me from the 'old red hills of Georgia.' Indeed they proposed, if I would come, to make my fortune—a thing I never could do for myself. I record the proposition as a specimen of their kindness, and as one of those outgushings of affection and good-will which takes from the labor of the itinerant its burden, and makes exile from home a sacrifice to be borne without complaint. I have never asked any favors, have declined some, never had many offered; but in the providence of God our Saviour's promise to those who 'leave all to follow him' has been virtually fulfilled to me; and my observation is, that those who go forward, trusting his gracious word, are never confounded, neither left nor forsaken.

"During my stay in this place, I had the pleasure of meeting many Georgia acquaintances; among the rest, my old friend, William Pinckney Hill.* Associated most kindly in boyhood and early youth, we had not seen each other for

* This William Pinckney Hill was a brother of the noted Senator Hill, and was the brilliant associate of Bishop Pierce in his early ministry. He left the ministry and the Church, and remained out of it until Bishop Pierce found him in Texas, when he again united with it. He was then a prominent lawyer in Eastern Texas.

twenty-three years. An emigrant to Texas, while yet it was an infant republic, he has lived amid its revolutions and changes; and by talent, professional industry, honor, integrity, and high-toned moral deportment, he has won a proud position among his fellow-citizens, and made himself a name that any man might covet. The renewal of our intercourse, under all its circumstances and results, constitutes an epoch in our history, and will live in the memory of each while life endures. Perhaps in heaven we may discuss it as one of the providences by which our Heavenly Father works out his gracious purposes. May God bless him, his wife, his sons, and his daughters.

"On Tuesday the 29th of November the Conference closed in the usual way, and the preachers all prepared to depart for new fields of toil, and I hope of triumph too. Having sold my travelling apparatus, I was thrown on my friends for the mode of conveyance to the several appointments which had been made for me on the route to Galveston. My good *old-new* friend, Hill, harnessed a noble team to his rockaway, and took me to the first and second appointments, and sent me to the third.

"Leaving Marshall on Wednesday, we travelled through a very hilly, piney-woods country to the Sabine River, and on its banks I saw some *Texas* lands. There is a tradition out there that if a man drinks Sabine water, something will stick to him to which he has no legal right. The ferryman told this story to a stranger once, as they were crossing the stream. He knelt down, took a hearty draught, and when they got over he mounted his horse and rode off. The ferryman hailed him and said, 'Have you not forgotten something, sir?' The man looked carefully about his person and his saddle, and said, 'No, I believe not.' 'You have not paid your toll.' 'No; nor do I intend to. I drank of the Sabine River;' and away he went, making the legend true for once.

"About sunset we halted at a brother's house near Bethesda, where I was to preach that night. The church was small, but the congregation large. The lights were few and

dim. The people looked to me like dusky shadows, and I never feel well in preaching where I cannot see. I need light—terrestrial and celestial. On the morrow we went to Henderson. The court was in session, but adjourned for preaching at eleven o'clock. Here there was light from the sky, and from Him that rules above. I felt the Divine presence, and trust that good was done.

"On Saturday morning (the next day) we set out—quite a troop—Gillespie, Angell, Hobbes, Shanks, and Lovick and I. We left the highway, and if I were to say, took the woods, it would be no great exaggeration. We reached the place a little behind time, but the people were waiting, and I preached once more, and made an appointment for Brother Gillespie at night. Next day, Sunday, I preached again, and for variety's sake must say a little about the singing. After prayer I gave out a short-metre hymn. A brother who had been leading the music raised a common-metre tune. Thinking to relieve him, I announced the metre again. He tried the second time, and failed. Seeing that he was embarrassed, I remarked, 'We will omit singing,' and commenced giving out my text. When I had stated book, chapter, and verse, another brother, apparently resolved upon a song, tried his voice upon a tune. He missed badly. Supposing that he had not heard me, I said a little louder, 'We will omit singing,' and again was telling where my text might be found, when, to everybody's amusement, and nearly to the overthrow of my gravity, a *third* man lifted his voice, and the sound 'sprangled,' among notes generally, without specifying any. The privilege of laughing would have been a relief, but that would have been a rare preface to a sermon, and so, holding my muscles to the right place by a stern will, I proceeded with the text and the discourse. It was a good time.

"The ride on Monday took us through a wilderness. Habitations were few and far enough apart to allow what these Western people all want—a range of cattle. Much of the land over which we travelled would, in the old States, be

considered valuable. Here it is considered very moderate. It is well timbered—mostly pine, and partly oak—and I fancy fine for cotton. Water is scarce, and when found is not much of a luxury. We crossed the Neches, a stream very narrow but very deep. If the flat-boat had been three feet longer, it would have been a bridge—new style, but very safe. Late in the evening we reached a small but rich prairie, and found in it several settlements. This was the last chance for entertainment for many a long mile, and so we put up.

"Our host was a Methodist, and seemed to be a man of substance; but every thing about his premises was at loose ends. He carries out the free-and-easy style of a new country fully. His wants are few, and the mode of supply is not very material. His house was as near no house as it could be for a house at all. It was about half covered; the doors had no shutters, and the ventilation from all quarters was perfect. There were twelve children in the establishment. After supper a while it was amusing to look round upon the little fellows, as they lay in every direction before the fire—on chests, on the floor, fast asleep. As the room in which we sat was to be the bedchamber of the four guests, at bedtime there was a wonderful picking up of the scattered tribe, and neither father nor mother seemed to know when they had found all, till they had been counted.

"When the family had all retired to an outhouse, it became our turn to fix. The main thing—for the night was cold—was to close the door. Brother Gillespie's ample Texas blanket served our purpose very well, and with sundry comments on the various styles of living, mixed with some grumblings about the discomforts around us, we slept—at least I did—till the break of day. It the morning, I felt it to be my duty to hint to my brother some improvements on his mode of living. It very soon appeared, however, that, in his own conceit, he understood the subject far better than I. At any rate, he had his notions, and they were fixed. He said that children ought not to be washed or have their clothes changed

more than once a week: that the children who were combed, and washed, and dressed every day, were always pale and sickly, of no account. Leave them to paddle in the mud-holes with the geese and the pigs; dirt was wholesome, and so on. I thought it was time for me to back out; and so I told him I would give him credit for being very consistent; he carried out his theory exactly, and I could not deny that his children looked very healthy. But I will say, that I still prefer a cleaner theory, and practice too.

"We reached Sumter, a little straggling, piney-woods town, before night, and stopped to preach. We had to use the Campbellite Church, the only one in the place. I occupied the pulpit, as usual. The congregation was good and attentive, and I hope some good seed was sown. Service over, we dispersed; all for a while going the same direction. The night was very dark, and conversation free. One fellow, who seemed to have his preconceived notions wonderfully upset, spoke out as though he were soliloquizing: 'Well, that is a bishop; I have often heerd of 'em, but never seed one before. Why, he is nothing but a man, after all! He talks like other people; in fact, he preaches like Mr. Z——.' Brother Angell, who enjoys a joke, and likes to make the most of it, told me that Mr. Z—— was considered a tolerable exhorter, but about the poorest preacher in Texas. There, now; the charm of episcopacy in one man's heart is dissolved forever! It is doubtful whether he expected to see a rhinoceros or an angel; certainly something *infra* or *super* human. At any rate, my prestige as something *extra* is gone with that Sumter man; perhaps with more than one, though the old Campbellite preacher expressed his thanks for the sermon. To the orthodox, that might be considered a very equivocal compliment. Well, I cannot help it. I am telling things just as they occurred.

"Brother Hobbes, who had very kindly brought us to Rusk, here surrendered his charge, and turned us over to Brother Kavanaugh, who volunteered to take us the rest of the journey. I shall not soon forget the kindness of these

beloved brethren. They gave more than a cup of cold water. The Lord reward them a hundred-fold!

"Brother Gillespie left us at this point, and took the direct road to Galveston. I had four other appointments yet to meet, and we 'parted asunder,' without a quarrel, however, and in good humor. Brother Sanson had come over to take us by his house for dinner, on our way to Moscow. He took us through the woods 'for short,' fed us high, and went with us to preaching at night at the little town with the big name. Here I found several Baptist ministers conducting a revival. They gave way to me courteously. I preached to the people and joined them in the altar work. It was a time of tears. May the harvest be ready for the sickle!

"Galveston, the 'city of cottages,' is a charming place. Open to the winds on every side, with wide streets and sandy soil, and a soft and balmy climate, it is eligibly located for a great and flourishing mart. Orange and lemon trees are found in almost every garden. They grow luxuriantly, and were laden with fruit when I was there in December last. The oleander is the common ornamental shrub in the town. It flourishes even along the sidewalks. The plantain, too, with its clustering fruit, is successfully cultivated. What the temperature may be in summer, I know not; but a visitor in winter would conclude that the good people had the productions of the tropics, without the accompanying fervor of a tropical climate. It is well-nigh impossible to conceive of a finer beach than the one around Galveston. An evening ride on these surf-beaten sands is a delightful recreation. The beautiful and the sublime, nature and art, the works of God and the inventions of men, combine in panoramic order. The island, with its human habitations; the Gulf, with its ever-heaving waters; the steamship, bannered with smoke, proudly defying wind and wave; the sea-birds, with tireless wing fanning the air, or descending to ride upon the billows; the merry voices of the gay and the glad, as they gather shells upon the shore, mingling with the everlasting roar of

the tide in its ebb and its flow, constitute a scene where one may well pause to think and feel, to admire and adore.

"Galveston cannot be a sickly place, unless it be by the criminal carelessness of the city authorities, or the bad habits of the people. Yellow fever certainly cannot originate there, and if it prevail at all, it must be by importation. When Texas shall count her citizens by the million, and communication with the interior by railroads shall be opened, this city on the Gulf of Mexico will become an emporium of wealth and commerce.

"On the 30th of December, we left on board the Mexico, bound for New Orleans. As soon as the boat began to rock, Lovick, though greatly excited by the novelty of everything around him, and watching with eager eye the various water-fowls that followed the vessel, shared the fate of most voyagers upon the deep. Resisting with all his might, sea-sickness subdued him in two or three hours, and no wonder of the sea could rouse him to interest again. He kept his berth to the mouth of the Mississippi, save when he rose to pay his tribute to Neptune. To us who kept well, the voyage was pleasant; but some of the passengers suffered terribly. An old lady who had been put under my charge was sick, apparently 'nigh unto death.' But by a kind Providence we all came safe to land, 'without loss of the ship or of any man's life.'

"We reached New Orleans on Saturday before noon, passing up the river for at least three miles between steamboats, sloops, brigs, and ships. To an untravelled landlubber, there seemed to be vessels enough to do the carrying of all the world and 'the rest of mankind.'

"We tarried in New Orleans but a few hours, and, expecting in the order of duty to visit it ere long, I devoted my brief time to one or two friends whom I met at the hotel.

"In the forenoon we took the Lake Ponchartrain Railroad, four miles long, to the Lake itself, where we went on board the steamer Florida, for Mobile. How different this placid sheet of water from the muddy Mississippi, or the

restless Gulf. The boat was clean, well kept, the company quiet and agreeable ; and so after supper we lay down for a good night's rest, expecting to be in Mobile by breakfast time.

" But the best-concerted schemes are vain, and all human hopes fallacious. On this very night began the long, wet, cold, freezing, snowy winter, the longest and the severest ever known in the South. A fog came down so dense that nothing but itself was visible. It was amusing to hear the steam-whistles as they shrieked through the darkness ; each vessel warning the other of its presence, and seeming to say, ' Don't run into me,' or ' Take care of yourself ; I'm a coming.' It was like a congregation of owls hooting to one another in a swamp at midnight.

" We were delayed several hours, and did not reach Mobile till eleven o'clock—too late for preaching. Withal, the rain was pouring down, and shut us up for the day. So passed my first Sabbath in Mobile. Denied the privilege of preaching, I consumed the afternoon in reading and meditation, and retired early, that I might be refreshed for the renewal of my journey homeward on the morrow. In the morning it was raining still, and having to wait till late in the afternoon for a boat to Montgomery, we were once more thrown upon our own resources for employment.

" In the afternoon, nearly night, the William Jones raised *her* steam or *his* steam (as the reader pleases—the name is masculine, and the thing named feminine gender), and we were off for Montgomery.

" The river was booming—the current strong. It was Christmas eve ; we had many ' darkies ' aboard, going to see their friends, and to spend the holidays, and we were stopping at every plantation. High waters, heavy freights, and passengers, white or black, for every landing, made travelling very slow to one impatient to get home. For a fast age, I rather think it was slow motion anyhow. The weather grew intensely cold, and we were all shut up in the cabin, doomed to sit around a red-hot stove, and wear away the dull

days and nights as best we could. Having read all the books I had along, as is common with me in a crowd, I was 'swift to hear, and slow to speak.' On this occasion, as often before, I was struck with the utter emptiness of the general talk of mankind. In the multitude of words, how few thoughts! How inane and vapid the ideas of men in their common conversation! I should think less of it, if they did not seem to enjoy it. But with what gusto a man will sometimes say *nothing!* With what zest and passion and imprecations men will jabber about the veriest trifles! Man, I suppose, is a rational creature, but he deserves this distinctive title rather from the possession than the exercise of reason. In the main, we are foolish—very—in taste, talk, and action.

"Several of the passengers, wearied with themselves and with one another, sought relief in cards. Having escaped this sight on the Cumberland, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Gulf, and the Lake, I was very sorry to see it on the Alabama. But these young men played and drank well-nigh half the trip. Every game was finished by a resort to the bar, where the losing party *treated* the rest to a dram and a cigar. All well *drenched* and well *fired*, they would return to the table, play another game, and then for the bottle once more. They seemed 'mighty to mingle strong drink,' for none of them grew drunk. I am afraid they were used to it. In dress and manners they seemed to be well-bred, but I cannot help thinking that there is a most ominous obliquity of principle in any young man whose wickedness emboldens him to swear and drink and gamble, or to do either, unembarrassed, in the presence of strangers, gray heads, and reverend ministers.

"We reached Montgomery between midnight and day. The whole town seemed wrapped in slumber too deep to be pierced by the engine's whistle. The captain of the boat despatched messenger after messenger to notify the omnibus-drivers that there were loads of passengers at the wharf. The boat was going on to Wetumpka, and we had to go

ashore and stand in the bleak night-wind, on the frozen bank, waiting to hear the rumbling wheels along the silent street. But we waited in vain. At last, finding a negro who promised to stand guard over our baggage, we went afoot to the city. The drowsy drivers were finally aroused to their duty. A warm fire and a cold breakfast prefaced our departure from the hotel to the railroad dépôt.

"I should cheerfully resign all my interest, as a traveller, in horses, buggies, and steamboats, to be assured on every route of a railroad. It is a grand invention. A pyramid is a regal toy compared with this modern contrivance for getting along. I trust that all which have been built will last for ever; that all in progress will go on to completion; that those which have been talked about will become realities, and that thousands more will be projected and finished. Success to them all! Highways of travel and commerce, they facilitate intercourse, enrich the country, save time, and enable a man to see as much—to go as far in a few months—as in the ordinary lifetime of our grandfathers. What a boon to a man who has been long from home! How swiftly they bear him on his way! The iron horse seems to sympathize with his impatience, and, breathing smoke and fire, bounds along his destined track as though he were glad to confer a favor. I acknowledge my indebtedness for his help on many a weary journey.

"We left Montgomery about daybreak for Opelika. The rains had been heavy, the weather was intensely cold, the road rather out of order, yet our speed was respectable.

"When day was fully come, the conductor came around, examining tickets and collecting passage money. Two seats before me sat a man, well dressed and rather grave-looking. He offered money which was declined; he then refused to pay till he should reach West Point. His idea seemed to be, that change of place would improve the *currency* of his bills. The conductor insisted on immediate payment—the man stubbornly refused. He was informed that he must pay or he would be *put out*. He sneered at the threat, and said he

knew how to defend himself. We all expected a fight, perhaps a little blood-letting. The man acted so foolishly, and the conductor was so clearly but doing his duty, that no one interfered by word or deed. The train was stopped, and the scuffle began. The conductor was overmatched in strength. He could not tear the fellow loose from his seat. Grasping the arm of his seat, he held on, offering no other resistance. Aid was summoned from another car, and the alliance was too strong for the rebellious passenger. He was torn from his moorings, dragged to the door, and very unceremoniously hurled down an embankment. Quickly rising, he faced his foe and rushed for the platform. By the time he was fairly on the road, the train was in motion, and his only chance was to seize the rear platform of the hindmost car: this he did, and was struggling to get on the now rapidly moving train, when the conductor saw him. Rushing to him, by sundry stamps upon his fingers and kicks upon his person, he succeeded in detaching the man from his hold, and unfortunately for the poor fellow, he fell just as the cars were passing a bridge in the middle of a long embankment; he dropped out of sight, and we saw him no more. The man's anxiety to get rid of a doubtful bill made him a fool. He had money, gold and silver and paper, and yet insisted on getting off his spurious bills. I hope his reflections under the bridge will make him a wiser man.

"All along the route to-day we had rumors of land-slides, broken engines, and cars overturned; and very soon we had ocular evidence of the truth of these statements. We found a noble engine on the way broken down and capsized; and on reaching Opelika, the train from Columbus then due had not arrived. After waiting a long time, the passengers prevailed on the conductor to send us on. Nearly a mile from the Chattahoochee we were brought to a full stop by the caving in of the road. The train which ought to have met us at Opelika was there, the engine buried in mud and dirt—no chance to pass. Now we must walk three miles round, by Girard, to Columbus, or foot it over the unfinished bridge

by stepping from cross-tie to cross-tie, for a very considerable distance at either end. The middle was planked over. I determined to risk the latter. The river was swollen, rushing and foaming below, and the wind blowing a gale above. I confess I did not like the experiment. Most of the passengers declined it, preferring to wait till an omnibus could come round for them. My chief fear was for Lovick, but he thought he could venture it; and so, with one other, we took up the line of march. To direct my son's mind and my own from the real dangers of the passage (a misstep would have plunged us into the river), I commenced a cheerful conversation about home and the friends we were soon to see. We landed safely, but a little weak about the knees. I cannot recommend walking over long, high bridges on cross-ties. Better wait for the omnibus.

"As we stepped from the bridge on the ground, we 'shook hands in our hearts' with old Georgia. A very decided home-feeling came over us. A brief walk brought us to the house of my brother-in-law, Mr. Gambrill, and there I found my venerable father, two sisters, and other friends. How pleasant these interviews after long separation! Without the occasional salutations of kinsfolk, how lonely life would be! Thank God for home sympathy and friends!

"As a filial duty, and to gratify my own long-cherished affections, we tarried till the next day noon. We left Columbus on Friday afternoon, cheered with the hope of reaching home on Saturday night. The long, hard rains had disarranged all the roads, and made travelling comparatively slow: the ordinary speed was dangerous. Nevertheless, we reached Macon in due season, and were then within sixty miles of home. Here we learned that the Oconee River was impassable, and that we could not go through on the direct route. Disappointed, but not desponding, we took the train for Atlanta, resolving to go one hundred and thirty miles rather than not reach the end of the sixty. Reaching Atlanta, we took the Georgia road for Double Wells, expecting there to find the stage. On our arrival, to our dismay, we learned

that the schedule had been changed, and that the stage would not leave till morning. There was but one more chance to carry out our plan of reaching home that night. So, mounting the cars once more, we set out for Warrenton, where we proposed to hire a conveyance. In due course of events we reached Warrenton. Seventeen miles more to travel—the rain falling—roads bad—sun down—but we must go. Now for the livery-stable. Alas! our troubles are not over yet. The horses were all hired out, and the only locomotives we could procure were a pair of pony-mules, not much bigger than a good Newfoundland dog, and not much faster than a yoke of steers. By the time we geared up ready for travel, the evening shades were on us, thickened by a cloudy sky and a misty rain. But we know the road, and can drive in the dark. The driver takes his seat, and off we move. One and another cried out as we passed along the street, 'You cannot get home to-night: the creeks are swimming, and the bridge at the river is covered with water.' I had crossed these streams many a time when they were very full, and concluded to try them again. On we went, by dint of jerks and shouts, and sprouts cut by the wayside, at the rate of two miles and a half per hour. The first, second, and third creeks were passed in safety, though with difficulty. The fourth and the worst was to come. Before we reached it we heard it was swimming from side to side, and that a man essaying to cross had narrowly escaped drowning. Still, on we went. By and by we came within sound of the rushing waters, and although it was too dark to see much, I was very well satisfied our little team could never navigate that roaring flood. On land a mule has a way of his own; but in water he will not obey his driver, and has not sense enough to choose for himself. He is a poor panic-stricken beast, and gives himself up to his fate. With good horses I should have tried to cross, but with Balaam and Balak I declined, and yielded to the doom I had labored to avoid. To lodge within ten or twelve miles of home was quite a trial; but there was no alternative. We spent a very comfortable night with Dr.

Lynch, in spite of our disappointment. It seemed a little strange that all the troubles of so long a trip should have been gathered about its close; but when I remembered how we had been favored with health and weather, had travelled by land and water four thousand miles and more, without accident or injury, I felt that we had neither right nor reason to complain. Nevertheless, if I had been called on, I think I could have made a stirring speech in favor of a railroad from Warrenton by Sparta to Macon. With the belief that this road would be built, I chose my home, but begin to think I shall be forced to change 'Sunshine' for 'Shadydale,' or some other more accessible place.

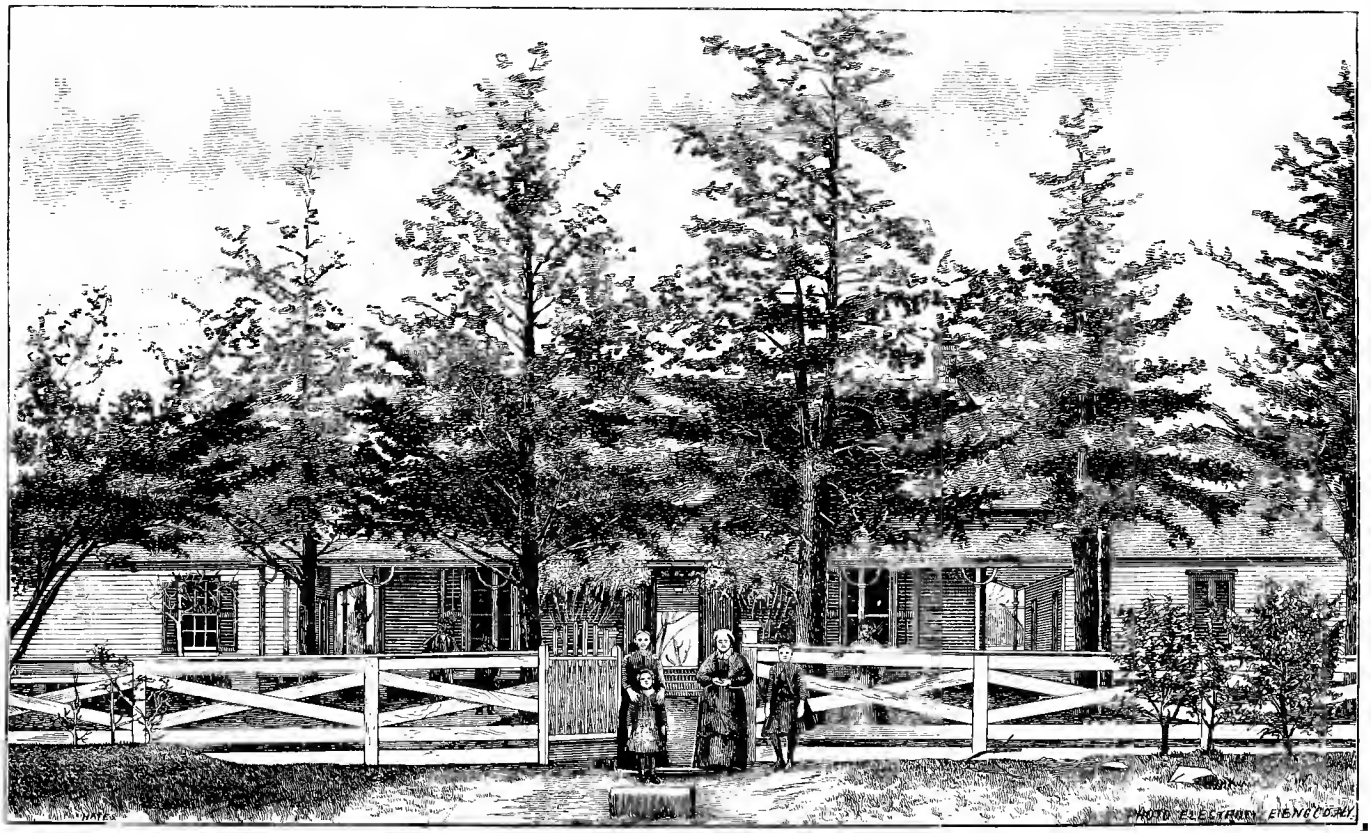
"Early next morning we set out to reach home, and relieve the anxiety of those who watched for our coming the last night. The light revealed the fact that we acted wisely in not braving the flood. We should have been swamped in the swollen waters. Our team, refreshed by a night's repose, and urged by the appliances for such cases made and provided, trotted along right merrily, and ere long our glad eyes looked upon loved faces and scenes familiar. We were at home. Virgin lands, unfelled forests, rolling prairies, all have their charms; but the old fields, the well-known roads, and even the red hills, endeared by long association and consecrated by toil and self-denial, are to me dearer still. As a man, I should never move to a new country for the sake of gain; as a preacher, I may, from a sense of duty and for the sake of usefulness."

CHAPTER XI.

EPISCOPAL JOURNEYINGS, 1856, AGED 45.

Dedication of a Church in Newark, N. J.—Memorial Sermon of Bishop Capers—Dedication in Washington, D. C.—Journey to the West—Letter from St. Louis—Up the River—Border Ruffians—Governor Geary—Dangers—Goes into the Lion's Mouth—Bleeding Kansas—Returns to Missouri—Conference at Louisiana, Mo.—Letter from S. W. Cope—To Arkansas—The Trick—Homeward Bound—Many Adventures—Home Again—Church Dedication—Visit to Memphis—Offered a Home—Declines.

HE only rested a little while in Sunshine before he was called to make a very different journey. A new church had been built in Newark, N. J. At that time it was one of the handsomest in the Northern Connection, and it was desired to get the two bishops—Simpson and Pierce—to unite in the dedication of it. Bishop Pierce was never unwilling to do anything the Church called for anywhere; but he did not enjoy those great occasions where he was to be an attraction, and when the request was made he refused to accede to it; but when the Rev. Mr. Cox, the pastor, came all the way from Newark to press personally his petition, he could refuse no longer. He had no dislike to Northern people, or the Northern branch of the M. E. Church. He did not approve of the border warfare then going on, and regretted the conflict between these sections. He was very ardent in his attachment for a distinct Southern Church, but his heart had a tender place for all the Northern people, and he could refuse no longer. He went at the request of the builders of the church, and preached for them three times on the 24th of February, 1856. The last visit he made to the North was made in 1879, when he went to attend the silver wedding of this church.



SUNSHINE.

In May, at the bishops' meeting in Nashville, he preached his famous sermon on the death of Bishop Capers, which was his first published sermon; it is found in the volume of "Sermons and Addresses." The opening paragraph of the sermon presents his view of the true Christian Life:

"The spirit of Christianity is essentially a public spirit. It ignores all selfishness; it is benevolence embodied and alive, and full of plans for the benefit of the world, and actively at work to make them effective. The world is its parish. . . . Living unto the Lord may be considered as implying that we distinctly recognize the will of God as the rule of life. . . . It is important to remember that the service we are to perform is not left to our choice; we have no right of legislation in the premises. 'Lord, what wilt *thou* have me to do,' ought to be the inquiry of every human spirit. . . . I know that many profess and seem to be religious on lower principles, public opinion, consistency, ease of conscience; to shun hell, to gain heaven; all operate, and they supersede and dethrone the higher law of the text; not that these motives are illegitimate, but partial and inferior."

In June of this year he was invited to dedicate the new church, which had been secured by the efforts of W. T. Smithson, for the heroic band of Southern Methodists who were in Washington, D. C. His old friend, Robert Toombs, was then senator from Georgia, and his wife was a faithful member of the Southern Church in Washington. The bishop received great attention on this visit. The President, Franklin Pierce, and his family were at the dedication, and the chief men of Washington crowded the little church to hear the sermon. He was at his best, and the sermon was one of great power. It was on a favorite text of his, John i. 14. Of course there was a collection to be taken, and Mr. Toombs gave him $600. At night he preached on his favorite theme, *Prayer*, from 1 Tim. i. 8.

He reached home so as to preach on June 23d, and then, with the exception of a two days' visit to the Greene Camp-

ground, in August, he remained at home till September, when he turned his face once more toward the Far West. I am enabled again to use his own pen to tell the story. He says as a quasi apology for writing:

"The people ought to know what the episcopacy is about, what the several Conferences are doing; the location, condition, and results of our missions; and, indeed, everything that characterizes our policy and its issues. I do not believe in church secrets. Let the people know what is wanted, and why; what is doing, and how. One in doctrine, discipline, economy, let us learn to know and to love each other, so that if one member suffers, all the rest may suffer with it. If Methodism prospers in Missouri, let Virginia thrill with the tidings; if the prairies of Kansas blaze with religious fervor, let the mountains of Tennessee clap their hands; if the missions of South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama multiply in numbers and in membership, let Kentucky shout her thanksgiving; if Arkansas comes up from the wilderness, fair as the sun, let the old North State rejoice and be exceeding glad; if Texas goes on from grace to grace, waxes stronger and stronger, let Mississippi and Florida glory in her rising star, and let each Conference provoke every other to love and to good works.

"In visiting Conferences where I was an entire stranger, I have often felt exhilarated by the *home-feeling* that comes over me as soon as business begins. Far, very far from my native Conference, yet I hear the old familiar phrases progress in the same order, feel the same spirit pervading all, mingle in the house of God in the same simple service, and realize that Methodism is everywhere a living, spiritual organism, flexible enough to adapt itself to every form of society, and yet, without the compromise of her doctrines or her economy, aggressive enough to multiply her conquests and to extend her borders, without weakening herself in her old domain; and, in all places, a genial, expansive, warm-hearted system, moulding thought and character on the best pattern of Christian experience and gospel achievement. However some may

malign and persecute her, and whatever her real faults (and I do not claim perfection for her), the mission of Methodism is grand—sublime. Her world-wide plans, generous sympathies, catholic doctrines; her disdain of difficulties and love of enterprise; her heroic pioneers, and self-sacrificing ministry, and ever-growing membership, all attest her providential origin, progress, and destiny. I like Athens, and Antioch, and Corinth, and Rome; but Jerusalem—*our Jerusalem*—most of all. Peace be within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces!

"These letters are written with the hope that they may increase the connectional feeling, interest those in the bounds of their circulation in behalf of the more distant Conferences, and, by narrative, incident, reflection, and appeal, illustrate the working of Methodism, show the labors and trials of its agents, and help, by the blessing of God, to rouse ministers and members to more self-denial, liberality, and devotion.

"Now, I have nothing very strange to tell, certainly do not mean to magnify myself, and yet I confess to pleasure in the recollection that I have, as a man and a preacher, proved my faith by my works, sustained my principles by my practice, and have done what I believe and teach others ought to do. To leave a home a man loves—his wife in tears, his children loath to let him go—four months of long travel and work before him—is no small tax upon one's natural feelings. Before the time to start shall have arrived, the thought of it will come to cast its shadow upon the brightness of the passing hour.

"On August 28, 1856, I left home for Kansas. The old hack which runs daily back and forth from Sparta to Cumming was fortunately out of order, and a very clever little carriage, rather the worse for wear, had been substituted. 'Parson Brown' and his compeer, worn down with service and full of honors, had retired from the 'line,' and Mr. R., the driver, gloried in another team. Of their speed and bottom I say nothing, except that I arrived in time to take the night train up the Georgia Railroad. It was my plan to stop

and preach the next day (the Sabbath) in Madison. In the morning, however, an equinoctial storm was in full blast The rains descended, the winds raged all the day, and amid the war of elements the church-going bell was still. The night was tempestuous, and so I remained till the following day. My nephew and namesake—whose ambition to travel had been roused by Lovick's stories of the former trip—by his father's consent, concluded to go with me.

"The route to Nashville is too familiar for description. Without any accident or incident we reached that point in due course of mail. The Cumberland, despite my former eulogy, I found very low—too low for navigation. Dr. Green, who sticks to what he says, insisted that I might go down on some little craft, the name of which I have forgotten but everybody else said, 'Take the stage to Louisville. The truth, then, must be told—the Cumberland does become 'Goose Creek' in *very* dry weather. At such a time, however, the Ohio nearly ceases to run, and the Father of Waters uncovers many a sandbank. With undiminished respect for its general capacity, and only slightly abated confidence in its volume and depth, I hope it will rise high enough and keep up long enough to carry off many steamboat loads of Methodist literature for Western distribution.

"Ten passengers and two hundred miles of staging—starting at two o'clock in the morning! But the road is macadamized, and there is no other way to reach Kansas Conference in time. Come George, wake up! we must go.

"On the second day, about dark, and in a heavy shower, we drove up to the Galt House, in Louisville.

"Rising early on the morning of the 3d of September, we took the omnibus, and, crossing the Ohio in a ferry-boat, soon reached the dépôt of the Jeffersonville and Indianapolis Railroad. The cars were full, and the rush of the iron horse was but a type of the spirit which seemed to move the people. Business, pleasure, politics—each had representatives in the mixed multitude. We soon reached Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana, and the centre of her railroads.

"Eight roads diverge from this point; and the traveller has use for both eyes, and must needs show his kinship with the great Yankee nation, by asking sundry questions, or he may find himself on the wrong train; on this day the confusion was great, and is no less, perhaps, any other day. The engine whistles, the caterers for the city hotels, the porters, the hackdrivers, the agents of rival routes, all take part in the noise and bewilderment. It is Babel without its terror, or Bedlam without its maniacs. One came by ere long and informed me that those seats were reserved for ladies, and that I must move. To him I *looked* 'No;' and as he waited for an answer, I informed him that I would move when I saw a lady without a seat, and not till then, unless he would provide me with another. He promised to do so, but I saw him no more.

"Our trip to-day was enlivened by an election. It excited as much interest as though the issue really involved the destiny of the nation. Men, women, children, were all eager to learn the result, and received the report with sad or beaming faces, according to their partialities. These elections were common on all the public routes, by land and water; and it is a little strange that, however they might indicate individual preference, they were exponents of public sentiment in hardly a single instance. Many of these reports found their way into the papers, and became the basis of the most delusive calculations, and were appealed to as data by which to regulate bets and to stimulate party zeal. Why these *straws* did *not* show which way the wind blew, I shall leave these political philosophers to settle, as best they can.

"It is unfair to make up an opinion of a State, its soil, or its people, by what one sees along the line of any of its great thoroughfares. The curious gazers or the active workers about dépôts are not specimens, even of the masses. They are not examples of either the manners or the morals of the community to which they belong. Much, however, meets the eye to indicate the general character of the country and its inhabitants. From the visible signs I should consider

Indiana in progress of rapid development. Her people seem busy and enterprising; villages and factories of various kinds abound. Within ten miles I counted seven embryo towns—places with a name; and each struggling for recognition in the next edition of American Geography The style of building shows that the people are 'progressive.' Modern fashions prevail. Here and there some *old fogy* defies the order of the day, and builds as his grandfather used to build.

"I am sorry to say that I saw on the line a large *whiskey distillery*, where the precious grain of the earth, which God intended to be *food* for man and beast, is converted into liquid poison, and then *casked* and *barrelled* for a sort of itinerant destruction of men. *These drink and perish.* The swine, I learned—indeed, I saw—fare better. They are fattened by thousands on the *swill* of the establishment. The sight of the pens is enough to disgust one with hogs and whiskey too. It is said that the odors, in a hot day, *load* the surrounding atmosphere, and *taint* the air for *miles.* Those who live and work on the premises must be—what shall I call them?—martyrs, suicides, or pirates? Or are they a nondescript compound of all the three? I *saw* more, *smelt* more than was pleasant, in passing at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

"At two A.M. we arrive. The omnibus is ready—all aboard—over the ferry—in St. Louis. We stop at the Planter's House, and find every room full. Weary, sleepy, what shall we do till morning light appears? 'Is the sitting room occupied?' 'No.' Away we go. Ah! here is a settee.

"With cloak and overcoat for pillow and covering, I laid me down to sleep. George tied a couple of chairs together with his handkerchief, and found a position, after many experiments, to suit him—a kind of half-recumbent, half-hanging position—and we heard no more of him till sunrise. Breakfast over, we sallied out to see the city, and called upon some friends. The preachers were gone, some to camp-meeting, some to distant appointments; and so, after visiting the

Advocate office, and looking over the papers, we prepared to leave for Kansas. We reached the city about dark, and immediately went aboard one of the packets which run daily, in connection with the railroad, to all points up the Mississippi River as high as St. Joseph. From this point matters of more interest will pass before us."

While waiting in St. Louis he wrote to Claude:

"ST. LOUIS, October 5, 1856.

"MY DEAR CLAUDE: Yesterday I wrote to your mother. To-day I drop you a line. Dr. Taylor is to be here, and I learn will go back to South Carolina. If I had known this you might have come with me and gone back from this place. I am very sorry for your disappointment on your account and on mine. A fragment of home is very pleasant to me on these long routes. 'The milk is spilt' now, and it is useless to mourn.

"I wish, my daughter, that you would devote yourself to serious reading. It is necessary not only to develop your mind and make your knowledge respectable in society, but it is a high moral duty. It is a grave question whether a Christian ought to read anything that does not increase knowledge and prepare for life. The very most that can be allowed on the other side is a *little* light reading for recreation. You, I fear, are wasting time with magazines and tales and empty stories in general. This is a great evil, in fact a *sin*. Quit it. Read history, biography, poetry, the English classics; study the Bible in its doctrines, principles, and history. You will thus improve your mind, heart, character. I want you to be wise, good, happy. The time has come for you to prepare earnestly for life and its responsibilities. A word to the wise is sufficient.

"Tell John to have the cotton ginned and packed as soon as possible. I will write to him about selling it.

"Let us pray for each other.

"Your affectionate father,

"G. F P."

His letters to the *Advocate* say :

" When we took the steam packet at Jefferson City on Saturday night, it was my purpose to stop and preach at Boonville. As the river was so low I concluded to preach on the boat. I can sometimes start a tune and, if others will join me, I can carry it; but without aid I am apt to indulge in a little variety. Knowing no helper, I declined any experiment. Reading the Scriptures, prayer, and preaching made up the service. I addressed the irreligious, and pressed the importance of immediate decision and personal conversion. The emotion of my own spirit and seriousness of my audience, with the tears of some, inspired the hope that eternity will reveal fruit, as the result of that day's sowing.

" We had aboard Governor Geary and his Secretary, and a committee appointed by a public meeting in St. Louis to visit Kansas and report the real state of affairs, with some other officials of the General Government and of the Territory. Of course, Kansas and its troubles were the topics of hourly conversation. Before leaving home, and on the route, I had read all the stories of wrong and outrage, blood and death, which had been published to inflame the country and make capital for the political speculators. In such a struggle I knew that partisan reports were not to be relied on, and that rumors grew as they travelled; and with a mind open to receive the truth, I listened to those who claimed to know all about the soil, the people, the parties, the battles, the plans for the future. If I had been perplexed by what I read, I was confounded by what I heard. The thread of history became more knotty and tangled. The nearer I came to the scene of action, the more doubtful, contradictory, and uncertain was all I heard. The honest did not know what was true, and the designing manufactured to order. There was no limit to tales but the power of invention; and the public mind, excited and exasperated, was credulous to weakness. The most fabulous account found ready listeners and believers. If I had been like-minded, the Kansas Mission Conference would not have met, or at least would have been without a bishop.

"One man, who seemed to know everybody out there, and to be posted in the history of the past and the prophecy of the future, besought me most earnestly not to put my foot ashore; said the idea of holding a Conference anywhere in the Territory was an absurdity—downright madness—an utter impossibility; that my life would be in danger every step I took; and this he said with emphasis, for he verily believed it. When I told him my route and plan of travel, he pronounced it the very worst I could take; he knew every foot of it; there was more timber, deeper, darker *thickets* than anywhere else, and in his imagination there was a rifle and a marauder behind every bush. I said to him, 'My friend, you are scared, excited.'

"'No, sir, I speak the truth; and if you go on, you will find it as I tell you. You are not safe, except with a large company, well armed.'

"'Very well, I shall try it without company save my little nephew, and without gun, or pistol, or knife.'

"With a look which seemed to say, 'You are a fool,' he said he had given me 'fair warning in kindness and truth. You can go, but you will hold no Conference, and most likely will never see home again.' When the time came for us to part, he bade me farewell very kindly and renewed his admonition.

"Governor Geary is a tall, good-looking man, without any very striking feature, of easy manners, pleasant in conversation, and he seemed to have very just views of his duties and responsibilities. He impressed me very favorably. At several towns on the river, as we ascended, he was called out to make a speech, and essayed the task, but did not succeed very well. His talent does not run that way. He is a man of plain, strong common sense; talks fluently and intelligently; has travelled, held office, is decided, has a strong will, thinks for himself, and will command respect and maintain authority anywhere. His appointment was opportune; and if he had been the first governor instead of the last, less blood would have been shed, and the 'freedom-shriekers' would have had more patriotic employment.

"When we reached Glasgow, we found a boat at the landing and a crowd upon the bluff. Governor Shannon was in the boat, returning from Kansas. Governor Geary sent for him. They had an interview, and Governor Shannon's report was indeed alarming, if it had not been apparent that he himself was panic-stricken. He had tried to conciliate when he ought to have punished—to harmonize belligerent factions when he ought to have stood firmly upon the law—until the elements of strife waxed into war, and he, powerless and without authority or influence, was driven from his post. He informed Governor Geary that every road in his Territory was strewed with the dying and the dead; and his opinion seemed to be that there could be no arbiter but the sword, and no peace but by the annihilation of one of the parties. A man of peace, he was not fitted for the emergency. All—friends and foes—agree that he desired to do his duty, but lacked nerve for the crisis.

"Here a company of Missourians came on our boat, *en route* for Kansas and the war. They were armed for slaughter—guns in their hands, pistols by their sides, bowie-knives in their bosoms. With courage equal to their resources, they would have made a desperate fight. Having read many hard things of the 'Border Ruffians,' I determined to mingle with them, get their ideas, learn their spirit, and find out what manner of men they were. Let me premise this company of near a hundred men were a fair specimen of those who have gone from Missouri to take part in the territorial strife. They were generally plain, humble, honest farmers, or young men from the country, called out, as they thought, by a great public necessity. They were not adventurers, seeking land or notoriety. Much less were they propagandists, seeking to force an obnoxious institution upon an unwilling people. They proclaimed themselves the friends of law and order, offered their services to Governor Geary in upholding legitimate authority, and declared they would not fire a gun, nor strike a blow, save under the order of those whose business it was to command. On a crowded boat, with

everything in the hourly tidings from Kansas to excite them, they behaved themselves with propriety. They were quiet, polite, orderly. There was no drunkenness, no obscenity, no ribald song, no profanity. Governor Geary, who *had* certainly thought that the name '*Border Ruffian*' was descriptive—at least meant something not very complimentary to character, manners, or spirit—expressed himself to me as surprised and gratified with what he saw and heard. He felt that his work would be easier, his difficulties less than he had expected. It could not be much of a task to govern such men. Further observation confirmed the good opinion I formed of them, and satisfied me that, whatever may have been the outrages of *individual* desperadoes, the *organized* bands of Missouri had been grossly slandered, both as to their intentions and their acts. Exasperated by numberless provocations, some imprudences were committed, I doubt not; but after acquainting myself on the spot with the opinions and temper and wishes of her people, if Missouri needed an advocate before the country, I would volunteer in her defence. The truth of history will be her vindication and her eulogy.

"As far as I can, without mixing myself with parties and politics, in the progress of these letters I shall give a faithful account of what I saw, heard, and thought in this disputed territory. Very likely, it will appear that if the South loses Kansas, she will be more to blame than those (with all their faults—I may add crimes) who have warred upon her institutions.

"Some time after midnight we reached Kansas City, a thrifty town near the mouth of Kansas River, but in the State of Missouri. Here the volunteers also landed, and immediately set about their preparations for marching in the morning. George and I retreated to the hotel, and, after long delay, succeeded in obtaining a bed.

"The site of Kansas City is about the last place where a common man would have thought of locating a city. Perpendicular hills, hills oval, hills ragged, long slopes, abrupt ascents, with ravines and gorges, deep or yawning wide in

wild confusion—all seemed to forbid house-building thereabout. But it is a good point for trade ; and so Mammon—or Anglo-Saxon energy, or American enterprise, just as you please—has dug and levelled and built. The houses fronting the river are reared against the bluff, with its summit far above the roofs ; and in the rear end, and even in the third story, you have the earthy odor peculiar to a newly-dug cellar. Yet, with all its *ups and downs*, trade flourishes, and the city grows.

" Retiring just before day, we slept till breakfast. Soon after, the hack, which runs daily to Westport, called at the door for passengers. We took our seats, and departed to run the gauntlet of which my steamboat friend had notified me. Not so much from courage as from downright unbelief, we rode along with perfect composure, making observations on men and things in general. The country is broken, but rich and heavily timbered ; the soil deep, dark, and capable of producing any agricultural product adapted to the climate. The cattle—of the finest stock and the best of their kind—keep fat on blue-grass and clover, and, compared with our Southern *runts*, make a Southern man feel like coming home and slaying his *pony* herds.

" The settlement of Kansas, the emigration and the immigration, soldiers and travellers, have made a harvest for the dwellers on the wayside. On this day everything seemed to be astir. Equestrians and pedestrians lined the road, and the counter-currents indicated that the points of attraction were very different. Some were fleeing from strife, others rushing into it. The signs of something afoot grew thicker as we approached Westport, and on our arrival we found the streets full and all in motion: market-carts, camp-wagons, soldiers, citizens, oxen, horses, white people, Indians—a motley group, a mixed crowd. The men were looking and talking in groups as if there were some grave business on hand. An entire stranger, I walked about and mused upon the scene before me. Presently a man in camp-costume, and armed (as an old acquaintance of mine used to say) ' in a

cap-à-pie *point of view*,' stepped up, and, to my surprise, called me by name, and said: 'What are *you* doing here? You are the last man I expected to see in *this* country.' I told him my business, and he too thought I had as well go home: it was no time for preaching or Conference. As soon as I could rectify my vision, despite the slouched hat, the unshaved face, the gray flannel shirt, and the odd accoutrements of an impromptu knight, I recognized a former student of Emory College. It was quite refreshing to talk with him, as he seemed well informed of men and events.

"George was grievously insulted by a company of *Young Americans* who inquired of him if we were not Yankees and abolitionists. Their suspicions were awakened by the *color* of his travelling-bag. I found afterward that a *black* travelling-bag was considered as a type and token of the region from which a man comes—in fact, the *badge of a New Englander*. The recruits sent out by the 'Emigrant Aid Society' were furnished with these articles, I guess, because they were cheap, and not because the *color* symbolized their sentiments and their mission. No matter how it came to pass, a *black* satchel furnishes a *violent* presumption against a man with *one* of the parties.

"After a while, I found Brother Johnson, the superintendent of the Shawnee Mission; and as soon as he could arrange for it, we set out for his hospitable mansion. At Westport we were still in Missouri, though near the Kansas line. This is a flourishing town—trades largely with the whites and Indians, and is one of the points of departure for the Sante Fé mail, and for trade in 'the Plains' in the *far, far West*.

"From this busy town it is two or three miles to where Brother Johnson lives. For a mile or two we journeyed along the road leading to the camp, where the army had been appointed to rendezvous. Presently we overtook a 'solitary horseman,' as James would say; that is, he was alone, though many more were in sight, behind and before. As we approached him, the young man who was driving

asked me if I ever saw a Sharpe's rifle. I told him I never did. 'That man,' said he, 'has one; if you would like to see it, I will ask him for it.' Signifying my desire to see that far-famed instrument, he called the horseman by name, and told him I wished to see his gun. He rode up and handed it to me, coolly remarking that a few days ago he had killed a man with it at *three hundred yards*. The driver confirmed the statement by adding, 'I saw him do it.' This deed was performed at the battle of Osawattamie. The rifle is short and very heavy, but cannot be shot with accuracy, except at a very long range. Indeed, I was told that they were more to be dreaded at a half-mile distance than a hundred yards. This is a pretty tough yarn, but is commonly reported.

"We soon reached the Mission House, dined, and spent the afternoon in conversation, reading the papers, and resting. The school for the Indian boys and girls was just reopened, after a brief vacation, and but few had as yet returned. After a night of sound repose Brother Johnson brought out his well-fed steeds, and we rode over the finest farm I think I ever saw. Such a combination of water, timber, prairie, and soil, is rarely met with. Such a herd of cattle! O, the milk, butter, and beef! This is the very country for a lazy man, if he is not *too* lazy to provide in summer for *winter*. A four months' diligence will secure the *material* wherewithal to purchase the privilege of shutting himself up to eat, sleep, and *toast* the rest of the year.

"After dinner, the carriage and the mules—which were mules, not in temper but in size—were brought out, and Brother Johnson and his wife, and George and I, took our seats for an evening jaunt upon the prairies. First, we visited the missionary, Brother Bolles. After a pleasant interview with himself and family, we returned, passing by the Mission church and the Shawnee Camp-ground. Here these once wild men meet to sing and pray, and hear the Gospel. How obstinate the unbelief of the world and the Church about the conversion of the Indians! Admit all the difficulties; what then? Must they be cast off, as though never included in

the covenant of redemption? Go preach the Gospel to every creature—except the Indians; is that the reading? No, no. Let the Church sow beside all waters, and trust the 'Husbandman' for the harvest.

"We passed the Quaker Mission, and found the premises abandoned, under a threat of Lane's men to attack and burn the houses. I understood the property would be for sale.

"It was our purpose, in the course of the ride, to visit the camp of the army, and when we learned its location, we steered for that point. By and by we came in sight of the encampment; and, verily, it was a sight to a green one, who had never seen 'war's grim array.' The tents were pitched on the slope of an open prairie, beside a little stream running at its base. As we rolled along on the ridge, the whole panorama was visible. A thousand horses or more, of all sizes, colors, and conditions, were 'staked out,' and left to graze. This staking out is a very simple and convenient arrangement. A rope, from thirty to fifty feet long, is tied around the horse's neck, and at the other end is a pin of iron or wood, which is driven into the ground, and the horse can crop the grass within a circle, of which the pin is the centre and the rope the radius—where the grass is good—ample scope for a night's feasting.

"The army was computed to muster twenty-seven hundred men; but they were not yet all come in. The chiefs were waiting to concentrate the 'host,' before the descent upon Lawrence. As we drew near, some were manœuvering an old cannon; some were cooking, some lounging in the grass, some inspecting their weapons. On reaching the line of encampment, a soldierly-looking man very gravely ordered us to halt, and give the *password*. We confessed our ignorance. He expressed his regret at having to stop us, but said he must obey orders. Just as we were despairing of entrance, my quondam friend of the gray flannel shirt came to our rescue. Being a man in authority, the sentinel bowed, dropped his gun, and we had the freedom of the camp. Here I was introduced to Generals Atchison, Clarke and

others, Colonel Titus, Sheriff Jones—still lame from his wounds—with other notabilities. They talked calmly of the wrongs of the Territory, of the outrages upon unoffending citizens, and of the necessity laid upon them to expel, by ball and bayonet, the perpetrators of these lawless deeds. While I was present, a woman of decent appearance came in and made affidavit that the night before, five men, all disguised, came to her habitation, roused her from sleep, ordered her out, and burnt the house, with all its contents. She named two or three, whom she said she recognized by their voices. At the sound of their names, I could hear low murmurs of vengeance from some of the men around. They were well known, it seemed, and were famed for violence and the plunder of the weak.

"We tarried but a short time, as I was anxious to extend my ride into the prairies. On retiring, we ascended a long hill, and on reaching its summit and looking back, the scene was very picturesque. Forget the facts and circumstances which convened those men, and the object they had in view, and there was much of the beautiful in the vision before me. The white tents, the parti-colored costumes, red and gray predominating; the tethered horses, the patient oxen, half buried in grass; life in various forms, all eager and in motion; the softened hum of the camp, as it came floating on the prairie wind—all made a life-picture, to copy which would make an artist's fortune. We turned our eyes away to look upon more quiet scenes, the rolling prairies, the yellow flowers, the waving grass and the silent sky.

"From what I heard and from all I saw, I must say that Kansas is a beautiful country. As to land, verdure, and climate, I saw it under very favorable circumstances. The cold in winter is terrible. In September, the thermometer was nearly up to ninety. The weather, though extremely cold sometimes, is variable, and often very warm in autumn. We closed a pleasant ride near sunset, and found that one of the preachers (Brother Rice), had arrived during our absence. He was on his way to Conference.

"On Wednesday, the 10th of September, before leaving for the seat of the Conference, I preached in the chapel at the Mission to the few Indian boys and girls who had returned to school, the teachers, and a few others. Returning through Westport, we reached Kansas City, and spent the night, waiting for a boat. Just before day the Emigrant came along; we went aboard, and in the afternoon reached Kickapoo. On our arrival, we found the place almost deserted. The women and children had wellnigh all fled. Most of the men had gone to join the army; a dozen or so 'abode by the stuff.' Some two or three *troopers* lingered about the 'grocery,' seemingly loath to leave its liquid attractions. The chance for Conference looked forlorn. We were invited and urged to go to Weston, in Missouri, but declined, determined to avoid the very appearance of fear. With two or three others, I was assigned to the hotel. The house was set upon a hill so high, and the ascent so steep, that, on reaching it, a man felt that if he had to *return*, he had rather not go down. I pitied the poor beasts of burden about Kickapoo. Verily, they had a hard time of it.

"Like all the towns on the Missouri River, Kickapoo is built on hills of very great elevation, and the ravines are deep and circuitous. The plan of the town covers a considerable area, extending from the hills to the prairie; itself, however, rolling and broken.

"The only incident worth recording during my stay there occurred the first night. Retiring early, I had slept an hour or two, when I was roused by four or five reports of a gun, seemingly near a mile distant. Presently the sound of horse-hoofs, at full speed, broke upon the ear, and came nearer and nearer. Now the rider descends the long hill in front of the hotel, and now he comes up, and pauses at the door. In tones of alarm, and as if the emergency were very great, he called up some acquaintance, and told, in a subdued voice, some startling story. Soon all below stairs were up and stirring, and guns were brought out and loaded in haste. Then it seemed as if all the men about the place were col-

lecting. I concluded to rise and learn the cause of this excitement. Raising the window, I heard the horseman tell that five men attacked him, shot at him *five* times, one ball passing through his hat, grazing his skull, and throwing him from his horse; that he rose from the ground and recovered his horse, and made his escape; and that, as he fled, he saw at least forty men skulking in the thicket. I heard him through, and when he repeated his story to some new-comer, I observed several important variations, and satisfied myself that the whole thing was an arrant hoax. I returned to my bed, and slept soundly till sunrise. The citizens, however, stood by their arms and kept watch all night.

"In the morning it turned out as I expected. The hero of the story had fired his own revolver, shot his own hat, and played a trick upon the sleeping citizens. The people, excited by rumors, and harassed by the terror of the times, were credulous, and felt that their safety depended upon their hostile preparation. Hence this midnight alarm opened their eyes, brought out their guns, and set them as watchmen upon every hill-top. They were the more sensitive, because Lane's men had come, a night or two before, within eight miles of them, burnt a little village, stolen the horses and cattle, and driven the people out of the Territory. The very next day, I think, *nine* families, plundered by these Ishmaelites, passed through Kickapoo, seeking rest and security on the other side of the river.

"The Conference met at the appointed hour—every preacher in his place, save one or two, whose location, in the midst of the depredators, compelled them to remain at home, for the protection of their families and their property. In this *Mission* Conference the chief business is the appointment of the preachers. Everything was done soberly and in order; and we eked out the time by organizing a Missionary Society, preaching, and a general talk on our educational plans and prospects. On Saturday afternoon we adjourned, in peace and love.

"This little band of brethren ought to enlist the prayers

and sympathies of the whole Church. They deserve this, not merely as pioneers who are opening a new country for the occupancy of the Church, but because these examples of self-denial and hardships are of incalculable value in their reflex moral influence. To transfer from an old-established Conference, permanent society, good roads, luxurious entertainment, and all the appliances of easy living; to go to a new country, wild and unsettled; to take long rides in search of a congregation; to endure hunger, cold, and nakedness; to be in perils oft, and fastings long, requires a strong faith and unquenchable zeal; almost, if not quite, perfect love to God and man. Such men contribute largely to the vindication of Christianity, as a Divine system; they pitch the piety of the Church upon a higher key, and, amid the obliteration of other features and the decay of other bonds, still link us on in likeness and fellowship with the apostles of the primitive Church. Many preachers, who have neither the manliness nor the piety to do likewise, yet admire these Christian heroes, and feel the attractions of their example, if not the quickening of a noble emulation. To hear the brethren pray and preach, to see them 'happy,' one might suppose they were ever ready for labor and sacrifice—to leave home, friends, all, for the kingdom of heaven's sake. But, alas for our ignoranee of ourselves! O! the delusions that steal upon us, in the guise of prudential calculations—'the fondness of a creature's love'—the pleadings of nature, interest, and common example. The glorious sentiments with which these sacred orators ravished us, made music on the air and died, singing their own requiem; the lofty emotions, which found utterance in shouts, and vows, and promises of consecration, exhausted themselves in the raptures of the hour, leaving the Church defrauded of what she had the right to expect, and the subjects deluded, I fear, in their estimate of their own piety.

"One thing at least is certain; it is hard work to get men for the foreign field, or for the more distant missions in our own country. To say nothing now of other regions, Kansas needs at least *ten preachers* to the work, as now organized,

and *ten more* might be usefully employed. Where are they? *Where?* Why, almost anywhere. Not a few may be found in the crowded Conferences, or on the *supernumerary* list, because they could not find work to suit them, or because they had some 'temporalities' to attend to, or wished to travel for pleasure. In other cases, one has gone to his farm, another to his merchandise; many more are holding on to some old homestead—working round on a few circuits—worn-out in manner and matter, while yet they are physically strong—a burden to the Conference, a perplexity to the presiding elders, and a trouble to the Church and episcopacy. A great many of the brethren, I apprehend, do not inform themselves of the wants of the Church; and if they do, they have been so long accustomed to subordinate Christ's claims to their convenience, that they never seem to think or feel that these calls for help are providential, and addressed to them.

"I need *five* young men to-day for regular circuits in Kansas. I have looked through four Conferences to find them, and have talked personally with preachers here and there, and cannot get a supply Making all the allowances the case calls for, this is rather a reflection upon our pretensions as a denomination. Where is the spirit of our fathers?

"I say 'young men' are wanted: first, because they would cost less to the Missionary Society; and, secondly, because the inconveniences of the country for families are for the present great. Married men with small families would not be rejected; though we cannot promise them well-furnished parsonages, or very comfortable homes. Still, this class of men are there; and I heard no whinings about hardships. True, the cold is extreme, snow abundant, the winter long; but men of the world bear these evils for the sake of land and office. Hundreds and thousands are going there to find homes on rich, cheap soil. Methodists are among them, and they all need the Gospel. As preachers, our commission has no respect to latitude or climate. The command to 'Go' is unqualified; and the Discipline enjoins that we go where we are 'needed most.'

"Who will go to Kansas? We want no steel-clad warriors, but men with 'tongues of fire.' We want no land-hunters, but strangers and pilgrims, who declare plainly that they seek a country, even a heavenly In the name of the Church we will give 'bread to eat, raiment to put on,' work to do, and souls to win. Other expenses may be charged to Him who pledges 'everlasting life' in the world to come. Death will come there as well as here; but I thing it is a *little nearer* to heaven from the field of self-denying labor than from the home of self-indulging rest. And sure I am, the prairie grass will weave sweeter memorials over your lonely grave, than all the monuments art can fashion, or affection buy. In the city cemetery or the country churchyard, human friends may come to weep, but about the tombs of the pioneer preacher, the angels of God will encamp.

"Whether the contest in Kansas resulted from the desire to occupy the best portions of a rich Territory, destined to become a populous State, or from a Free-soil mania, or slavery propagandism, or from the manœuvres of political demagogism, I shall not undertake to settle. Perhaps all these motives met and mingled, and derived much of their power to do harm from the rivalries of land companies and their speculations. Explain as we may the condition of things, last summer and autumn it was a reproach to our Government and people. The policy of the North and the South, in sending armed bands, under the pretence of settlement, was unquestionably wrong in its inception and objects, and its results have been disastrous. It was a movement in conflict with the free operation of the principle of the famous *Kansas-Nebraska Bill*, and directly calculated, perhaps intended, to bring on a sectional conflict. It is not mine to sit in judgment on the character, motives, or management of *the leaders*, but, as might have been expected, the large majority of those who went out under the drilling, drumming process, were mere adventurers, reckless of the principles involved, without interest in the country or its institutions, and unworthy representatives of the region from which they came. Young,

rash, and often desperate, of course they were ready for strife and spoils. Sometimes disbanded for want of funds, or from the spirit of insubordination, many of these *soldier emigrants* became wandering desperadoes. Without land, or home, or occupation, they became a burden upon the party they went out to aid, and a discredit to the State from which they came. With such materials, considering the influences at work, it was very easy to furnish bloody stories for the newspapers, and to make the lawless deeds of a few bad men evidence against North or South, as to their spirit and intentions. This was, of course, as unfair as to make the rowdies of a town the standard for judging an entire community.

"It is, however, beyond all controversy that the North, in their blind zeal to make Kansas a Free State, provoked all the troubles that followed, by picking up and forwarding a population to serve their purposes, and that the Abolitionists were the aggressors, by their violence and rebellion, and lawless intrusions upon the rights of others; still, the South erred in imitating a bad example. She ought to have sent citizens, not soldiers; and to have left these Abolition knights to the law and the troops of the General Government. This plan would have saved the Territory to the South, and a quiet *bonâ fide* emigration might do it yet. Not that I think the climate, soil, and productions favorable to slavery; but it might be recognized in her Constitution, when the time for her admission as a State shall come; and there would be slaves enough, along with this, to identify Kansas with the Southern States in the councils of the country. No physical law bars the institution. *It is there*, and *there it might remain.* Nevertheless, I think the South will lose it, by her own fault rather than by the contrivance of her enemies.

"I did not travel in the Territory much, for lack of time, and because it was not safe to do so. The hazard of life was not great, but the liability to loss of horse was imminent almost anywhere. They did not steal horses, they only '*pressed them;*' that is, being interpreted, they *took* them without leave and against your will. The patriots having

gone at the call of their country, in a great crisis, of course, concluded they were entitled to forage on friend and foe. As it is more pleasant, commonly, to ride than walk, they pressed horses, in stall and on the road. I saw many families who had been robbed, burnt out, and driven off. This was the work of the Abolitionists—Lane and his men. The Missourians and the pro-slavery men were preparing for vengeance, and were resolved on such a chastisement of these freebooters as should result in their expulsion or extermination. Governor Geary's arrival was timely—most opportune. War—not skirmishing—was at hand, and blood would have flowed like water. The pro-slavery men—the 'Border Ruffians'—demonstrated their love of law and order, their indisposition to go beyond self-protection, by quietly dispersing at the command of legitimate authority, and leaving the punishment of the evil-doers to the powers that be; while the men who embodied and represented Northern sentiment —the *Beecher Sharpe's Rifle Tribe*—determined carrying out their own nefarious plans, rather than submit to law, public opinion, and popular suffrage; and finding that a just and firm administration was about to be inaugurated, fled, carrying with them the spoils of their guerilla warfare.

"These facts explain the troubles in Kansas, show the temper and designs of the parties, and confute forever all the partisan misrepresentations of the Northern press. Their flight was confession, and confession proved their previous hypocrisy—their treasonable betrayal of the peace of the country. If ever the secret history of this 'Kansas war' should be written, it will appear that the South, so far from attempting to cheat the North, either by fraud or force, has been either careless of her own interest, or has confided too much in the justice of her enemies. It is not the first time in the progress of the world that the *wronged* have been charged with the crimes of those who betrayed them, nor that the offending party have sought the sympathy of mankind for persecutions they never endured, but only inflicted. Such is life, and man, and history.

"Having concluded the Conference, we crossed the river to Weston, intending there to spend the Sabbath. We found comfortable quarters with the Rev. William G. Caples, one of the preachers of the Missouri Conference.

"In his garden I saw the now famous Chinese sugar-cane. If it will grow elsewhere as in that place, I do not wonder at its rapidly-spreading reputation. I think the stalks were fully seventeen feet in height. The field of corn, however, by its size attested great depth and richness of soil —a soil seldom found, save in the Platte country of Missouri.

"Unless I were very familiar with the localities, I should not like to walk about Weston at night. Such hills, ravines, gullies, precipices, surely never before were found in the corporate limits of a town. As you move along the streets, the houses look as if they were peeping down from their slippery altitudes upon the transactions of the lower world, and one, unused to see human habitations so exalted, feels almost afraid that, in their curiosity, they will lean a little too far and will come down with a crash. Vast sums are annually expended in repairing the streets and keeping up bridges; and very often, when the work is finished, the next rain sweeps thousands away, and the repairers of breaches are called upon for new plans and fresh labors. Despite physical incongruities, the place prospers. The people are intelligent, enterprising, and well-to-do in the world. There is here a High School connected with the Conference, and well patronized.

"In the West the common impression of its future greatness is embodied in the names, prophetic of future development, I suppose, for they are certainly not justified by present appearances. Most of the little villages, albeit there is nothing to mark them, save a wooden warehouse and a few small houses round about, are dignified with the title 'City.' We have along the river above Independence, Kansas City —Delaware City—Leavenworth City—Platte City. The name, perhaps, helps the sale of lots, attracts population, and may be a trick of speculators—a plan to raise stocks, yet I

can but regard it as one of the signs of what all regard as the 'manifest destiny' of the country. Nor is this idea a figment of fancy. A few years ago, and Fort Independence was the extreme verge of American civilization, and we were accustomed to regard a man who had been *there* as a bold adventurer. All beyond was wilderness, the range of wild beasts and savage men. Now, someone reports that Fort Laramie, four hundred miles beyond Leavenworth, is the *geographical centre* of the United States and Territories. The trade from Leavenworth to Santa Fé is immense. One man, I learned, has *twelve thousand* oxen on the line, and, in the transport of merchandise and military stores, finds use for them all. The tide of population stills rolls on, and, if life endures, I expect to hold Conference in Santa Fé, and to ride on a railroad where the trail of the buffalo is now to be seen. Let the Americans push on, subdue the earth, and replenish it.

"In the mean time, I must pursue my travels. Tuesday morning, the 16th of September, we left Weston for the seat of the Missouri Conference. Brother Caples had the kindness to take us in his buggy, with a pair of horses just such as a travelling preacher ought to have. Indeed, I found him so well fitted for getting about, that I appointed him an agent for Central College. It is due to him to say that he had other and peculiar qualifications besides his equipage. I love, however, to see the brethren well mounted. To itinerate is their business, and they ought to *fix* for it. I mean no reflection, but simply to state a fact; those preachers do best, generally, who have little beside their 'travelling apparatus.' Wealth is a fearful snare to a minister of the gospel. It is a miasm, out of which comes a *host of diseases*. Strong men grow *delicate*, young ones supperannuate, single ones need nurses, and married ones become too affectionate to leave home. Still, let the preacher have a good horse—if need be, a pair—and, if it suit him best to ride on wheels, a carriage of some sort. Then air, exercise, and diet for his body, reading, praying, preaching for his soul, and he is likely to become an 'acceptable' preacher.

"We passed through a very broken and fertile country during the first day's ride. Never before did I see a region where the hill-tops were as rich as the valleys. We reached Brother Sollot's about sundown, and met a hearty welcome and cheerful entertainment. Next day we passed through Liberty, a thriving town, and in the evening reached Richmond just as a furious storm of wind, hail, and rain came on. A hospitable roof furnished us a safe retreat from its pitiless peltings. The darkness and rain prevented preaching. On the following day we set out early, with the hope of reaching Brunswick by dark. We rode wellnigh all day through a very rich prairie region, and saw large farms well cultivated. We dined with a Mr. Turner, and found him and his family very anxious for a preacher to be sent to their neighborhood; promised to send one, if possible. How many places, just outside of the regular circuits, might be taken in and regularly served, if we had the spirit of our fathers! In the old Conferences as well as in the new, there is many a waste place, where souls are left to perish, just because the preacher lacks zeal to add *one* more appointment to his *large* work of four or five. This fact demands the rigid scrutiny of the Church. There is a fearful wrong somewhere.

"In the afternoon we passed through one of the finest prairies I have ever seen, and through its bosom there rolled a limpid stream in quiet beauty. The green banks and the crystal waters were lovely to the eye, and, while they give a charm to the scenery, are in fact a neighborhood convenience. This stream is of considerable depth, is fed by never-failing springs, abounds in fish, and, doubtless, is the *summer resort* of all the *fashionable cattle* in that region. It may be that humbler stock seek refreshment from its bright waters.

"As the evening shades came on, we found, on inquiry, that we had missed our way; so, turning round, we sought a resting-place, lest night should catch us wandering about, not knowing whither we went. We found a farm-house shortly; and when the proprietor came out on our call, he recognized Brother Caples, and bade us welcome. Our host and family

were Methodists, and seemed to regard our misfortune in losing the way as a favor of Providence to them.

"In passing through this portion of Missouri, the traveller occasionally sees a shanty without an inhabitant, and in other places a pile of lumber and an acre or two of ploughed ground. What do these signs signify? They mean, in my opinion, an egregious trifling with conscience and the law of the land. Under the 'Graduation Bill,' these lands are in market to *settlers* at a *bit* (twelve and a half cents) an acre. Some men put up these rude huts, plough a little, sleep on the premises a few nights, and then swear that they are in possession; and thus get land worth fifty dollars at a *bit* per acre. In this way the Government is *bit*, conscience is *bit*, truth is *bit*. The first may survive the wound; how the other two will fare, the future will declare. The American passion for land needs restraint, or at least regulation.

"On our route we passed several villages, struggling up into the dignity of towns. My appointments compelled me to hasten. I was set down to preach at Glasgow on Friday night, and to dedicate a church at Fayette on Sunday. We reached both in due time, and delivered our testimony with some comfort, and I trust to profit.

"About these towns has congregated no little wealth and intelligence. At Fayette the two Conferences (Missouri and St. Louis) have located a college; indeed, two colleges—a male and a female institution—supply the citizens with the means of education. I trust the arrangements made during the session of the Conferences will succeed in establishing Central College permanently, and securing funds for its further efficiency

"Monday morning, September 22d, found me one hundred and twenty miles from Louisiana, the seat of the Conference, which was to meet on Wednesday morning. But, thanks to Brother Caples and his noble team, on Tuesday at sunset we completed the journey. Monday night we spent in Mexico, a new town which has sprung up on the line of the Hannibal and St. Joseph's Railroad. It was dark when

we arrived, but the bell was rung, the people met, and I tried to preach.

"The people of Missouri, like the people of other States, seem terribly afflicted with barrenness of invention in naming their cities and towns. This is an American weakness, this mimicking of Europe and imitation of one another. It makes geography an enigma to beginners, and compels a man, in talking, to as much particularity, if he would be understood, as you commonly find in a legal document. If I say I preached in Glasgow, in Paris, in Mexico, and say no more, who will understand me? Some Babel Tower has certainly fallen among us; the confusion is great, and increasing.

"I found pleasant lodgings with Brother Draper in Louisiana—not the State, but a nice town in Missouri, on the Mississippi River. The Conference session was a session of grace. Souls were converted, business was done in a devotional spirit, and the impression in behalf of our church interests was fine. The preachers are deeply religious. I formed friendships there, delightful to memory."

He says little of himself. Rev. S. W Cope writes of him:

"The forty-first session of the Missouri Annual Conference was held in the town of Louisiana, Pike County, Mo., in September, 1856; Bishop Pierce presiding. At that Conference I saw, for the first time, this great and good man. I was struck with his personal appearance, so noble, so dignified, so perfect. I thought then, and still think, he was the most perfect specimen of mankind I ever saw. He was then in the prime of life, the picture of health and happiness. A young bishop, he wore the episcopal honors meekly, presiding with ease, dignity, and great force of character. He was a safe counsellor, ready and wise in his decisions. At one of the daily sessions of the Conference, the bishop showed his ready wit and wisdom, in answering a question, by asking another. No matter as to the question. But the answer came quickly, and to the point. 'What does the law say? Stick to the law, brother; stick to the law.' That answer

bears fruit to this day. The sacredness of the law has been to me more sacred ever since.

"The bishop's missionary address, at this Conference, was a masterly effort. I cannot reproduce it. I remember one thing he said that ought to be kept in perpetual memory, namely: That the missionary work was the most important, as it was the grandest, enterprise amongst mortals.

"His preaching was with great power, and with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, inimitable and overpowering. An eminent lawyer, moral, but not religious, who heard him on the Sabbath, avowed that the hair of his head stood on end at the close of the sermon, that he had never been so strangely and powerfully affected in all his life by the speech of any man, and he had heard many great men speak. The effect was marvellous on the whole audience.

"The Rev. William Patton had died this year. He was a veteran and leader amongst us. At the request of the Conference, Bishop Pierce preached a funeral sermon. In it were some of the grandest utterances I ever heard. I would be glad to repeat them, but have lost nearly all but the thought."

The bishop continues:

"The St. Louis Conference comes next in order. We left Louisiana at night in the Steamer Keokuk, a noble boat with a generous captain. Soon after midnight the fog became so dense that we had to lie by till nine o'clock the next morning. The Upper Mississippi is clear, deep, beautiful, wholly unlike itself after its junction with the turbid Missouri.

"When we reached Alton, many of the passengers went ashore to attend the State Fair in Illinois. The mornings, I learned, were devoted to the exhibition, and the afternoons to political harangues. The multitudes in motion for the fair grounds was a living current. The great attraction was an unexpected speech from Senator Douglas.

"In due season we reached St. Louis, where we pro-

posed to rest a day and spend the Sabbath. Here, too, the fair was coming on the following week. The preparations for it were upon a magnificent scale. The grounds and buildings cost upwards of one hundred thousand dollars, I heard. The amphitheatre was a model arrangement for such an exhibition. The Rev. R. A. Young, who accompanied me on this visit, and who was familiar with all the localities of the city, took me around, and cheered my progress with narratives, anecdotes, and brilliant calculations of the future of this great city.

"I preached at First Church next morning, and at Centenary at night. Methodism is growing in St. Louis, but there is room for indefinite expansion. The Church ought to keep in this place a strong, effective force, and to expend largely of her missionary treasures in carrying the Gospel to the poor and the outcast. Without such aid, the policy of wellnigh all denominations, in building fine houses of worship with rented seats, will leave the poor without the Gospel. Might not our city preachers do much by preaching one or more nights in the week in private houses or rented rooms, to those who seldom or never enter our regular churches? Five sermons a week is not *very hard* work for a sound man. I have read of one of our American fathers who preached *fourteen times during his rest week.* The above query is addressed to all whom it may concern.

"On Monday, with some forty preachers, we left on the steamboat Editor for Charleston, the seat of the St. Louis Conference. We reached Lane's Landing, where we were to disembark, early in the day, and found every variety of vehicle in waiting to convey us some fifteen miles to the village. The dust was deep and light; an impalpable, but, as we found before we finished our journey, not an imponderable powder. With five or six others, I was assigned to Judge Handy's—a good preacher's home. We had a pleasant session, but were greatly hindered in public services by the weather. The town is in a flat prairie.—deep, rich soil. As I have said, the dust was terrible for two or three days, and

then came the rain, and we literally waded in water. Still, the kindness of the people, their deep interest in all our proceedings, the marked impression of our anniversaries, preaching, and ordinations, overbalanced all our inconveniences. By the way, I am thoroughly persuaded that it is good policy to carry our Conferences to *out-of-the-way places*. The inconvenience is a trifle compared with the good accomplished. The more the people, insiders and outsiders, see of Methodism as a system of practical working, the better they will like it. An Annual Conference will impress any mind with the grandeur of our plans and the energy of our operations, with the Christian fidelity of the preachers, their self-denial, their zeal, and the rigid scrutiny to which every interest is subjected. And then the ministrations of so many minds, to a people unused to variety and change, can but give an impulse to thought, emotion, and plan. In the cities, the great thoroughfares of commerce and travel, where everybody and everything goes, we come and go, and hardly leave a trace behind. Let the Conferences go where they will do most good, without regard to railroads, rivers, or distance; open the doors, and let the people come in, and see and hear for themselves, and they will understand our economy better, co-operate with us more cheerfully and liberally, and be furnished, from personal knowledge, with satisfactory answers to all tirades against Methodism, whether from the press or the pulpit, books or men. Such is my conviction, observation, and experience.

"On Wednesday morning, the 14th of October, Conference having adjourned the night previous, we took up the line of march for Ohio City, opposite Cairo. Buggies, barouches, wagons, horses, and mules were in great demand, and there was no little of the ludicrous in the appearance of our company when fairly under way. Wit and humor beguiled the trip of its weariness, and turned the jolts and discomforts of the journey into amusements rather than complaints. By some mishap, we landed at the river a mile or two above the regular ferry, and our only chance to cross

was in two little skiffs, where the river was a mile wide. It looked like very adventurous navigation. We had to go over by instalments of five or six at a time. Withal, we had to foot it up the stream for half a mile, to find a point in the banks sufficiently inclined to allow anything like a grave and decent descent to the water's edge. When my time arrived, I found I had for my companions the Publishing House, in the person of F A. Owen; the *St. Louis Advocate*, D. R. McAnally and wife; the Presiding Eldership of the St. Louis District, R. A. Young; and a Doctor of Divinity, C. B. Parsons; and Young America, my namesake, George. Now, this was a serious cargo for two skiffs of the smallest kind, and both to be rowed by one man. Brother Owen weighs two hundred and twenty, Brother McAnally two hundred and twenty-five, Brother Parsons two hundred and thirty; the heft of Brother Young is not great, but his *altitude* enables him to look *down* upon most terrestrial things. The rest of us were neither very long nor very heavy, but we felt that we had as much of real value at stake as the biggest or the longest. Sundry pieces of baggage were also thrown in, and when we were all set, there was no gunwale to brag of. But we reached the shore in safety, and felt thankful for our deliverance.

"'Each pleasure hath its poison too.' We were off the water, but on the softest, most yielding sand-bed I ever saw. It was a mile and a half to Cairo, and, afraid to leave my trunk, lest it should be missing when a boat came along, I undertook with George's help to carry it. He soon broke down. Brother Owen came to my aid, and still our progress was slow and painful. Brother McAnally overtook us, and, laughing at our distress, seized the trunk and laid it upon his shoulder. I politely rebelled against this expensive kindness, but he walked the faster, and made light of such a burden. Presently a cart came to the rescue, and I privately thought that Brother McAnally, despite his strength and kindness, sympathized with me in my joy at its arrival. I was certainly glad, for my sense of obligation was growing heavier than my trunk.

"Cairo grows finely, and must be a place in time to come. A fine hotel adds to its attractions. We had to tarry till morning, waiting for a boat. The river was low, and the time of running very irregular, so we took the first boat that came along. Having a day or two to spare, I had resolved to accompany Brother Owen to the Memphis Conference at Jackson. We did not reach the City of Memphis till Sunday noon, and concluded to lie over till Monday. I preached twice on Sabbath. We left next day for Jackson, and on our arrival found that Conference would adjourn early next morning. So we had travelled a hundred miles and more just to shake Bishop Early by the hand, take a look at the Conference, and turn round and go back. I remained and tried to preach at night; next day returned to Memphis, and left on the following day for Batesville, the seat of the Arkansas Conference.

"We reached Jacksonport about the dawn of day, and went ashore. In the hotel we found a drinking, swearing, rowdy crowd. The passengers from the boat at that early hour must have taken the establishment by surprise, or else the superintendent is a bad judge of the rule of proportion. At any rate, the company *oversized* the supply upon the breakfast-table. My portion was a half-cup of coffee, so called, and one small potato. George, I believe, managed to get *two* potatoes, but missed the coffee—by no means an intolerable deprivation.

"On going out to hunt a conveyance, I met several of the preachers, all on their way to Conference. It proved to be one of the days of the tri-weekly hack, so I engaged our passage. When all was ready, we found *eight* passengers; and the utmost capacity of the coach would not admit more than *five*. Being the last who had spoken for a seat, I considered myself anchored for that day I asked the driver who had precedence. He replied, 'Those who get in first: that's the rule in this country.' Four of us were in in a twinkling; and, with a bad road ahead, the driver declined to take any more.

"Along the route of thirty miles to Batesville, we passed through a section of country which, because of its great fertility, is called 'Oil-trough Bottom.' If oil be the type of richness, then is the bottom rightly named. But, despite the soil, the drought cut short the crop. The clouds must drop their fatness upon the earth, if any land make much of what the farmers call 'truck.'

"We reached Batesville in the afternoon, and found pleasant lodgings with Judge Neely. The Conference session was pleasant and profitable. I was very glad to find a very decided improvement in all the financial interests of the Church, and a braver and more hopeful spirit among the preachers. They are waking up to their responsibilities, and are beginning to appreciate the fact that they are capable, by the blessing of Heaven, of improving the Church and the country. They have a large field, hard work, many trials; but they are doing good, and the time is not distant when 'the little one shall become a strong nation.'

"From this point to Princeton, I was to have for my travelling-companions Brothers Owen and Watson. As there were but four of us, we were anxious to go in the same vehicle, and deputed Brother Watson to make the necessary arrangements. He soon reported that a contract was made with the stage which runs tri-weekly to Little Rock, and which was to leave Tuesday (next morning), at eight o'clock. So we lay down and slept, well satisfied with the prospect before us. While at breakfast, the driver hailed us, and out we went, bag and baggage.

"A glance at the vehicle satisfied me that the day of trouble had come. 'Why, Watson, is this your stage? We cannot get in it, much less go in it.' 'It is not what I expected, certainly; but I guess we can get in.' We proceeded to put in our trunks, and the fact was plain that there was no room for the owners. The *stage* was a carriage of the sort that is known in different places by different names. By some it is called 'Jersey wagon;' by others, 'pedler's wagon,' 'dearborn,' 'whimmy-diddle,' 'go-cart;' but I

concluded that the inventive genius of Arkansas had hit the thing exactly, when I learned that it was commonly called a '*trick*.' That is the right name, whether we consider its size, its shape, or its business. To put such a thing on the stage-line, as a public convenience or conveyance, is most certainly a trick—an outrageous, intolerable *trick*. And then *this* trick was one of the poorest tricks. Old, shackling, ready to fall to pieces, it looked unsafe to sit in it when it was standing still. To cross mountains with it was a daring adventure.

"After due search for some other *trick*, we found that this was our only chance, and we submitted to our fate. It was at last determined to take out the hind seat, and for two to sit on our trunks. This being done, Brother Watson and I entered, and found, to our dismay, that we could not sit upright with our hats on. It was a damp, cold, windy day; the curtains were, some gone, the rest torn; and as we had already bent our wills to our circumstances, so now we *bared* our brows to the storm. But hold—we are not all in yet; Young America must not be left behind. The Publishing House has business at Princeton, and both must be provided for. The driver and the mails, too—they must go. Here was a problem. The *trick* was already full, and all these to come in. What shall we do? I will tell how we did. The mail-bags were put in front, or rather in one corner, on the driver's side; and when he took his seat, his feet were nearly as high as his head. He was a mathematical figure which remains to be defined in some future work on Conic Sections. I straddled my trunk, and took in George between my knees, as though I were on a pony, with the stirrups too short and my little son in front. Brother Watson arranged his valise on my left, and squeezed himself into that corner, and then neither of us could move without the consent of the other. Brother Owen was still upon his feet, and looked as if he were meditating some desperate deed. When the word was given, with a groan, prophetic of suffering, he proceeded to take the last little vacancy; and when he settled himself, the *trick* groaned from top to tire. All aboard, the body rested

upon the axles; and so the absence of springs fixed us right for the hardest kind of jolting. Confidently expecting a break-down, we rolled off. Riding bareheaded for a mile or more, I found myself taking a violent cold, and concluded to try another experiment. I tied my handkerchief around my head, Indian fashion, and drew my blanket over it; and the exhibition I made raised such a laugh that pain and trouble were lost in merriment. Brother Owen would turn round as well as he could, and a glimpse would last him a mile. He declared he meant to have my picture for the Home Circle. Not able to sit erect, I looked, in my *outré* 'fixins,' like a monk with his shaven pate and cowl stealing to his cell; or a half-frozen Indian seeking refuge from the wintry blast; or the old Sheik Houssein Ibn Egid, of Wady Mousa (minus the beard), who appears in the last number of *Harper's Magazine*.

"A few days of my life's travel are memorable to me. The day we left Batesville is one of them. Road rough, broken, even mountainous; cribbed so close together in that little *trick*, that we had to get out every few miles to straighten and rest our aching joints; nothing earthly could have made it tolerable, save good, cheerful companionship. The physical discomforts of the ride were numerous; yet we enjoyed ourselves, and all, doubtless, remember it only as one of the rough incidents of itinerant life.

"A little after dark we reached our stopping-place. The trick does not run at night. At supper the hostess handed a cup of coffee to one of the company: he passed it on until it reached George, who set it down by his plate, saying he expected it was too sweet for me. The lady replied, 'She reckoned not, for she had no sugar, nor could she get any for love or money.' When the hour of retirement came round, Brothers Owen and Watson were each directed to a small room adjoining the one in which we were sitting, while George and I were to take the bed in the corner. Some young men who belonged to the establishment, and two trick-drivers who had met there that night, remained by the fire to

tell tales and laugh. I found it impossible to sleep, and had to ask them to adjourn. Rid of them, I composed myself to rest. But, alas! 'the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee.' I had been asleep an hour or two, when I was roused by the mewing of a cat. Presently in came another, responding in a louder and sharper key, and another, and another, until six or seven had mustered. It proved to be a riotous assembly—in fact, hostile, belligerent. Whether parties were as numerous as cats, it was too dark for me to determine. Whether the border ruffians had intruded upon the squatter sovereigns, or some old settler was defending his *pre-emption right* from the invasion of speculators, or the new-comers were wrangling over *a claim*, I will not undertake to say; but there was a general row, fierce and formidable. I rose in my bed and commanded the peace —insisted upon law and order. But the squalling drowned my voice, or passion defied my interference. One of the heroes of the fight tried to whet his claws for keener rapine by scratching the walls. This waked George—who (amid 'the noise and confusion' he could not judge well of localities), supposing the cats had invaded the bed, commenced a vigorous kicking and crying—'*Scat.* He would have won the field if these intruders had been near him. After duly weighing the peril of the experiment, I reached down, seized one of my boots, rushed upon the feline warriors, and brought on a general stampede. I kindled a fire, and, finding the enemy had decamped, closed the door, and once more retired. Soon the hogs under the house renewed our troubles; but we had made up our minds to sleep, and we did sleep.

"The stage from Little Rock having met us, and being rather more commodious, we prevailed upon the drivers to exchange. Soon after leaving in the morning, we saw several deer leaping through the woods. George was delighted, as they were the first he had ever seen.

"At Searcy I had an appointment to preach; and Brother McCoy having promised to take me on to Little Rock, I parted with my travelling-companions. The congre-

gation was good, and the service, I trust, profitable. One brother at least was convicted, and proved that the Word was 'a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' I was preaching on the causes which defeat our prayers, and among others mentioned the indulgence of bad tempers. I gave several illustrations. After service I went home with Brother M——, and one of my hearers came over to see me in the afternoon. In the course of conversation he said, 'Did you ever hear about my killing that mule?' 'No, sir. Why do you ask such a question?' 'Because he *haunted* me mightily, while you were preaching to-day.' He then proceeded to relate how, in a fit of passion, he had shot a mischievous mule, and his mortification and shame when the excitement of the moment had passed.

"The land in this portion of Arkansas is not rich, but I suppose, with good cultivation, quite productive. Wild pigeons, in fabulous numbers, visit this region; and in some places, known as pigeon-roosts, acres of forest have been destroyed by them. The people kill them at night by the thousand.

"Not very far back in the past this must have been a prairie region, for the forest-trees are young—of comparatively recent growth—and generally just about the right size for first-rate firewood. It is an inviting country, healthy, easy to clear, productive, land cheap, and game abundant. As the traveller pursues his way he is struck with the frequent recurrence of those signs which mark the progress of *hurricanes*. They levelled the woods in their fury, but seem to have been local—never of any very great extent, but most fearful in their desolation.

"I reached Hickory Plains in the afternoon of Thursday, the 6th of November; preached at night, formed several very pleasant acquaintances, and next day preached at Red Oak; dined with Brother Adams, and, through rain and mud, set out once more for Little Rock. About four o'clock a furious storm came on, and we were glad to find a shelter eleven miles short of our destination. The next day was bitterly

cold, and the mud several inches deeper than before. We made slow progress toward the capital, and on reaching the ferry, opposite the city, found, as usual at such places in the West, a perfect caravan of emigrant wagons. The old mill-rule, 'First come, first served,' is the law of ferries also; and accordingly it was long, long before our turn came. The river was swollen, the current strong, the boat a very slow craft, and, of course, our delivery on the other bank a tardy result.

"At Little Rock we were to lie over till Monday. Brother Wingfield had arranged for preaching at night and on the Sabbath. I found comfortable lodging with Brother Bertrand, and devoted the afternoon to repose. The city is beautifully located, has some fine buildings, and, when the country is more settled and the projected railroads are finished, will doubtless grow into considerable importance as an inland town.

"Brothers Watson, Owen, and I hired a carriage to carry us to Princeton. We travelled over a poor country, but pleasant company and freedom from accidents made the journey agreeable. We expected to reach Princeton on Tuesday night, but on approaching Tulip—a little running village—in a long lane ahead of us we saw quite a company of men and women; and as we drew nigh a man stepped out, ordered us to stop, said the road was barricaded with ladies, and that we could go no farther. By the time he had delivered his speech he had reached the carriage, opened the door, and ordered us out. I replied to him,

"'We must go on. Conference opens in the morning, and I *must* be there.'

"'I'll have you there before the people have done their breakfast. *Get out, get out!*'

"Brother Owen remarked, 'That is Willis Summerville; I know him of old. You will have to stop.'

"'My good brother,' said I, 'I have not heard from home for weeks—expect letters, and must go on to-night.'

"'No, you won't, I tell you. Brother Moore, where are

the letters? Give them to him: take away his last excuse. Get out, every one of you. Boy, turn them horses round: drive in at that gate. No preacher or bishop ever passed me yet. Bishop Andrew stayed here once, and you are no better than he. Besides, some of you will have to preach here to-night: the appointment is already made. *Get out.* Come, out with you!'—and so we were taken captive, and our imprisonment proved a very pleasant affair. True to his promise, Brother Summerville had us up before day, and we were in Princeton, eight miles off, long before nine o'clock.

"Princeton is a small town containing clever people, and several brethren of the neighborhood moved in and occupied vacant houses—camp-meeting style—to entertain the preachers and enjoy the services of the Conference. We had a pleasant time, a harmonious session, interesting anniversaries, and we parted in peace and love. The Conference—the Wachita—is rapidly developing. It is in a very inviting region to those who would like a new and promising field of labor.

"Once more we hired a hack—or, more appropriately, a 'trick'—to take us to Pine Bluff. Crammed in a narrow, rickety, topless concern, with a team whose speed by extra appliances was three miles per hour, on a cold, bleak, November day, over a rooty road, we were glad to take up early in the evening at Dr. Rhodes'—a South Carolina Methodist who has wandered to the West.

"Next evening we reached Pine Bluff, settled with our driver, and took lodging at the hotel, hoping every hour for a steamboat. We ate and slept, and rose in the morning and ate again, and speculated upon the probability of getting off by the river at all. Just as we concluded to go out in search of a conveyance by land, we heard the puffing and saw the smoke of a boat. We hastened down to the bluff, and there lay the Fox — a little, dirty, wheezing, asthmatic stern-wheeler, bound for Napoleon, the place to which we wished to go. To go or not to go, was the question. It was hard to settle. The captain was reluctant to take us—advised us

to wait for another boat; but our time was precious, other chances very uncertain, and we determined to try the Fox. I was in favor of anything rather than another day's ride in an Arkansas trick. The material question with me was, Can I stand straight in the cabin, stretch full length in the berth, and find room in the daytime to change my position? I felt that my limbs were entitled to rest after their long confinement, and anything in which there was 'scope and verge' enough for change and motion would suit for a time, being a change for the better. Having satisfied ourselves that we could stand up, lie down, move about, we took passage, in defiance of dirt, smoke, and slow motion. We found a Frenchman or two for fellow-passengers. While taking on some cotton we bought a bushel of pecan-nuts to crack and eat when we had nothing else to do; and thus provided we floated down the Arkansas. In size, convenience, and general arrangement our little craft bore about the same relation to a first-class steamer that a wheelbarrow bears to a regular stage-coach. But the privilege of stretching one's self was such a luxury that we congratulated one another on our escape from *land tricks*. When, at night, the rain began, and signs of a long wet spell were all about us, we really felt as if the little Fox were a refuge.

"The river had been very high, but was falling. On the second day we passed a large boat, which, during the freshet, had run upon a sandbank, and had been left by the retreating waters high and dry. Just after we had passed, one of our cylinder-heads blew off, and we had to lie by till the piece could be sent a mile or more to a blacksmith shop. Some six hours were lost in this way. When the headpiece came back, the awkward engineer broke it again, and another trip to the shop was necessary. By this time we were restless, impatient, nervous. Near sundown the news came up that the damage was repaired. Well, now we move. A little, withered Frenchman, who had been very quiet, hearing the paddles turn once more, came out, looked around, and sighing as though his last hope had fled—'Ah me! now we

is to have *de fogs*'—and sure enough 'de fogs' brought on a premature night, and so we cast anchor and longed for day.

"Soon after we entered the Mississippi River we met a boat going to Memphis. Brother Watson hailed her, bade us farewell, and left us to float downward to Napoleon. We reached that place just as the H. M. Wright, a noble boat, was ringing her bell to leave for New Orleans. We were soon transferred from one boat to the other. As we entered the magnificent saloon the Frenchman turned to me and exclaimed, with rapture in every feature, 'Why, we could put de leetle Fox *in here* too.'

"We found on board the H. M. Wright, which is a fine steamer, a great crowd. Among the rest several officers of Walker's army and a company of recruits, mostly very young men. From the exhibition they made of themselves they will not much improve the morals of Nicaragua, whatever else they may do for the new republic.

"We reached Vicksburg about four o'clock in the morning. Rising at that early hour I was surprised to find not a few who had spent the night in gambling. Among the party were some who during the day affected to be sober, sedate gentlemen, and who, I learned, at home contrived to maintain the character of praiseworthy citizens. Yet here they were midnight gamblers, fleecing the green boys who amid smoke and liquor were wasting the substance of their fathers' life-long industry. Prodigal youths!—veteran hypocrites! The serpents and their victims! The heart is deceitful and *desperately* wicked. Heaven save the young men of the land from the wiles of their seniors in depravity!

"On landing, we went to the hotel of General McMackin, who has the reputation of being the politest man in the Union. When we went down to breakfast I was much amused by the novel mode the general has of informing his guests what has been provided for them. In one corner of the spacious dining-hall there is a counter on which the products of the kitchen are spread. There stands 'mine host,' knife and fork in hand, and in tones peculiar to himself he

cries—'*Nice turkey—hash—cold ham—fresh sausages—beef-steak, the best in the world;*' and then, addressing the waiters, he will say, 'Hand round the rolls—hurry up the hot cakes;' and all his various directions worked into a sort of song; and were it not that the tune is a nondescript, one might imagine that the old Roman fashion of combining music and feasting had been revived on the banks of the Mississippi. This plan is a substitute for the *printed* bills of fare, now common in all the best city hotels. He says, I understand, that the reason he adopted this unique method was, that some years ago he kept a public-house in Jackson, and many of his boarders were members of the Legislature, and could not read, so he had to *call out* for their information. Finding it cheap and easy, he had continued it. Soon after breakfast the Rev. C. K. Marshall came down and transferred us to his hospitable mansion.

"The Sabbath was devoted to preaching, and on Monday we took the cars for Canton. We arrived after dark, and in a heavy rain. Having picked up several preachers on the route, we found no little difficulty in obtaining conveyances to Kosciusko, still forty miles distant. We succeeded at last, and set out under the pledge to be carried through in the day. But rain, mud, high waters, defeated us. Just at night we reached a creek which was swimming; our carriage, too, broke down; and in a heavy shower we got out to foot it, a mile or more, to Thomastown. After diligent search we found a log on which we could cross, and so, picking our way every man for himself, we took up the line of march. The carriage and baggage we left to come over in the morning.

"On reaching the village we took refuge in a house of entertainment kept by Mr. Cotton. He proved to be a warm-hearted, clever, old Hardshell Baptist. When we were all (eight in number) seated around a rousing fire, trying to dry our garments, our host inquired, 'Are you all preachers?' He was answered affirmatively.

"'Mercy upon me! I thought there were enough passed

here yesterday to take the country. Are there any more behind?'

"'O yes, several on the other side of the creek.

"'Well, well, I never saw the like before. Where is that man you call George Pierce? I want to see him; my wife is his *cousin*.'

"When I was pointed out to him he examined me with a critic's eye, as though he expected to see the horns of the Beast or the spokes of the Iron Wheel. Satisfied from his inspection that I was not dangerous, he led me into another room and introduced me to my cousin. Never having met before, of course there were many questions to ask and answer of the various branches of our tribe. So our night's adventure turned out a very pleasant affair.

"Instead of waiting for the carriage in the morning I borrowed a horse from my new-found kin, and, accompanied by one of the boys, I started for Kosciusko. I overtook a great many of the brethren, and among the rest old *Ira Bird* as he is called. He has long been superannuated, but was going up to Conference to take work again. He travelled the Appalachee Circuit when I was a little boy, and he seemed to rekindle the fires of his youth as he talked with me of the incidents of these days. This veteran travels in the old style, and would as soon think of backsliding as of giving up his saddle-bags. Although well mounted myself, I found it difficult to keep up with him. I was eager to reach the Conference in time, and the fiery spirit which warms his old body was but obeying its native impulses; and on we went, leaving all the rest to follow as best they might.

"Despite our haste we were a little behind time. The preachers, aware of our circumstances, had met and adjourned. It was soon arranged to meet again, and the first day's work was done. I shall not soon forget the comfortable quarters I found at the house of Mr. Thompson. The Lord reward him in both worlds! The Mississippi Conference at Kosciusko may be known as the Rainy Conference. Day and night the showers fell. The Sabbath, however, was

sunbright, balmy day. At night the rain commenced again, and continued with slight intermissions to the close, at noon on Tuesday, November 30th.

"Dr. Hamilton, the Secretary of the Tract Society, and Brother McTyeire, the Editor of the *New Orleans Advocate*, were with us at this Conference, and proposed to accompany me to Alabama. Bad roads, high waters, suspended stages, made the choice of routes quite a problem. After many inquiries and long debate we concluded that the longest way would be the quickest passage. So we made arrangements to go to Lexington, and there to take stage for Holly Springs.

"The brethren Hamilton and McTyeire were in one vehicle, Owen, George, and myself in another. We stopped to dine with Brother Harrington, and as we were crossing the country by neighborhood-paths rather than roads, we had to obtain very minute directions. We got a written way-bill, and as we often reached a point where many ways met, it was amusing to see us all halted, while one or more examined the map of directions. Without the paper we should most certainly have been lost. I have read of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and, without doubt, *we* learned very *laboriously*. After dark a little we reached Lexington, and found the stage would leave at 4 o'clock A.M.

"Before we move again I will say that I was no little surprised to find the portion of Mississippi over which I passed very much worn and exhausted. Get away from the river, and you find old fields, gullies, numerous, deep, and anything but comely. Many places have an old, forsaken look, reminding one of some of the most dilapidated portions of Georgia. New countries will wear out, after all, especially under the same miserable system of tillage which has marred the older Southern States.

"In the morning, before daybreak, we were crowded into what they very properly call a *mud-wagon*. There were nine of us, and no little baggage, and away we sped at the lowest gait compatible with what is called progress. We had to

walk up hill and down hill, and the only matter of congratulation among us was, that we did not have to carry a rail. When we reached the breakfast-house, Brother McTyeire, whose taste is cultivated and judgment prompt and clear, declined to eat, and concluded to walk on. The speed of the stage may be guessed when I say that we did not overtake him under eight miles. To the credit, however, of the stage-line, it ought to be known that his locomotive powers are a little extra. His figure is of the most approved model for a long race.

"Soon after taking him up, we reached Carrollton, a very picturesque town, with some neat and tasteful private residences. As the stage stopped to deliver the mail and change horses, we all sought relief in a walk of two or three miles. Weary, sore, and dinnerless, we travelled on till night, when we halted at a log-cabin for supper. The signs of neglect and discomfort, within and without, made the meal, which was good in material, well cooked, and abundant in quantity, a very agreeable surprise.

"With a new driver, fresh horses, but the same old wagon, we set out in the darkness for Grenada. We had not gone more than a mile or two before we capsized. The night was cold; we were all wrapped up in cloaks and blankets, the curtains all fast, and we lay in pi, or rather in strata, primary, secondary, and tertiary. A general inquiry, 'Anybody hurt?' a common answer, 'No;' then a hearty laugh; and all taking things very quietly, till a Mississippi judge, who lay under Brother Owen and another, began to make signs of distress. The point of egress was small, and relief to the judge, 'like the good time coming,' was slow in its approaches. Finally we were all out—none broken or bruised; the driver made his apology, we righted the wagon, resumed our seats, and rode uneasily the rest of that stage. To increase apprehension, we found out that our driver was unacquainted with the road, and was nearly *blind.* We put a man with eyes by his side, and after many outs and ins we reached Grenada. From this poin. there were two routes,

one by Memphis, the other by Oxford and Holly Springs. A council was held; Brother Owen concluded to lie over till morning and take the Memphis route; the rest of us determined to adhere to the original plan. He went to bed, and we took the stage. The incidents of that night and the next two days demand special notice.

"On going out to take our places we found a regular coach; and if the good people of Grenada had not given us such terrible accounts of the road, we should have felt ourselves greatly improved in circumstances. We were assured of trouble, and verily we found it. The night was dark, the road one long mud-hole, the driver new, unacquainted with the teams, timid withal, and in *nine hours* we travelled *sixteen* miles. After a good deal of muttering and complaint, of regret that this route was chosen, and many evil prophecies of delay, failures to connect, and so on, we resigned ourselves to the chances, and went to nodding. In the darkness, by and by, there was a jolt, and a crash, and a dead pause.

"'What's the matter now?'

"'Get out, gentlemen, and help me, if you please.'

"With reluctance we unwrap and step forth. We find ourselves *out* of the road and *in* a ditch. Now for rails and prizing! At it we go. After much heaving and setting, we raise the front wheels to a level; the driver mounts his box, gives the word to his horses—they jerk one at a time, and down comes the coach again! Once more we raise it up. Now the horses refuse to pull at all. Some of the passengers despair—give up; others, shivering with cold, propose to make a fire and camp till morning; others of us insist on renewed efforts. Another vigorous trial, and the difficulty is overcome.

"'Walk up the hill, if you please.' It is done. We take our seats and move along slowly. After a mile or two the driver halts his team: 'Gentlemen, there's something the matter with the coach; she don't move right, somehow' Out we go again. 'Light the lamp, and let us see what's the matter.' On examination, it was found that the king-bolt

had been broken by the concussion in the ditch, and that the body had fallen from the bolster on the coupling-pole. Here was a scrape. To rectify, required skill and strength. After many abortive plans and efforts, the work was done. Now for a few more ejaculations on the folly of coming this way. Brother Hamilton and McTyeire, disinclined from the outset to this route, would jeer me for being persuaded to adopt it. I was on the defensive all the way. Hamilton would show by *figures*, based on distance and time, that it was the very worst thing we could have done. McTyeire, with a sigh, would concentrate his regrets by a sententious recapitulation of the mishaps behind and the prospects ahead, and wind up with a look which seemed to say, 'Catch me on another ram's-horn route!' I would try to cheer them with the hope that we should reach Tuskegee in time—that we were improving our knowledge of geography, and learning to shift for ourselves amid the difficulties of life. But Hamilton was sick and nervous, McTyeire was disappointed in a visit to his friends, and the best speech I could make left them regretful and disconsolate.

"We took a cheerless breakfast at Coffeeville, walked a mile to stretch and get warm, spent the morning amid the usual delays, and about eleven mired down in a creek swamp, and got out to work in mud and water. As all could not work at one wheel, McTyeire and I walked ahead, and stopped to rest upon a narrow bridge. Presently the driver reined up his horses for a pull; the leaders did their best—every trace broke—they were frightened and ran away!

"The horses were obliged to cross the bridge, and by the time they reached it, seemed infuriate with the panic; the broken traces were flying at every bound, and we were in peril. Our only chance was to get on the outer edge and flatten ourselves into the least possible space. The maddened steeds passed us without injury, and as they fled through the swamp on the other side of the creek, I too felt that all was lost. McTyeire at last found some relief to his burdened spirits in a hearty laugh at my blank, despairing

countenance. Presently, a man came along with an ox-team, and we got him to hitch on and pull out the stage. By this time we heard that the runaway horses were hung in a tree-top and brought to a halt. So we sent after them, and while the driver was repairing the harness, McTyeire and myself concluded to travel on, telling those we left that we would wait for them somewhere in the road. We walked till we were tired, and called at a farm-house and asked for dinner. We were enjoying ourselves most luxuriously when the stage was announced. 'Tell them to hold on—we must finish this operation.' We had worked the livelong night and more than half the day; walked, in all, about fifteen miles, and our appetites were ravenous, and the meat was savory.

"'My friend,' said Brother McTyeire, 'go out and invite them all in: I know they are hungry.'

"'Tell them the dinner is fine—the very best we have had,' said I.

"In the meantime we were doing our best.

"'Another piece of that ham, if you please, ma'am.'

"'Have you another cup of coffee?'

"'Plenty, sir.'

"'The driver says he will not wait, gentlemen.'

"'This is the finest corn-bread, the freshest butter,' said McTyeire.

"'The stage is starting, gentlemen.'

"'Let us go, McTyeire, I am tired of walking.'

"'I suppose we must; but this is too bad!'

"By way of revenge on our impatient friends, we described the dinner with the most appetite-provoking particularity; told them how refreshed we were; jeered them on their empty stomachs, and predicted a late supper and a poor one.

"Finally we reached the last stage-stand on the way to Oxford. Just as we refitted and were ready for a new start, the snow began, and as I had taken a seat on the outside, I saw and felt all the fury of the storm. My black blanket was very soon a blanket of another color. After dark we rode into Oxford, and as we expected to go right on, the driver

by request took us around to show us the town. Soon after our arrival, we were informed that the Tallahatchie River was impassable, and the road to it too bad for night-travel, and that we must lie over till morning. Dr. Hamilton sighed; Brother McTyeire cried, '*Detention—detention.*' 'Let us take a room and go to bed. In sleep we will forget all our troubles,' said I.

"Before sunrise we were once more under way. Sure enough, when we reached the river, it was swollen and the rope was gone; and the ferryman said we must go ten miles out of our way, or go over two at a time in a canoe and wait for a stage from Holly Springs. The latter plan was adopted. Dr. Hamilton and I went over first, kindled a fire, and encamped. When all were over, Brother McTyeire and I determined to set out afoot. We had a swamp a mile wide to cross, and found no little difficulty in finding a way through it. By tacking and turning, crossing lagoons on logs, and wading a little, we reached dry land, and started for Holly Springs.

"We travelled three miles, met the stage, gave the driver directions where to find our friends; and as noon had come, we concluded to make another experiment in the way of dinner. We stopped at a fine-looking house on the road-side—were kindly invited in—dinner was ordered, and we undertook to improve the interval by conversation with our host. He proved to be a Georgian—knew my father well, and seemed glad of our visit. We found him a man of many sorrows. In the midst of wealth he was desolate. Bereavement had broken him up. Within the year he had lost his wife and two grown children; and another, who had gone to Texas, he supposed from his last intelligence was dead also. A few days before a tornado had swept his plantation, overturned his barns, gin-houses, and out-houses generally, killed some negroes, maimed others for life, and spread ruin around. There he was, a gray-haired old man, amid the wreck of his plans and his hopes, mourning the absence of his loved ones. We talked with him of providence and grace, and prayed that his

afflictions may be sanctified to his salvation. Again as we sat down to dine and were beginning to enjoy our meal, the stage-horn blew an impatient blast. We dispatched a messenger, begging for a brief dispensation ; but Pharaoh knew not Joseph, and he would show no favor So we had to deny ourselves a refreshing repast, and—what in this instance we regretted more—leave our grief-stricken host without prayer. In our hearts we remembered him, and trust our Father in heaven for the answer.

"This portion of Mississippi shows the marks of hard usage. It is a fine farming country, but has been better.

"We reached Holly Springs before night. To this point we had been looking as the terminus of our stage-travel, and the end of our travelling troubles. But, alas ! we found that the heavy rains had made a breach in the railroad, and that the time the cars would start again was very uncertain. We planned, and talked, and bewailed our detention, and then went to sleep. The next day was the Sabbath. We reported ourselves to the brethren, and in the forenoon I tried to preach. At three o'clock P. M. the cars left, and we went down to LaGrange, twenty miles, in order to take the train from Memphis, early in the morning.

"When the train from Memphis came along on the morning of the eighth of December, we once more set out for the Alabama Conference. But, alas ! another breach in the road arrested our progress, and we were constrained to take stage and creep along bad roads for forty miles. An afternoon and night were consumed in this slow travel, and about daybreak we reached Buzzards' Roost, where we shook hands with the stage and 'shed not a tear.'

"*Buzzards' Roost !* what a name for a beautiful country ! This valley of the Tennessee will compare favorably with any farming region of the South or South-west. Level, fertile, and very generally under cultivation, it looks like one vast plantation. Long-settled and hard-worked, the signs of exhaustion are very apparent. The great staple—King Cotton —wears the earth, and, while clothing the people, strips the

ground to nakedness. Where once the plant grew like a tree, the overtasked and weary soil can only produce a stunted shrub. The scattered habitations indicate the wealth of the proprietors, and they now loom up amid the naked fields like monuments commemorative of what has been. These lands in good seasons yet produce remunerative crops, and might easily be restored to their original fertility. The Southern people, however, obstinately cling to the notion that it is easier and more profitable to fell the forest, and work virgin lands, than to fertilize the old fields. When the country is older, and the population more settled, a change of policy will become a necessity, and practice will reverse the theory. There is too much new land at present for the introduction of this vivifying experiment. The day will come, and a distant posterity will wonder at the reckless abuse of the earth by the generations past.

"After the toil, weariness, and detentions of the last few days, it was cheering to learn that the roads through Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama were uninjured by the recent rains, and that the trains were regular in their trips. The only material drawback upon our enjoyment, under these circumstances, was the fact that, after all our efforts, we should be a few hours behindhand. Conscious of having done our best, and assured that the brethren would not suspect us of neglect, we surrendered ourselves to the luxury of memory and hope. We remembered our troubles 'as waters that pass away,' and, hoping that the clouds would not return after the rain, we rejoiced in our deliverance.

"About noon of Wednesday we rode into Tuskegee. The light of many a familiar face beamed upon us, and the cordial welcome of the brethren made us feel how pleasant it is for those whose hearts and aims and hopes are one, to meet and mingle in social Christian fellowship.

"The Conference session was pleasant and profitable. Several topics of grave interest outside of the regular business, but pertinent to the interests of the Church, came before us, were seriously discussed, and satisfactorily disposed of.

"In the examination of character a pleasant little incident occurred, which I will here relate. The tale has its moral.

"The church in which we assembled was crowded from day to day with interested spectators. On one occasion two Baptist ministers were introduced to me, presented to the Conference, and invited to be seated in our midst. Not long after this ceremony—in the regular order—a brother's name was called, and the usual question propounded, 'Is there anything against him?' The presiding elder, in representing him, remarked that he had succeeded well in his circuit—a circuit hitherto regarded as a very unpromising field for Methodism. Among other evidences of his zeal and influence he stated that at one place the preacher had taken several Baptists into our Church.

"A brother rose and said: 'That statement needed explanation; it might be a grave objection to the passage of the preacher's character. If he had been stealing into other people's folds to *proselyte*, unsettling the minds of members about their Church relations, he should vote against him, because this transferring members from one Church to another was a great evil; no good came out of it; it was not promoting Christianity: the Church of Christ was not *extended* by any such operation; it was the preacher's business to get the people of the world converted; *such* cases were *accessions* to the Church—the other plan was a cheat; one Church might count more, but the friends of Christ were not multiplied.' To these sentiments there was a hearty approving response. Such was the mind of the Conference; the presiding elder said he would explain: The preacher had done nothing wrong—he had not been proselyting—but in the neighborhood where these Baptists lived there had been a great revival, and when the doors of the Church were opened these Baptists joined of their own free will. Among them, said the elder, was a preacher, whose remark on the occasion explains it all. After he had joined, a friend said to him, 'Why, I thought you were a *Hardshell*.' 'So I was,' said the preach-

er; 'but *these Methodists have ringfired me and burnt off my shell*, and I could but join them.' "

The journey home was soon made. He had been gone from September to January, and had made a tour which had called for great endurance; but he said he could endure more hardship with less inconvenience than most any man he knew. He certainly could with less complaint.

I have preferred to let him tell his own story without interruption. The account he gives of the Kansas troubles, is, of course, an account from a Southern stand-point. He tells what he saw, and what he heard. I have not felt at liberty to suppress this letter. Bishop Pierce, as I have said, politically was a Whig and a Union man. The fact that Robert Toombs and Alexander Stephens and Richard M. Johnson, his close friends, were all Democrats, had not at all moved him from his political position, but he was intensely a Southern man. He wanted nothing for the South but the rights she had had from the days of the Colonies, rights secured to her by the treaty with England at the end of the war, and rights never surrendered by her, in any written instrument. He wanted no more than the rights she had reserved, but he wanted these. He had little to do with party politics, and condemned everything that was wrong, by any party whatever. He reached his home in time to preach at Sparta, December 28th, and remained at home till April, when he went on a visit so Memphis. He paused at Tunnel Hill, a little hamlet in Upper Georgia, and preached there. Dr. Price says of this sermon:

"Bishop Pierce dedicated a church at Tunnel Hill, Ga., in April, 1857 This was outside of Holston, but not far from the line between the Holston and Georgia Conferences. When I reached the church on Saturday, the 25th, he was preaching from 1 Timothy ii. 8: 'I will, therefore, that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath or doubting.' The sermon was lucid and heart-searching. On the subject of incessant prayer the preacher said: 'Our prayers are too periodical; we pray here, and we pray there

(putting his finger down at different points on the pulpit board), but in the name of God, brethren, what are we doing all along between here and there?' The exclamation came with power, and like a flash of lightning produced an evident sensation throughout the entire audience.

"The new church had been built mainly by the liberality of the Rev. Clisbe Austin, a local preacher, and the bishop had intended to use as his dedicatory text on Sunday, Luke vii. 4, 5: 'And when they came to Jesus, they besought him instantly, saying, That he was worthy for whom he should do this: for he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue.' But he suddenly changed his mind and preached from Matthew xvi. 24: 'Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.' He dwelt mainly on self-denial. All government implied an abridgment of natural liberty. There could be no civil government without self-denial. The citizen must deny himself up to the civil law. So the Christian must deny himself up to the moral law. Whatever possession, or pursuit, or gratification stands in the way of Christian society must be relinquished. The preacher denied the genuineness of much that passes for self-denial. He claimed that to abandon sin and espouse Christ was really no self-denial; that men were very much mistaken if they thought they were making great sacrifices when they turned from their wicked ways to the service of God; that when a hoary sinner, who has been lapping like a dog for a half-century from the dirty cesspools of iniquity turns to Christ to quaff the pure, pellucid waters of eternal life, there was no self-denial in that. The man was surrendering nothing valuable, and coming into possession of vast riches and unspeakable blessedness. The sermon was in power."

He went thence to Memphis, where he dedicated a church. It was while he was on this visit that the Memphis people proposed to give him a home in the city if he would change his residence. He took the matter under advisement, and while grateful for the offer finally declined it.

CHAPTER XII.

EPISCOPAL JOURNEYINGS, 1857, AGED 46.

To West Virginia—To Kentucky—North Carolina—Virginia—Louisiana—Letter to Claude—Personal Appearance—Making Appointments—Preaching—Dr. Thomas' Tribute.

HIS district for this year included the West Virginia, Kentucky, Louisville, Virginia, North Carolina, and Louisiana Conferences. He went by railway to Richmond, and thence to Staunton, Va., where he took the stage for Charleston, W Va. He came by the White Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier, where he spent Sunday; and thence by the Charleston and Kanawha turnpike to Charleston. The route was exceedingly wild and picturesque, and on reaching the end of his journey he wrote to his wife:

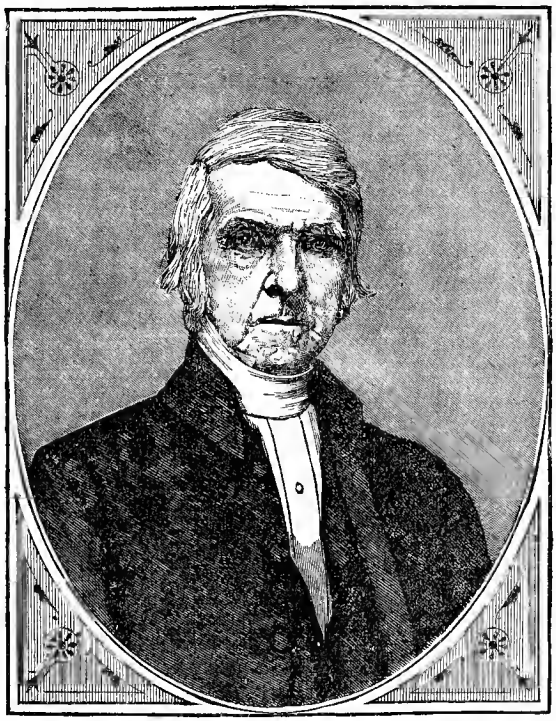
"CHARLESTON, VA., September 9, 1857.

"MY DEAREST ANN: After a long, hot, dusty stage-travel I reached this place in good health, safe and sound. I failed to reach Parkersburg on Sabbath, by taking the wrong road at Richmond. As things turned out, the mishap did not make much difference. It gave me an opportunity of visiting the White Sulphur Springs, the great resort of all the Southern people. I spent the Sabbath there, and on Monday took the stage for this place. Such a world of mountains I hardly ever saw before; there is no room for any more. I have seen nature in her majesty—wild, grand, awful. If I take notes I must try to describe some of the sights.

"On the stage I had charge of a man deranged. He gave me some trouble, and excited my sympathies very much. I will tell you all about it when we meet.

"Bishop Early has been very ill—is yet sick, and I fear will not be able to hold his Conference. If he is not, I shall not get home as soon as I expected, by a week or two. I have not heard from him on the subject. He may get up and go on with his work. I hope he will.

"The preacher has given me a room at a hotel—a first-rate place. Hope we shall have a quiet, happy session.



JOHN EARLY, D.D., BISHOP.

"It is very dry in this region. The days are hot and the nights very cold. One night in the stage I wore my *overcoat* and *blanket*, and found them comfortable.

"Oh, if I could hear from you all this morning; but I cheer myself with the idea that you are all well, and moving about as usual. Remember me when you pray

"As ever, yours,

"G. F P."

This West Virginia Conference had very peculiar difficulties to contend with; although in Virginia, Charleston was over three hundred miles from Richmond, and Parkersburg was still more remote. The people were decidedly mixed, some of them Virginians of the olden time; many of them descendants of Germans, many were Ohio and Northern people, who had no special fondness for Southern slavery or its ways. The eastern, and much of the northern, part of the country was in the Baltimore Conference, which aimed to be neutral on the question of slavery, while that part nearest Pennsylvania and Ohio was outspokenly hostile to slavery in all its phases. There was a small band of very devoted preachers and members who adhered to the Southern Church. Methodism undivided was by no means strong, but when divided it was largely at a disadvantage, and it was sadly divided at this time, and has been so ever since that day. The fact of the Southern affinities of this Conference, however, drew much outside support to it, and when Bishop Pierce came to the aristocratic and stately old town of Charleston, the leading families, without regard to church affiliations, flocked to hear him. He succeeded in getting a large subscription to build a church, and established Southern Methodism in Charleston on a firm footing. He preached at Malden, where the great salt wells were, and then went thence by Buffalo and Maysville to Smithland, Ky., where he held the Kentucky Conference. He wrote Ella from Maysville:

"MAYSVILLE, September 19, 1857.

"The Western Virginia Conference was a great triumph for Southern Methodism. You know the Northern Church has had possession of the country ever since the division. They had a church and congregation, while we had to preach in the Court-house, and had but few friends in Charleston. On Tuesday last the Conference adjourned; the people called on me to hold a meeting at night, deliver an address, and take up a subscription for a Southern Church. I did so. Of course I had to define our position, and to discuss the re-

ANN, MARY, AND A FRIEND.

lation of the two churches to slavery. I never won such a victory in my life. It was a perfect triumph. I got the money for the church and a lot to build it on. I was very careful and very candid in what I said, but I expect I shall appear in the Northern papers as a beast with more than seven heads and ten horns. The Northern preachers were in great trouble next day, and said that they meant to hold me responsible for the excitement.

"I have been greatly blessed in speaking and preaching, and never made a better impression anywhere in my life. Tell your mother *the ladies sent me several bouquets*, and poured innumerable blessings on me. The preachers I meet seem to think I ought to stay in Georgia. Well, be it so. Write to me at Smithland, Ky. Kiss Carrie for me; do not let her forget me. Oh how I love you all, and how happy I would be to stay with you. But my lot is labor and separation. What is the prospect for cotton? Give me all the news. God bless you. Most affectionately,

"G. F. P"

On reaching Smithland he wrote to his wife and his two little girls, Mary and Ann.

"SMITHLAND, KY., October 6, 1857.

"MY DEAR MARY AND ANN: Here I am sitting alone in a dark room, thinking about home and mother, and my sweet little girls. So I thought I would write you a short letter to make you think about father. Since I saw you I have been on railroads, stages, and steamboats, over mountains, rivers, and valleys. Let me tell you what I saw on one of the steamboats. For the first time in my life I saw men and women *dancing*. It was the most *foolish*, *silly*-looking thing I ever saw. Perfectly ridiculous. I hope my daughters will always have *too much sense* to dance. I suppose you are both going to school again. Are you learning fast? I hope so. You miss brother, I guess, very much. Do you come home to dinner? How does sweet little Carrie come

on? Does Pierce grow? Does *mother ever kiss him?* You must tell Carrie that I have got something for her, and that she must kiss me when I get back. Do you wish me to come home again? I wonder if you ever talk about father, when you are by yourselves. Do you pray for me every night? I think you do, and the thought of it makes me glad. The Lord has been very good to me. He has taken care of me by day and night, on land and water. I hope to get back the latter part of next week. Then I will see who loves me most. Which of you will give me the first kiss? Tell sister Ella she must come over on Saturday the 17th. I hope to get home by that time. I do not know which way I will come yet. I must stop and see Claudia, I reckon. When does the fair come on? What are you all going to show?

"Well, I must stop now. Be good children, and the Lord will bless you.

"Your affectionate father,

"G. F P."

To his wife:

"SMITHLAND, October 6, 1857.

"Yours of the 14th of September was received to-day. I got a letter from Lovick, dated the 16th, at Lexington. So you see your epistle can hardly be regarded as news from home. Surely I shall hear from you again this week. It would greatly relieve my feelings to hear from you all more frequently I write and write, but seldom hear from you. I do not blame you, but the wretched mail arrangements of the country. I left Louisville last Friday evening on the Red Wing, came down to Henderson, a town on the Ohio River, spent the Sabbath, preached twice, and yesterday morning early took passage on the Princess for this place. Arrived last night about 11 o'clock, fought the mosquitoes all night, slept very little, and feel rather so-so to-day. Conference begins to-morrow. Hope to get through by next Monday night, and then to start home. I am afraid I shall have trouble in getting off. The Cumberland is so low that no

boats are running to Nashville. The stage is tri-weekly, and I may be detained a day or two after Conference. This will be hard to bear. However, it is very cloudy and looks like it might rain soon. If the river rises I shall likely have no difficulty. You may look for me on the 17th or 18th. This is my calculation now. I shall try hard to carry it out. I am as anxious to get home as if I had been gone four months. If it were not that I am kept busy in one way and another, I should be sad enough. But I have no time for vain thoughts. Preach, speak, preside, or receive visits all the time. I am here in a large fine room, have not been to the table yet and cannot say much of my accommodation. The family seem kind. Dr. Hamilton is staying with me; Drs. Stevenson and Sehon are to be here also—a pleasant company. Tell Ransom it is time the hogs were in the pea-field. I hope he has found the six lost ones. I will write again. Tell Mary and Ann I will write to them to-day. Heaven bless you all.

"Most affectionately,

"G. F. P"

The Kentucky Conference, over which he presided, was, like the West Virginia, on the border, and was, like it, disturbed by contending factions, but not to the same extent. It included in its boundaries a large part of Eastern Kentucky, in which was that matchless land called the Blue Grass Country, where all was elegance, and in which were mountain districts where the work was as hard as it had been in the days of Asbury. To supply such a work demands great skill and care, but the good sense and kind heart of the young bishop stood him well in place.

He now turned his face toward home, and preached at Culverton the next Sunday. He left home in November for Elizabeth City, N. C., where the Virginia Conference met. On his way he wrote to his wife:

"November 14, 1857.

"Thus far I have come without accident. On Saturday I reached Weldon, and found Dr. W. A. Smith on his way to

a two days' meeting in the country. So I turned aside and went with him. Yesterday I preached in an old country church, where I guess a bishop never preached before. I was quite a show. They seemed very much gratified. I am going down this evening near the place where we are to take steamboat for Elizabeth City. I am afraid I am to have trouble in both Conferences with trials and *law-points*, I can only do my best.

"I hope you and Ella have received the articles from Augusta. I trust, too, they will please. Of course I had to confide everything to Beauty's * taste and judgment. She is better informed in women's 'fixins' than I.

"If the cotton can be carried to the gin, the potatoes had better be put into the cotton-house, and covered with seed —as I was telling Ransom about—two or three inches deep at the bottom, and eight or ten inches thick over the pile.

"I feel very anxious to hear from Oxford. I am less and less inclined to go. The more I think, the more I hope they will fail, and give it up. I am satisfied it will be best. My mind revolts at the idea of going under the circumstances. If you are applied to on the subject, I hope you will discourage it. You know my views and feelings on the whole matter. I have looked them all over as I rode along, and my deliberate conclusion is, that with the uncertainties of support before us, we had better stay where we can make something to eat. I shall look for a letter from you this week. Dr. Smith sends his respects. Kiss the children for me. Love to all.

"Most affectionately,

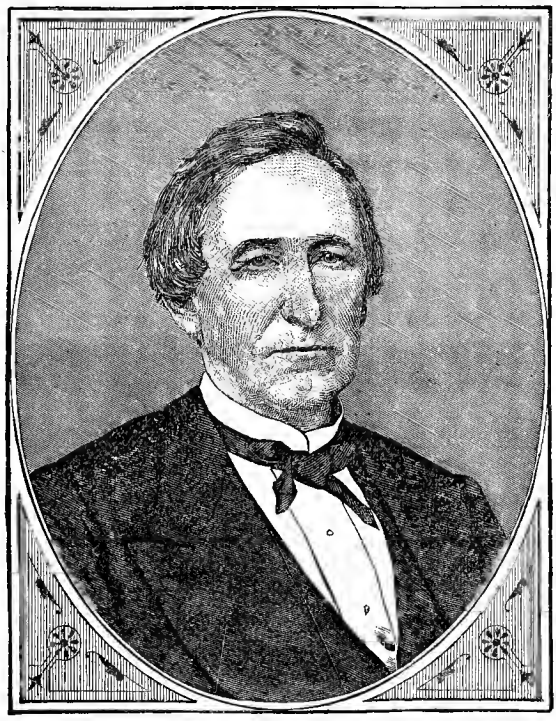
"G. F P"

The Virginia Conference met in Elizabeth City, N. C., and after its adjournment he presided over the North Carolina. It met in Goldsboro', then a comparatively small village. The church could not hold the immense congregation which assembled to hear him, and a railroad warehouse

* Mrs. Dr. Mann, his sister Julia.

was secured. He had but begun his sermon when a railroad train came rushing in and he stopped; he began again, and the train from the South broke him up. He began again, and sat down with his face flushed from a sudden and alarming vertigo, but finally concluded the service.

He returned home and went to Mansfield, in Upper Louisiana, and presided over the vigorous young Conference. It



BISHOP J. C. KEENER, D.D.

was remarkable that he appointed at this time three men who were afterward Bishops—Dr. Keener, Dr. McTyiere, and Linns Parker. While in Mansfield he wrote to his daughter Claude, who was in college:

"MANSFIELD, LA., February 3, 1858.

"MY DEAREST CLAUDE: You are a little disposed in a modest way to complain of my not writing to you as often as you think I might, or perhaps to make it stronger, as I *ought*.

The question is one that may be debatable. Something might be said on both sides. Doubtless you could talk fluently, and by dropping a tear or two, as though you were badly treated, might make out a strong case to an outsider. On the other hand, I could tell of business and company and travel, and show that it is really wonderful that I find time to write to you at all. The verdict of an impartial jury would be, I think, about this: The bishop must love his daughter Claudia very much, or he could not take time to write to her amid all his engagements. Well, let that pass. This is my birthday, I am forty-seven. The meridian of life is passed. I am growing old. Gray hairs are coming thick and fast. Eyes that have served me well are beginning to grow dim. Soon, if time endures, I shall be a withered old man. Who will care for me then? In the meantime let me confess the goodness of God. I have been blessed in every way—at home, in public, in health, and freedom from affliction in my wife and my children. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness. Transported with the view I am lost in wonder, love, and praise.

"Now I have reached that point when the old begin to live life over in their children. Few men love their children as I do. I am bound up in them and with them. They are my life. If they do well, I prosper, if they were to do wickedly the charm of life would be gone, the last light of earth would go out and leave me in the gloom of utter sorrow. God of mercy, save them from evil. Let my son be honorable, good, useful. My daughters tender, pure, and pious. Amen and amen! A word of advice to Claudia. She expects one day to marry Do not be in haste to love and to be engaged. While you know but *few* you might select one whom a wider acquaintance would satisfy you was not your equal. Very young girls are not *apt* to marry wisely. Wait, learn to *think* as well as to *feel*, to judge character as well as to admire personal appearance. *Now* you might pick up some young, inexperienced man, clever, perhaps, but no mind, never likely to attain position in society

by talent or enterprise or any thing that distinguishes him from the mass. How would you like to sink into obscurity? 'There is luck in leisure,' saith the old proverb. Haste precedes repentance. You may, you *ought* to do well. Be patient, study, learn, graduate, come home, read, travel, think, write, grow into a rational being with some ideas beyond the circumference of a *hoop*. Come home, be a companion for your mother and me. Let us enjoy your society for a season, if the Lord will. But enough. It is cold, wet; rain, hail, and snow to-day.

"God bless you ever more.

"As ever,

"G. F P"

He thus closed his first quadriennium of episcopal labor. He did not servilely follow the precedents set him by the bishops who had gone before, in his conduct of Conference affairs. He was much more rapid in his conduct of Conference business than they had been. He was not rigid in his adherence to the rules of order, but kept the Conference under proper control. He recognized the fact that the main work of the bishop is to make the appointments, and he did this work carefully, prayerfully, courageously, and, in the main, satisfactorily. This was a matter of great solicitude to him. He knew how much a preacher's interests were involved in his decisions, and how heavy oftentimes the burden would be, lighten it as much as he could. The bishop had but little patience with whining; and that complaint which came when there was merely inconvenience imposed, or when mere taste and preference were denied gratification, found in him little sympathy; but when he knew that the preacher and his family must needs have real privation, and he knew he could not prevent it, that was what touched his tender heart in its tenderest place. He gave many a severe appointment, but never one that he could by any means avoid. Patiently he listened to the humblest man of the Conference; and, if he could, he always lifted the load. During his first tour in Texas

he made an appointment which seemed to him the best he could do, but which he knew was a severe one. The brother came to him in tears. "Bishop," he said, "you have ruined me. My wife is sick in bed, she cannot move; you have sent me a hundred and fifty miles to go by wagon over bad roads. I can't get there; and I do not know what I will do."

The bishop consoled him as best he could, but he was greatly troubled himself by his brother's affliction. He went his way with the burden. At the next Conference he met the *ruined man*, well dressed, bright, cheerful; he came to the bishop: "Well, sir, I am the man you ruined; the people sent for me, my wife made the journey, got well, and I was never so well fixed in my life." The bishop had no easy time of it, and he had found, as Bishop Kavanaugh remarked, that the office of a bishop is good work and a-plenty of it.

He resolved not to remove to Memphis, at which he was offered a home, but to remain in the country and return to Sunshine, to get ready for the General Conference in May.

Bishop Pierce at this time was forty-seven years old. His form was majestic. He bore himself royally. His eye was black and sparkling; his cheek glowed with the red hue of perfect health. His every movement was graceful. His voice was clear and melodious. I can give but little idea of his wonderful power as a pulpit orator. Whether he was before the most cultured or before the plainest audience he was alike—a master. He preached in a marble church with all the ease with which he preached to a congregation of negro slaves, and he preached to the slaves with as much fervor and power and beauty, as to the great men of the earth. He took his place at the head of the preachers of the land at the first, and he never lost it. To the last he could crowd any church in city or country. He seemed all unconscious of the praise bestowed. Out of the pulpit he was as simple and as unaffected and unambitious as a child. His old friend, Dr. J. R. Thomas, now of California, says of him:

"His mind was not only broad and strong, but it possessed an element of rebound which was always greater than

any pressure laid upon it. His mind was like one of those well-constructed arches in masonry, whose strength is increased always in proportion to the weight upon it—ever growing stronger as the weight becomes heavier.

"If Bishop Pierce was great intellectually, he was still greater in the moral elements of his general make-up. He was noble by nature, unselfish, frank, simple-hearted, modest, courteous, sympathetic, slow to resent, always ready to forgive; as a friend, faithful; as a companion, genial and entertaining; in the social circle, affable and pleasant, without the least effort at display; perfectly at home among the great, and to the lowly polite and even condescending. I never saw him out of temper; I do not remember to have heard him utter one word of bitterness against any living man. In the vast outlay of toil to which we have referred, his motives were above suspicion."

For forty-five years zeal for Christ and love for souls kept him steadily in motion. That he was ambitious to show himself a workman approved, there can be no question; but only that he might thereby be useful.

One of the most marvellous things is that his immense popularity, his rapid promotion, and the frightful avalanche of praises, coming from every quarter, did not in the least spoil him. To the last he was the same humble, unpretending, simple-hearted man.

Dr. Thomas, who was with him much, says of the preacher:

"This gifted orator was blessed with the most spiritual face I ever looked upon; his voice mellow, its highest tones musical and suppliant, his style direct, his metaphors novel and striking, and his illustrations pertinent, having the effect of an argument upon the minds of his hearers. His discourses were supported by frequent scriptural quotations, and as he handled the lofty themes of the cross, when his persuasive melting pathos became enkindled to a pitch of rapture under the exaltation of the Holy Spirit, one could not help feeling that through the preacher he heard the

world's Redeemer pleading with the sinners for whom He died.

"Bishop Pierce did not much indulge in formal dialectics and scholastic disquisition. In this he patterned after his 'divine teacher.' But every sermon was a volume on Christian evidences. The power that he had with him not only endorsed his divine commission, but illustrated and verified the promise of the Saviour: 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the earth.'"

Coming out of the pulpit in Sparta, an old negro came to him with streaming eyes, caught his hand and said, "Oh, Mars George, you do preach so good."

There never was a moment after he was chosen that there was any regret felt that he had been selected as bishop, and whenever the Georgia preachers knew, and I can speak for them, that Bishop Pierce said, "Go!" it ended the controversy; it was enough, *he said so.*

His home life grew more and more delightful as the years sped on; burdened as he was with debt, it was not a hopeless involvement, but only an embarrassment which was temporary, and did not involve his good name, and one from which he extricated himself in a few years. He had in a bright, cheerful, happy wife, and in daughters so affectionate, and in a son who was so promising, and in a beautiful, simple home, so many things to make his home life attractive that it was no wonder that he used to say, when urged to take a tour or seek change, that the best tour to him was the one to his home; that he wanted no other change but that. He went to Nashville in May, 1858; thus began his second quadriennium as bishop.

CHAPTER XIII.

EPISCOPAL JOURNEYINGS, 1858, AGED 47.

General Conference at Nashville—Letter to Ella—Off to St. Louis—Call at Nashville—Bishop Soule—The Stage-coach—The Nodding Passenger—At St. Louis—Off to Memphis—Over a Snag—Wearisome Delay—A Turkey-hunt—The Shreveport Ferryman—The Georgia Host—A Feast—Musical Stage Driver—Swimming—Preaching in the Country—Crying Babies—East Texas Conference—Panic in a Church and Stampede—Brother Whipple—Lay Co-operation—The Bishop's Views—Letter to Claude—Letter to Ann—Marvels of Texas—Mount Wonder—Homeward—Delays—Night on the Gulf—Just in Time—The Georgia Conference—The Itinerancy—Letter to Claude.

THE General Conference which met in Nashville in 1858 was an uneventful one. The Book Concern had been established, the amount due from the M. E. Church had been collected and disposed of, there were no radical movements proposed, and the merely routine work was rapidly done.

The bishop had done his work faithfully for this first quadriennium, and there was no complaint made against him. The bishop had little use for legislation, and believed the fewer the General Conferences, and the less tinkering with laws the better, and he turned away from the great assembly toward Sunshine and his loved ones.

He wrote to Ella on the 11th.

"NASHVILLE, May 11, 1858.

"MY DEAREST ELLA: Your welcome letter came this morning, just in time to prevent my doing a very unkind thing. I had waited for a letter until my patience was exhausted and I felt that I was forgotten. So I sat down and wrote a very crusty letter. Now I will tear *it* up and try

again. Your birthday has come and gone, I could not be present to celebrate it with you. But I am glad you remembered it with a grateful heart. It may add something to your pleasure to know that I remembered *you* among the good things with which Providence has endowed me. From your *birth* morning to this hour I have counted you *among my treasures.* I have always felt that you inherited and would receive through life the blessing of Heaven. May you live long and be happy as now, and even more. To this end cultivate your religious feelings, meet also the duties of life promptly and with prayer for divine aid. Be an example to your children, and try to be useful in the Church. May the benediction of Heaven rest on you and yours forever. May your children be to you as you have been to me, a source of comfort, and perpetuate in themselves the virtues which adorn *their* mother, *my first-born, my darling Ella.* Tell John to write quick and tell me the prospects of Sunshine. I hope the turkeys will live and thrive. A broiled chicken for breakfast will be very acceptable when I get back.

"Do you get the *Daily?* I sent it to John. *That* contains all the Conference news. I will write to your mother to-morrow. Kiss Carrie for me. Tell her grandfather thinks of her every day and wants to see her very much. Kiss Mollie and Ann for me, and tell them to study hard and learn fast.

"Unless they make a new bishop I think I am good for California. The plan is for the bishop who goes there to stay a year. If I go, your mother will have to go, if I can raise the wind. Heaven directs in all things."

Bishop Pierce preached every Sunday during the Conference session, but he sought out the smaller appointments near the city. He preached at Hobson's Chapel, Columbia, and Franklin. He returned home in good time and then visited the camp-meetings near by, and in September began his journey to the West, of which he has given us so pleasant an account in his "Notes by the Way," written for the *Southern Christian Advocate.*

"On September 28th, 1858, I left home for St. Louis. Business with the Book Agent and other *notabilities* of the Publishing House inclined me to go by Nashville. Withal, our venerable friend, Bishop Soule, was reported ill; I desired to see him and to talk with, or rather, to hear him talk once more of the Church, her duties, wants, responsibilities, and prospects. I found him improving in health, but very feeble. To see his majestic form shrunken, trembling, and tottering, as for its final fall, was sadly touching; but his patient faith, rejoicing hope, and meek humility were grand, inspiring. How good to be there, for in the tabernacle of the old soldier the great captain of our common salvation was present. The physical infirmities of old age lie heavy upon our senior bishop: his days of active service are past; but his yet vigorous mind thinks and plans for the Church in which he has labored so long and usefully; and with an eye open to all that is faulty or threatening, he looks forward to future prosperity and triumph. It is strengthening to one's faith in the mission of Methodism to hear one of the fathers of our ecclesiastical economy (himself wise, sagacious, farseeing, all the events of the past fresh in his memory) descanting, with buoyant spirits, of the days to come and the glory to be revealed. It is a providential boon to the Church that our old men linger among us, to tell us of the past, warn of innovation—the danger of new ways and the wisdom and safety of the old paths. More especially are we favored in that these venerable brethren are not *croakers*, forever crying, amid sighs, lamentations, and evil prophecies, 'the former days were better than these;' but keeping pace with the world in its rush of thought and enterprise, and fully persuaded of the enduring vitality of our economy as a Church, and of its capability of expansion and adjustment to the demands of a progressive and extending civilization, still maintain a cheerful sympathy with the young, the active, and the rising workmen of the Lord. 'A green old age' is beautiful always; but in a veteran minister, besides the poetry of sentiment, there is the sanctity of long, holy service, the honor

of fidelity and the immortal hopes, which, like imprisoned odors, make his presence fragrant and give promise of blossoms from the dust, to make his company attractive and impressive.

"The Nashville and Louisville Railroad being as yet unfinished, and the Cumberland too low for navigation, I took the stage for the terminus of the railroad, one hundred and thirty miles distant. With pleasant company and a fine turnpike, my progress, though slow, was agreeable. On the second night, on the wayside, a company of ladies and gentleman from South Carolina, on a visit to the Mammoth Cave, sought admission to our already crowded vehicle. Resigning my *berth* to a lady, I took *deck* passage, as did several others. On these Kentucky and Tennessee coaches there is a seat behind and above the driver for the accommodation of three, while the unappropriated portion of *the top* will take as many more as are inclined to lie down or hang upon the side. In mild, open weather these *elevations* are not uncomfortable, till the 'short hours' of the night come on; then nodding is dangerous, and the feeling of insecurity, as *nod* you must, disquiets you not a little. Among some seven or eight of us silence had long reigned, when one of the company who had nodded nearly to his fall several times, at last cried out, 'Please, gentlemen, talk about something.' Cuba and its annexation was proposed and discussed. Our fellow-passenger was fairly waked up. In the midst of the conversation a little black cloud which had hung for miles upon the horizon, rushed up the sky and began to discharge itself pitilessly upon us poor outsiders. Just then 'the stand' was reached and the ladies left us, with many thanks for our courtesy, but not half so grateful as we were about that time for inside seats. This change was freighted with a double blessing—dry clothes and a chance to sleep. Cuba was left in possession of Spain, and the talkers and the listeners all surrendered 'to tired Nature's sweet restorer.' By and by we reached the cars, and after a long and vexations detention we resumed our onward motion.

"How exhilarating the speed of the iron-horse after jogging with panting steeds and tardy steps for a hundred miles and more. Away we go: it is delightful. What now? We have stopped suddenly and in a very awkward place. The tender is off the track and has been for a quarter of a mile, and several things, important to the trucks and springs, have been dropped along the way. The lost must be found, and the displacements all rectified, and the car lifted on the rail, ere we move again. Patience and muscle and skill are all necessary now; at last the work is done, the whistle blows, and we speed to Louisville, but arrive an hour or more behind time. Having but an hour or two to tarry, I stopped at the Galt House for supper. Meeting with Brother Reid, of the Louisiana Conference, what else would have been a feeling of solitariness was forestalled, and I had a brother, well-beloved, for a companion half-way to St. Louis. To cross the Ohio was a job of some difficulty in the darkness, as we had to ford half across in order to reach the ferry-boat. The passage was effected in safety, and we reached the train in time.

"In due season, without accident or incident, I arrived at St. Louis, and found a home at Senator Polk's hospitable mansion. Preached twice the next day (the Sabbath); in the morning at Asbury, and at Centenary at night.

"The St. Louis Conference having adjourned, I took steamboat for Memphis. Dr. Taylor, the Sunday-school Secretary, and Brother Littlepage, a transfer from Missouri to Texas, were my travelling companions. It was near night when our steamer rounded from the wharf and began her passage down the Father of Waters. Supper over, the passengers distributed themselves according to their affinities and circumstances—some to sleep, others to solitary perambulations, a few to card-playing, while the doctor and myself betook ourselves to letter-writing; Brother L. sitting by, deeply engaged with Wightman's 'Life of Capers.' Presently a shock and crash, as though the boat had run head foremost against the walls of old Babylon, startled us all. The crowd

around the forward stove came running back in terror, spreading a panic at every step. Silent from extreme terror, they left us in the rear to imagine the worst. There was a general commotion and a deal of unconnected thinking done in a little time. I stood still, watching the motion of the boat, and calculating the chances of escape if she gave signs of sinking. To my great relief I observed that she kept her equilibrium, and I felt that she was moving, but *rising*. My acquaintance with Western navigation, under these circumstances, explained the difficulty. We had struck a *log*, and after the first shock from the collision, the momentum of the boat depressed the obstruction, which yet was strong enough to raise us at least three feet out of the water, and raked us literally from stem to stern as we passed over. Fortunately the boat was new and strong, or she had never survived such a shaking and such a raking.

"We reached Memphis in the night, took lodging at the Gayoso, and in the morning were hurried aboard another boat, bound for New Orleans. Dr. Taylor left us, to go to the Tennessee Conference. The boat on which Brother L. and myself took passage early in the morning, was going to start certainly in fifteen minutes, blew her whistle, rung her bell, untied a rope or two, and then grew quiet. An hour or two elapsed, and again all astir—now we start. No, not yet. So we passed the day, and at *five* in the afternoon the wheels turned again, and after twelve hours of disappointment and mockery and deception we resumed out journey.

"The yellow fever was raging at various points on the river, and to avoid it we left the boat on her arrival at Gaines Landing. We went ashore at two in the morning, and after stumbling about in the darkness for a weary spell, found accommodations, so called, in a sort of a hotel; took stage early for Camden, Ark., glad to depart, albeit the Mississippi bottom, with its causeways and bridges, miles in length, and all its ups and downs (and their name is legion) had to be crossed. On we went, faring as well, on the whole, as we had any right to expect. There were several passengers, each of whom tried to

make himself agreeable, and among them an old gentleman from California. He entertained us with stories about the mines and 'the grizzlies,' as he called them; and in the night added to our amusement by a rare feat of his own. He was old, had a limb once broken, which had been badly set, and was very crooked, making his gait awkward and peculiar and painful to the observer. He was the last man from whom one would anticipate any spry, active motion. Between midnight and day conversation had ceased, and nodding was common among us. The old gentleman had slept fairly and dreamed vividly. He was occupying the middle seat, and leaning on the door of the stage, when, all at once, out of the window he went, full length upon the ground. Some of us cried out to the driver to stop; the old man sprang up, laughing most heartily, and, resuming his seat, he told us he dreamed that he was walking in the woods and was surrounded by a flock of wild turkeys, and being anxious to secure one, he concluded to make a grab *at a large old gobbler.* He did so, and found himself out of the stage, and sprawling on the ground. The whole scene was very amusing, and his own enjoyment of it added no little to our merriment. On reaching Camden the old Californian took another route from mine, and on bidding him farewell I expressed the wish that I might meet him in California, and hoped he would have better luck in his *next turkey hunt.*

"Finding it impracticable to take any of the regular lines and reach my appointments, Brother L. and I hired a hack, and took the most direct route for Shreveport. The directions given us led us rather across the country, and sometimes we were without a road and without a guide. On the first night we fell in with an old Georgia friend of mine (Rev. William Crawford), and found a home full of comfort.

"Just at night-fall, on the third evening, we reached the ferry at Shreveport. Neither love nor money could induce the ferryman to take us over. It was a steam ferry-boat, he said; he had tied up for the night, the lights were out, and he wished to go into town. Importunity availed nothing.

What shall we do? It was night—dark—had been raining—was threatening still—the mud was deep, red, and pitchy. We must try once more to overcome the man of the boat. We shouted to him again and again—no answer; he had grown dumb as well as unobliging. Echo herself was still. By and by I heard the sound of an oar—it drew nearer, and at last the keel of a skiff grated upon the sands. A negro boatman had heard our controversy with the steamer, and appreciating our dilemma had scented *good pay* for service. After magnifying our difficulties and expressing great concern for our relief, he proposed to run us down to the city for fifty cents a-piece. We struck a bargain, and were landed bag and baggage amid rafts and mud, and by an extra dime or two at last found our way to the hotel. These are nice arrangements for a great inland town, aspiring to the dignity of a city—the great depot of the finest cotton region in the Republic. There ought to be a reformation.

"In the morning we expected to take the stage to Marshall, but found the line a tri-weekly one, and must lie over two days or make other arrangements. Once more we hired a hack, or rather, bought one—paying *twenty-four* dollars to go forty-five miles. The road was bad, and our passage slow. Night overtook us far from Marshall, and after several rejections we found a resting-place at a roadside tavern. Mine host proved to be a Georgian and a Methodist—recognized my voice in the dark, but did not claim acquaintance till the light assured him of my identity. It was Saturday night, and the presiding elder of the district was holding a quarterly meeting in the neighborhood, and my good brother insisted that I should go with him in the morning and preach for the people. I consented, and found on my arrival a rather novel arrangement for the day, though I learned that it was common in Texas. The plan is on these occasions for two sermons on the Sabbath—a long table is made, and every family (especially the church members) is expected to bring provisions, and when the first service is over the whole crowd is invited to dine. On this day it was a feast of fat

things, and if appetite is a sign of health, the people, I should say, were sound and well. My coming displaced the elder, Brother Irvine; but Brother Fields, the preacher-in-charge, preached a funeral when dinner was ended. Later in the afternoon, my old friends, Harris and Coleman, came down and took me to town. We were not in time for night service, and so I rested. The next day I was sick, and so remained for several days. In the evening I went into the country and spent the night with Brother Cook—another friend and neighbor, who had left the old land of Georgia for a home in the West.

"Next morning I took the stage for Rusk; reached Henderson at night, took supper at the hotel, and found it good enough to tempt an appetite which for two days had declined all food. On coming out to resume my journey I found a storm raging—the winds blew, the rains descended, and utter darkness prevailed. I was alone, but the driver proved to be a jolly, cheerful man, and he beguiled my solitude with song and witticism. Stopping to water, by and by, the rain still pouring, he cried out, 'Well, stranger, hard times on horses and poor white folks.' Mounting a box, he sang with a fine voice a camp-meeting hymn; the notes chimed sweetly upon the night air, and echoed through the forest; it was delightful. The song and its memories had almost melted me to tears, when he ceased and exclaimed, 'Oh, me! I believe I'll quit stage-driving and turn out to preaching—then I'll get fried chicken and butter-milk three times a day.' What an idea of high living!

"On we go, and now we stop. 'Mister, you must get out and help me.' I opened the door and found the storm had felled the trees across the road, and I must needs take a lamp and guide through the woods. You would have laughed, Mr. Editor, to have seen me holding down a sapling for the wheels to mount, and heard the driver's comments on my strength and dexterity. Finally, we got back into the road, and I took my seat, resolved upon a nap. The stage was nearly filled with mail-bags, and, getting one foot

upon the floor as a prop, I braced myself and prepared for rest.

"How long I slept I know not; but I was awaked by a cold sensation creeping up from my foot to my knee, and by the plunging of the horses and the shouts of the driver. Letting down the window I found we were swimming a creek. The stage was full of water—the current powerful, and our danger imminent. Fortunately the lead horses had struck bottom, and were struggling to get out, and but for their aid in this crisis, the other horses and the stage must have gone down—swept as they were by the torrent. When we reached dry land, the driver shook himself like a Newfoundland dog after a swim, and said, 'Well, did ever!'"

He reached Rusk in good time, where his sister Clara, wife of Dr. Wiggins, was living, and continues his notes:

"An appointment had been made for me to deliver an address at Chapel Hill, in behalf of Soule University; but on my arrival at Rusk, I learned from those informed as to the stage routes, that I could not get there in time. Abandoning the effort, which had kept me busy for a week or two, I made myself easy at my brother-in-law's, Dr. Wiggins' Making his house headquarters, I preached about in the country and in the village as opportunity offered. Hearing of a two-days' meeting, fifteen miles distant, in company with Brother Finley, the stationed preacher, I attended on the Sabbath. The house was small, the congregation large, and the pulpit was brought out and set under a black jack, and the people arranged themselves in every way—some on benches, some on logs, some on the ground; they stood, sat down, lay down, *squatted.* It was a picture, with more attitudes than artist could conceive. Children were numerous; and when a little fellow would grow restless—in several cases—the mother would lead him up to the pulpit, pour out a glass of water, and give him to drink. These movements, though a little unusual, were a great deal better than to have one cry out, as often happens. I pity a travelling preacher whose delicate nerves or fastidious taste allows these little irregu-

larities to disconcert him, and especially one who is provoked into rebuke. *Reproof* in these cases, in my judgment, is always ill-timed, in bad taste, bad spirit, in fact unkind. Children ought to be taken to church while very young, as a Christian duty; and many a poor woman is compelled to take her infant with her or stay at home, and if, to her mortification, the little one cries, in spite of all her efforts to quiet him, that man is wanting in gentleness and Christian sympathy, who will add to her shame and trouble by scolding or petulant remark. Be patient, brother; the good woman is suffering in spirit more than yourself. Let her alone; 'she hath done what she could.'

"The evident tokens of the Divine presence on Sabbath induced us to preach another day. We had several conversions and accessions to the Church—a very interesting meeting. But the time of Conference approaches, and I have several appointments on the way; so I mounted my mule, and journeyed backward to Rusk. On my return, I found Dr. W., my sister, and the children well, cheerful, and happy. So I left them, alas! to see him no more. Oh, the changes of life, how sudden and dark! Within a brief month the husband dies, the wife is a widow, the children orphans—the happy home all in tears and gloom. The doctor, however, was a deeply religious man, consecrated to God, and to him death was gain. In these cases our tears, perhaps, are just; but we often dishonor Christianity by our brooding sorrows, and the refusal to be comforted. Faith should inspire hope, and hope should cheer us before the fruition comes. The sun scatters light before his rising, and we rejoice in his approaching splendor; so ought we to trust in the promises of Him whose visible revelation we await.

"Preaching at Jacksonboro' in the morning, and at Larissa at night, next day I proceeded to Tyler, the seat of the East Texas Conference. Here my stay was as pleasant as kindness could make it. Heaven reward the very agreeable family where I found food, rest, and fellowship. The only *extra* incident of the occasion occurred on the night of the

missionary anniversary. The church, though new, is a very inferior building, and generally regarded unsafe under the pressure of a crowd. On that night it was packed to its utmost capacity. The services had progressed nearly to the point when I was to speak. Occupying a chair in the altar, I had leaned my head on my hand, and was *wondering* what I should say, when suddenly there was a slight noise—very slight—and then a shuffling of feet and an uprising of the whole mass, and then the panic flew. Such a stampede you never saw! There was a rush for the doors—windows were smashed—children cried—women fainted—men shouted—sinners leaped—preachers jumped. The panic smote them, 'like David did the Hittites, hip and thigh'—head and heart, and out they went, pell-mell, and *all for nothing*. The house is standing yet, I presume; at any rate, it was up next day; but the ventilation, so far as glass and sash might hinder it, was perfect—hardly a pane was left. One lady played the heroine. Raising a window, she put out her little girl, and then stood still, holding up the sash; and as the *frightened men* rushed along, and over each other, on their reaching her post she would say, '*Pass out, gentlemen*, pass out.' Byron, I think, in describing a storm a sea, and the laboring ship doomed to wreck, when the crisis came, and all hope was gone, says:

"'Then shrieked the *timid*, and stood still the *brave*.'

So it was in the panic and the stampede at Tyler, and a woman was 'the bravest of the brave.'

"A famous mule was brought to town, could *walk* seventy miles a day, price $500, and the owner was anxious for the bishop to have him. I was asked if I would accept him. I frankly answered, 'I would, and would ride him to Austin.' I verily thought I was going to be *set up*, for I was afoot; but my usual luck prevailed. 'I never *am* but always to be blest.' Nevertheless, my good Brother Whipple had a *pair* of mules, and a carriage to boot, and invited me to a seat with him; so I left Tyler for Austin.

"Brother W is a Yankee, and a Texan, and a travelling Methodist preacher, with a varied experience in each character; and a man who did not, under these circumstances, learn 'a thing or two,' ought to be considered dull—very. But this Yankee is *smart;* this Texan full of invention and expedient; this preacher ready for every good word and work. As a travelling companion he is a *nonpareil*—a paragon of perfection. He will talk till you are tired, and then quit (which is very sensible); and when you are rested, he will begin again, right where he left off. He will cook your dinner in a trice, and do it well; grease the carriage, feed the mules; mend up, if anything breaks; knows all the good places to stop at; understands the geography of the country, and is never puzzled by forks in the road; and can tell you more about Texas, the Church, the people, the Indians, and the wars than any man I met. (I wish I had him to go to California with me.) His satchel and carriage-box can hold as many good things as a temperate man will want in a travel of a thousand miles. He *may* replenish on the way; I cannot tell. I only know that every day, when noon arrived, we stopped and dined—had a plenty and a variety. We kindled a fire (I say we, for I *would* help him in that), and the coffee-pot was brought out and made ready, contents boiled and settled, meat broiled, bread warmed, and two hungry men ate till each exceeded. One day we had (W. provided it) a bottle of milk. A norther had overtaken us; it was very cold, and when we stopped the milk was frozen, and so, by the help of a little sugar, we had *ice-cream*. Now, tell me, ought not the memory of a commissary who will provide such delicacies away yonder in a Western prairie to be embalmed? I think so. Whipple forever! Texas owes him a debt of gratitude, for he has served her well, and I owe him 'one' for the ride to Waco.

"You must allow me to *skip* along here, merely saying that we rode all day, and I preached at night, till on Saturday evening we crossed the Brazos, and stopped at Waco, where, on Sabbath, I was to dedicate a church and beg

money to pay for it. I did both—the last very successfully, raising about four thousand dollars. At this point Brother W., having to go by home, left me, and Dr. Wilkes took me in charge, under promise to land me in Austin (a hundred miles distant) in two days. He was better than his word, for we arrived on the second day to dinner. Oh, what a country between the Brazos and the Colorado! Rich, beautiful, picturesque, splendid roads, rushing streams, herds of cattle, antelopes, room for a nation and homes for all. The droughts common to this latitude are the only material drawback upon the agriculturist. All the rest may be remedied by time and enterprise. For stock-raising the country is admirably fitted, and it might be a question whether small grain farms, with flocks and herds of horses, sheep, and cattle would not be a better policy for the people than large cotton plantations. A mania for sheep has seized the people, and such flocks I never saw before. I passed a thousand in one drove, moving to another range, and I thought of Abraham and the prophets, and the similitudes of the Scripture.

"Austin is beautifully located and is a prosperous town—the thriving capital of a great and growing State. I found a genial home with my old friend, General Pitts, who had moved in on purpose to attend the Conference and entertain the preachers. The session was short, pleasant, and, I trust, profitable. Here we had for the first time in the history of this Conference, '*lay co-operation.*' Several delegates were in attendance, some of them not only for the first, but, as they said, for the *last* time. I think their conclusion wise, for I have never been a convert to the prevalent views of the times. To say nothing of the departure from an old system which has worked well, and is doing better as the preachers are more faithful to the Discipline, there are several grave objections to the plan which is coming into vogue. Briefly—if the delegates attend, the Conference is a burden upon the people by reason of numbers. Secondly, representation involves the necessity of election by popular vote, from which evil may the Lord deliver Methodism. Thirdly, the theory

is a mockery of the delegates, for they have neither *right* nor *power*—all they suggest, recommend, or resolve being subject to the authoritative control of the Annual Conference. Fourthly, neither the Annual Conference nor this expletive adjunct can legislate for the Church: we are all under authority, and to administer, and not to enact, is our business. Fifthly, *lay co-operation* is a big word, full of meaning, and already claims more than was in the original bond: meaning, first, *lay-stewards*, one from a district—now *lay delegates* from every quarterly Conference. WHAT NEXT? This deponent saith not. I have been a looker on, all around, and have not seen the advantages which are claimed for this *progressive* movement. We are doing better in some things I steadfastly believe and cheerfully grant; but the Conferences which are *without* delegates are improving as fast and as well as those encumbered with them. This fact proves that those who glorify lay co-operation as the cause of our prosperity, have made a slight mistake—a false induction. I am neither an *old fogy* nor a young American, but an earnest Methodist; deeply in love with the old system, and fully persuaded of its capability as to progress, expansion, and final triumph. I am a man of the people—love them, believe in them, sympathize with them, desire their co-operation, in all legitimate ways, and rejoice to know that with a few, a very few individual exceptions (and these ministerially influenced), the people coincide with my views on this subject. They are content, love Methodism, its doctrines, system and agents. The people are the *trustees* and *managers* of Church property, of colleges, of missionary funds. The stewards of districts, stations, and missions have absolute control in more ways than one of the finances of the Church, and the moneys beyond their control are appropriated by law. All this is right. What the Church wants is not cumbrous legislation, not complex machinery—but self-denying, hard-working, heaven-baptized ministers. Give us intelligent, holy preachers, mighty in word and doctrine, full of faith, burning with zeal, I will go security that the people 'co-operate' cheerfully,

liberally, methodistically. Hold the Conferences with open doors; let the people attend—the men and the women—see, hear, feel, understand the wants of the Church, the plans of the Church; circulate the minutes, the missionary reports, the periodicals, all good books, and the people will represent Methodism—not by elections, votes, and speeches, but by prayers, gifts, and holy living. More religion, brethren, among preachers and people is *the* want of the times. Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years. Amen, and let all the people say amen."

The notes give us an insight into the conservatism of the bishop. He was not given to change; he could see no reason why changes should be made in the machinery, if it was working well. He doubted whether innovation always meant improvement. He found a progressive party in the Church, who were aiming to bring Methodism into greater accord with other churches, and to surrender one by one her peculiarities. Lay co-operation meant lay delegation to him, and he was opposed to that. He had been in the storm of the controversy in 1828, when he was a youth. His early ministry had been sorely tried by the reformers, and he was not disposed to surrender now. When lay delegation became a fact accomplished, as it did in 1866, he found his fears had not been well founded, and was gratified that the laymen stood like a stone-wall by him in his resistance to other radical changes. He presided over the Texas Conference, and then made his way homeward.

While he was in Rusk he wrote to his daughter Claude, then a young lady of sixteen, and in Tyler to Ann, his baby girl.

RUSK, TEXAS, November 2, 1858.

"MY DEAR CLAUDE: Some time ago I received a letter from a young lady The epistle was brief, badly written, and made up in part of apologies for a bad pen. Thought I —why in the world does she not get another? I suppose there were numerous pens about her father's house. In the absence of gold, or copper, or steel, a gray old goose might

have been found, who in the exigency would have surrendered one of her quills. The young lady was and is a favorite of mine. Her letters are always welcome, despite her poor excuses about pen, ink, and paper; but I should think her fine taste, love of beauty and order desire for my good opinion, which she often expresses, would make her more careful of her chirography. I wish very much she would adopt that old homely maxim, that, 'what is worth doing at all, is worth doing *well*.' I should like to see her energetic, symmetrical in her entire character, neat, orderly, exact in all her habits, never at rest while anything about her person, her room, or her wardrobe was disarranged, and determined never to awaken suspicion that she is slovenly about anything, under any circumstances. This young lady's mother is a very good example, and might be imitated to great advantage. If you know my young friend, you may commune with her on this subject.

"As you see by the date, I am still in Rusk. When I wrote last, I was very unwell, and so continued for several days. The trip to Chapel Hill, where I was to speak, was long, hard, and wearisome. Withal it was very doubtful if I could reach it at all. Certainly not without travelling all day on Sabbath. So I declined going, and went off into the country, to hold a two-days' meeting. We had a great time, mourners, converts, and I left them going on with improving prospects. I came back to begin a meeting here to-morrow.

"I am now well, save home-sickness. Two or three violent attacks of the last complaint, not much prospect of improvement before Christmas.

"Well, how did the Hancock Fair come off? Who spoke? Did Nimrod shine among the bovine specimens? I should like to know his doom. I hope he triumphed over all competitors.

"How many bales of cotton have been picked? Have they finished picking? Are the cribs full? Do the hogs fatten?

"Now there is material for a good long letter. Answer these questions, or get some of the rest to do it.

"Oh, how I wish I could see you all. Do you all keep well, and happy? Mollie, Ann, Carrie, and Pierce—are they lively? And Robert too, is he learning?

"Write to Austin *immediately*. Love to all.

"Your loving father,

"G. F. P"

"TYLER, November 9, 1858.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER ANN: This evening I received your letter. It was welcome as holiday to a little school-girl. I esteem it quite a compliment that you wrote your *first* letter to me. Especially so, as you say you love me so much. Sorry to hear that you had been sick but glad to hear that you had got well. I hope you did not forget to thank God for your recovery. Every blessing comes from the Lord and we ought to be grateful. Pray for father, he prays for you every day. Kiss mother, and Carrie, and Pierce, and all for me. Good-night.

"Affectionately, G. F. P."

He now left Texas for Georgia, and on reaching home writes of Texas and the journey from it:

"TEXAS is a rare country in more ways than I have time to describe; but you must allow me to indulge a little in the marvellous. I have seen in various papers accounts of a very strange production of the oaks last fall, especially in Eastern Texas. It is called oak wheat, simply because it resembled in shape a grain of wheat. Nevertheless it was larger and perfectly white. It grew on the leaves of the Red Oak, one grain (if I may so call it) on each side, and the two directly opposite. The crop of acorns was a failure, and this seemed to be an effort of nature to supply the want. The trees abounded with this production, and the ground beneath was covered with them after a wind or a shower. The hogs grew fat upon them. I examined them carefully; they had the

flavor, and were almost identical in appearance with the germ of an acorn. They were not the nut-galls, with which we are all familiar, but entirely different in form, color, and everything. It may have been the production of an insect—an excrescence flavored by chemical laws with the sap of the tree on which it grew. I cannot tell, I never saw any thing like it before.

"'Mine host' at Austin calls his country-home MOUNT WONDER, an appropriate name, you will think, when you read the following statements. I tell the tale as 'twas told to me, and vouched for by many respectable witnesses. I will begin with the vegetables. In a crop of turnips he found ten weighing *one hundred and sixty pounds*—one weighed *eighteen pounds*. He had a cabbage-stalk *three years old*, which had on it, at one time, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE heads, making a circle TEN FEET, THREE INCHES in diameter. What are you stretching your eyes about? Well, you say, that's wonderful for a dry, 'droughty' country. Yes, it is, and the people came twenty or thirty miles to see it. When I heard this statement I puckered my mouth and *whistled*, but the narrator summoned his witnesses and proved it.

"NEXT we will turn to the feathered tribe. Talk about Shanghais, Dorkings, and Brahma Pootras! My friend had a hen, and she laid an egg with *a handle five inches and a half long*. Give her the premium and we will pass on. The egg and what follows all came to pass, or was discovered within a week. First, a mule brought forth a colt; a ram had a horn upon his ear; and a sow had a litter of pigs, each having the *ear mark* which mine host's wife had adopted to distinguish her stock. This beats Jacob and Laban, with the brown sheep and the ring-streaked, spotted and speckled goats.

"The Conference over, I started for Georgia. My good brother, Dr. Wilkes, again took me in his rockaway, and with him I journeyed to Chapel Hill. Our passage was rough as to weather. A norther, with rain, sleet, and biting cold came on; but he was bound for home, and I for my appointment in Columbus, and Brother Perry, our travelling com-

panion, for his wedding in Oxford, Ga., so we kept moving. Brother P and myself took the stage next morning for Hempstead, the present terminus of the Houston Railroad. We crossed the Brazos Bottom by what a passenger called the *lower* route. Verily it was a muddy time, but we reached H. in time for the cars, and Houston in time for the steamer to Galveston. I have no time now to tell of adventures by land and flood; of cars and prairies; of boats and bayous; suffice it to say, we reached Galveston early Sabbath morning; stopped with my old friend Briggs; preached twice, and expected to leave on Monday for Georgia. Monday came and no boat for New Orleans. We will rest to-day, there is yet time enough; visit Brother Carnes, the new editor, read the papers; to-morrow we start. To-morrow comes, a storm is raging; and the news, no steamer will leave to-day. Our hearts sink. We begin to calculate time and distance, and conclude that we may still meet our engagements if we get off on Wednesday. Wednesday morning a messenger announces the arrival of the Atlantic, and that she will leave at ten o'clock. The adieu is spoken, and we hasten on board. The winds still blow, the sea or the waves roaring. The tardy hours creep along, freight and passengers still coming. It is noon and here we are, tied fast to the wharf. Night has come and no sign of departure. Thursday dawns, we rise from our berth and there is still the 'City of Cottages.' Now an old boat laden with cattle for New Orleans comes alongside to transfer her stock to the Atlantic. All is bustle; but the Atlantic still holds on to her moorings. Some fifty beeves are on the lower deck; presently there is a change of position, and the remainder of the herd, disturbed in some way, break down the frail enclosure about them and plunge into the bay. The larger ones buffet the waves with amazing strength, the smaller sink, and rise and struggle for life. It was a piteous sight. Some of them wailed in the agony of their terror, and seemed to cry for help. They swam for hours, and, I believe, got safe to land. I had no idea that cattle could endure so long in a strange element.

"Oh, the bitterness of detention! 'Well, Perry, the expectant bride will look through the lattice and say, "why tarry the wheels of his chariot," and echo will answer, "why."' 'Yes,' he replies, 'and the Conference will have to elect a President, and will wonder what has become of the bishop.' 'Yes, I am very sorry, but I have done my best. Let us count it up again. Perhaps we may make the trip yet.' So we count and calculate, and make it out, that *possibly*, perhaps—if and if—we may At last, at 5 P.M. on *Thursday*, we move.

"The winds still hold their revels—wild and stormy. The Gulf heaves and tosses fearfully. The boat is old; the captain a stranger upon the route; the hands all new; the firemen were plantation negroes, never at sea before, scary and sick. The night is dark and tempestuous. The timbers crack and groan. A huge wave strikes the boat, she shivers and strives to mount; the paddles beat the water as the hoofs of a restive horse paw the air, but there is no motion onward; by and by we rise and go. Finally, the night is past and the day breaks. Glad to rise from a sleepless couch, I ascend the deck and find the old captain in great glee, rubbing his hands and thanking God that the Gulf is passed. 'Good morning, captain; how are you?' 'I am excited, sir.' 'What is the matter?' 'Do you see yonder lighthouse? I have been looking for it all night; I never was along here before, and I have hit it *so beautifully;* I am excited, sir.' He gave me his glass, that I might bring it near and rejoice with him. I did rejoice, for we were afloat on the great waters of the Atchafalaya Bay. I am not one of the class who love to go down to the sea in ships. Navigation on a deep, narrow river will do, but to be tossed about by winds that howl as if they were hungry for their prey, and to hear the sea roar responsive to their call—well, I had rather tread a desert of sand, or wander with weary foot through a forest wilderness.

"Our troubles are not ended. We reach Brashear City, the terminus of the Opelousas Railroad, and the train is gone.

No chance till to-morrow, two o'clock, P.M. The last hope is gone, the very last. Poor Perry! The Conference can do without me a day or two. Well, let us hunt lodgings for the night. We found them in a little hotel that never had such a rush of custom before, I reckon. The train due next morning did not arrive, and presently the news came that the engine had broken down, and another day must be lost. Alas! did you ever hear the like? Is this luck, accident, or Providence? What does it all mean? The earth and the sea have conspired against us. Having escaped the water, must we perish upon the land? Well, well, it is no use to mope or sigh, let us walk about and see the town. While thus engaged and trying to cheer each other, the whistle sounds, the cars are coming. Run for baggage. Away we go, through swamps and sugar-cane plantations. The signs of last year's disastrous overflow are yet visible—deserted houses, neglected fields, enclosures swept away, dead fish by the thousand, left by the retiring flood. Keep off the water and what a country for planting!

"Saturday night, away behind time, we reach New Orleans; stop at the City Hotel, rather than disturb the brethren at an unseasonable hour. Meeting with Colonel Lomax, from Montgomery, I learn that by leaving in the afternoon for Mobile and then taking the stage, I can reach Montgomery in time for the night train and be in Columbus Wednesday morning before day. Good news, and I slept upon it well. Preached in the morning for Brother Harp at Moreau Street, and in the afternoon took the mail-boat for Mobile. A pleasant passage, and now for the stage—one hundred and twenty miles. The road is corduroy—pine roots and mud. No matter; go on driver. 'Haste to the wedding' and the Conference. Well we did reach Montgomery *just* in time; three minutes later would have ruined all. Perry, like the old sea-captain when he saw the lighthouse is *excited;* after all our mishaps and misgivings, we '*hit it so beautifully.*' At Opelika we parted; he went to Oxford to get a wife, I to Columbus to meet the Conference. Without rest or sleep, I presided

on Wednesday, but dared not during the session to close my eyes, lest nature should claim arrearage and the Chair go to nodding.

"Georgia is my home; here I have lived and labored in all good conscience before God and man; here are my fathers in the ministry, my compeers and brethren beloved; old friends and old scenes; old memories came about me fresh as morning dew. Oh, the days of yore, the meetings, the revivals—wells in the wilderness of the past! I draw from them many a refreshing draught. I thought I would address the brethren, tell them how glad I was to see them, how much I preferred my old place to the new, but my full heart forbade the utterances, and I was silent.

"This is a large Conference, with widespread territory, and many, many interests to be cared for; and to distribute the preachers is an arduous, delicate task. But it must be done. It is the order of Methodism. Conscious of a single eye—an honest, earnest purpose to do right, praying always to Heaven for guidance—I strive to do my duty without fear or favor. I know some appointments, like afflictions, are not 'joyous, but grievous;' but persuaded as I am that the hand of God is in these things, I do not distress myself, but patiently, hopefully await the issue. I have seen many a brother go weeping to his work, and come back rejoicing and anxious to return. Many preachers darken their way with disappointment, by setting their hearts on particular places; far better commit their way to God, and wait with submissive confidence till Conference comes and closes. The necessities of the Church are above personal preferences, and the rotations of itinerancy more important than domestic convenience; and every Methodist preacher ought to thank Heaven and the Church that he gets *any* work to do. It is *all* honorable and glorious, and he who is not willing to work anywhere the Church needs him and Providence empowers him to go, misunderstands his calling, and has need to learn the first principles of Methodism and Gospel order. So I think and

feel, and on this basis make appointments, taking it for granted that every brother has read the same Bible and Discipline, and being divinely called to preach, says in his heart, Here am I, send me. This was the spirit of the Georgia Conference when I joined it twenty-eight years ago, and I do not believe the brethren have backslidden. I made many changes at the last session; I firmly believe the blessing of God will be upon them. Some were afflicted, I dare say, but even they already begin to feel better; revivals have begun, and I am cheered by letters from wellnigh every quarter. Lord, bless old Georgia; make the preachers holy, useful and happy! and if any brother feels sad amid his trials and struggles to do good, let him remember that what his old friend gives, he takes without stint and never complains. When this letter is read, the writer will be 'over the hills and far away,' striving to illustrate his own doctrine—to practice what he preaches."

He presided at this Conference, in Columbus, for the first time in Georgia. He had entered the Conference twenty-seven years before. He had filled every position a Methodist preacher could fill. He had never shirked a duty nor quailed before a danger. He was so beloved and admired by his brethren that they were willing to take anything at his hands. He did make great changes, and not a few keen disappointments resulted from his work, but his brethren did not complain. They knew the heart of the man, and had confidence in his wisdom. The Conference he entered had largely changed. The men who received him into the Conference were nearly all gone, but the present leaders of the work were his old confrères. Anthony, Key, Parks, Evans, Glenn, Mann, had taken the places vacated by Few, Myers, Turner, Howard, Sinclair; while E. H. Myers, J. S. Key, H. H. Parks, Clark, McDonnel, Turner, M. Wynn, Potter, Cook Adams, and his brothers James and Thomas, were among the younger members. The Conference covered the larger part of the State, and the circuits were, many of them, large and hard, but he knew the men and knew the ground, and did his

work as wisely and as well as it probably could have been done.

It had been decided that he should go to California during the year 1859, and he made ready for his trip.

In January, after his return from the West, he wrote a playful letter to Claude:

"SUNSHINE, January 28, 1859.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER: Your mother received your letter this evening. It was welcome, but a very poor substitute for your dear self.

"Several things conspired to prevent Lovick and Mary from coming, as first proposed. One thing was, at the time they were to start I had to go to Augusta. Your brother had to go to Oxford, and so the Columbus trip was declined. When Mary will get out I know no more than when you will come home. Each seems a distant event. I am busy—out of money—cotton not in market yet; and all are busy in the preparation of the farm for another crop, so that I can hardly get a horse to go to church, much less make a trip to the railroad. The old diligence is on its last legs, and the locomotives *yclept horses* are superannuated. We are getting low. Woe is me when I ride abroad nowadays in a public conveyance. How are you to get home? It is a serious question. You must come before March, but how? This deponent sayeth not. Well, we must scheme it, as old Lewis (John) used to say, if a *far* opportunity in the way of *company* offers, do you come along. There is no telling when pa will get back. I will write on this subject soon, and a little more definitely.

"At any rate, my darling, we miss you at home and long for your presence. Forgive me—I had almost forgot. On Friday last you had another niece born—Miss Julia Turner. Three grandchildren. Ella is doing well, sitting up, thinks the baby a great improvement on the other two. Fair skin, blue eyes, *they* say—I only know *it can squall.*

"Tell Mr. Gambrill that when I was in C., at Conference,

a *gentleman* promised to send me a barrel of oysters. Tell Mr. G. to remind him of it the first cold spell. And let me suggest, it would be better to open them and put them in a can and forward by express.

"We are well. Write often.

"Love to all.

"Very affectionately,

"G. F. P."

CHAPTER XIV

EPISCOPAL JOURNEYINGS, 1859, AGED 48.

To California—New Orleans—Through Texas—Arizona—Lower California—Safe Arrival in San Francisco—Sickness—Return—Battle with the Ague—Victory at Last.

HE now began to make ready for his early departure to the Far West, and in April he turned his face toward California. He had with him his wife and little Ann. On his return, from copious notes made while on his journey, he wrote a very full account of it. He reached New Orleans, and of it he says :

"The week spent here was one of unmingled pleasure. Renewed intercourse with chosen friends—new acquaintances —letters from home—access to all the church papers—consultations with experienced brethren on the enterprises of Southern Methodism—the privilege of preaching several times—the prompt responses of the people to my call for aid, all served to beguile time of its weariness and make me hopeful and happy. Nevertheless, as I wandered about, and looked upon the throng of the busy and the gay, sad, depressing thoughts would intrude. How few among these thousands 'fear God and keep his commandments!' What temptations to earthliness, sensuality, and sin abound! Here *amusement* spreads her snares and plies her charms by night and day, catering alike to the vulgar and refined, full of invention, fraud, and trick. Business condensed into a few months, demands the time, thought, care, of all who prefer gold to pleasure. Buy, sell, get gain, make haste, get away, the yellow fever comes; so life is concentrated—the pressure is too strong to be resisted, and thus eternity is lost in time.

After all, I see not that New Orleans is more wicked than other great cities. True, the desecration of the Sabbath is alarming—afflictive; but the explanation is to be found, not in the depravity of the American population, but in the foreign elements assembled here; in the Jews, who have a Sabbath of their own, and in the godless latitude allowed by the Catholic religion. I believe the municipal authorities here, as elsewhere, err egregiously in yielding to the demands of 'the lawless and abominable,' who, under false views of religious toleration and civil liberty, are pleading exemption from wholesome restraints, and seeking to flood the land with a licentious infidelity. This is a Christian—a Protestant country—and while *toleration* in religion is the guarantee of the Constitution, and is supported by the sentiment of the people, no man or community of men can plead 'conscience' for outraging public morality. The doctrine of 'rights' is destined to revision—the time is at hand—the necessity is upon us, and when the work is done and the truth established, it will be found that the Bible is the law, and that nobody has the *natural 'right' to do moral wrong.*

"In the meantime, let the Protestant Churches be faithful to their high calling. Multiply churches, Sunday-schools—establish missions—circulate tracts—preach in the market-places—carry the Gospel to the outcast and neglected. Our large cities are mission fields, demanding more men and money than have ever been appropriated to them."

Leaving New Orleans they took the boat for Shreveport.

"Our first night was dark and stormy, I might say tempestuous. We made very slow progress and were very glad to hail the morning light. The Lecompte is a slow boat, but her commander, Captain Johnson, I can recommend as a prudent and safe officer. The lives of his passengers are precious in his sight, and with him are secure as they could be in human hands.

"For the first time in my experience I found the Red River low and falling, but still high enough for easy navigation. We reached Shreveport on Saturday night, and there

spent the Sabbath, preaching both morning and evening. The people were present in large numbers, and seemed to give earnest attention to the word spoken. May their profiting appear in future time !

" The travel westward is heavy. Two extra stages left on Sabbath morning, each full of passengers. The regular line left on Monday, but I was crowded out and had to hire a conveyance to Marshall, the agent assuring me that I should be provided for from that point. We got in next morning in time for the stage, but not time enough to see my old friends. We took passage for Henderson, and had as pleasant travel as a crowded vehicle on a very hot day would allow. In fact, in all my wanderings I never struck a more agreeable crowd. One gentleman, who had been over the plains, encouraged us much as to the prospects of our journey. He thinks there is no danger, and that the discomforts are not greatly to be dreaded. He gave me much useful information as to my outfit, and I hope to profit by his suggestions.

" Supping at Henderson, we passed on to Rusk, arriving in due time next morning. Spent two days with my sister and her deceased husband's family, and then took up the line of march for San Antonio.

" After much debate and various opinions from those best informed, I took the route by Palestine, Waco, and Austin to San Antonio, expecting to go through expeditiously, but have been sadly disappointed. We started with a stage and four horses ; at Palestine, after stopping all night, we dwindled to an inferior hack and two horses. Nevertheless, we moved along, maintaining about the same speed as when we had more locomotive power. At the end of fifty miles we cast anchor again, and longed for day.

" With a vastly improved vehicle and rapid horses we sped over the prairies for fifteen miles, and driving up to the ' stand,' hailed, but no answer came. Dismounting, we examined the stable, and found neither hostler nor steeds. On inquiring at a house near by, we learned that the corn and

fodder were exhausted, and that the horses had been turned out to graze and could not be found.

"The postal arrangements of the country are deranged somewhat, and I suppose contractors and agents must be forgiven for landing passengers in the middle of a prairie without horses to carry them on. All hands save myself turned out to hunt up the lost. I tried to sleep and forget.

"In about two hours they all returned, hot and weary, having found but one of the span. Taking one who had just run *his* race, and the *found* one, we prepared to start once more. Both horses refused to pull, but presently were persuaded to their duty. We went off at a pace too fast to endure, and at the first little hill we halted, but not till we reached the top. After coaxing and pushing, we got off once again; accomplished several miles and then balked for an hour. Is anything more provoking than a horse when he takes '*the studs?*' I had reproved the driver for swearing in the morning, and under this provocation he restrained himself finely. At last, turning to me, he said: 'You rebuked me for swearing at the stand, but this is enough to make a preacher curse. It would relieve me mightily to curse these horses, and the contractor who put them on the road.' 'Have patience, my good fellow, cursing will not start them.' I got out to drive, while a fellow-passenger led, and the driver pushed the stage upon the horses. At last they moved—but in a mile they stopped again. Alas! alas! This time we halted in a bottom of mud and sand, and wellnigh despaired of ever moving again. I went off in search of help, and to my joyful surprise on getting half way back found they had started. Finally we reached the stand, glad enough to part with the beasts which had worried us so much.

"Texas is a curious country—a paradox. Everything is in the superlative, or contradictory, or marvellous. It is the richest and the poorest; has the best land and the meanest water; is the hardest country to live in, and has the most to live on; the days are the hottest and the nights the coolest; here are the most rivers, and the least water; the

best roads and the slowest travel; the finest building material, and the least use made of it; there are more clouds, and less rain; more plains and less timber; more ropes to tie horses, and yet more estrays; a poor country for farming, and yet the most productive; the least work and the largest yield; the horses are small, and the cattle big; the frogs have horns, and the rabbits have ears like mules; the people are intelligent without general education, inventive without being tricky, refined without mannerism, rich without money, hospitable without houses, bold, generous and brave. In fine, here is an empire in extent and resources, but in the slowest process of evolution, and yet destined to population, wealth, and power. There is much to admire, but little to deplore; many things to enchant, but few to offend; and for the people and their institutions, there is a splendid future."

While resting at Waco his heart turned toward Sunshine, and Ella and her little ones, and he wrote her on the 9th, and tells her of some of the events of the journey, which were given to the *Advocate.*

"WACO, TEXAS, May 9, 1859.

"After many ups and downs we reached this place. I expected to have got here Sunday morning, but did not arrive until dark. So the Sabbath was spent in travel, and trouble enough we had with a pair of balking horses. One scene I must tell you about. We had to cross a creek called Tanackana—it had been very high—the banks were nearly perpendicular, and very slippery. We had to get out of the stage. There was but one other passenger, a gentleman. He took your mother and Ann, and went down a little way to cross with them upon a log. A Creole came down to help us over. He proposed to take me over, so I mounted him and rode over, went down to help the rest over, but found the log impassable. So I advised them to go back and try my Creole. Ann thought it was fine fun; she ran down the bank, and my Creole took her in his arms and waded over. Your mother, however, could not get down, so the gentleman

took her in his arms and started. In a few steps he slipped, and down they came, your mother hugging him for dear life. The poor fellow never had such a squeeze before, I guess. At last they got down to the bottom. Now she had to put her arms around the Creole's neck, and he brought her over the water. Ann thinks it the finest sport we have had on the whole trip.

"To-day we saw six hundred beeves swim the Brazos River, driven by Mexicans. It was a rare show. One fellow was thrown from his horse, another loped the horse at full speed, threw him down and held him till the other came up. We are now in Texas. Your mother does not like it at all. The prairies begin to soften her dislike. I showed her my place. She is much pleased with that, but the owner now asks ten dollars per acre for it. I am less and less inclined to move. Living out here is very. hard. Money can be made, but there is no chance to enjoy it. I hope John will buy in Hancock—the closer to Sunshine, the better. But enough. I do not know how I will get along without you and the children. Kiss them all for me. We keep well. God bless you all. Love to all."

But he was soon in motion, and he writes:

"My recent travel through Texas gratified a wish, long entertained, of seeing a prairie in all the greenness and glory of its vernal beauty. Every former visit had been made in 'the sad and melancholy days' of Autumn, or in the dreariness of Winter. This time, the grass was green, the flowers bloomed in beauty, and I remembered with a smile a description once given me by a man who, all aglow with admiration, wound up his account by telling me that the prairie spread out before him, 'like a *vast sheet of calico.*'

"The floral charms of these plains, I presume, diminish with every passing year. The increasing herds of cattle and horses are destroying both grass and flowers by grazing and trampling; and ill-looking weeds now usurp the ground once covered with more attractive vegetation. In some instances

the Spring blossoms have all disappeared, and only an inferior and very perishable grass remains to cover the nakedness of earth. In the neighborhood of streams, however, and wherever the topography of the country allows moisture to remain, nature seems to luxuriate in her own loveliness. Such gardens of beauty, such a variety of hues, are nowhere else to be found. A botanist would explode with enthusiasm; an amateur, albeit ignorant of name, genus, or species—who had never heard of stamen, calyx, or petal, would go frantic with delight; and even the rustic soul, though wrapt in the stolidity of a nature which never kindled into emotion, would open his eyes in wonder, and exclaim, 'beautiful! beautiful!' I shall not undertake a description—word-painting is not my gift, and my pen is too dull to-day for experiment or rash adventure.

"An observant traveller sees some strange things. In passing from Waco to Austin one day, while the sun was yet high and bright in the heavens, we found the encampment of an emigrant on the roadside. If one family, it was a numerous one. On the ground were seated a man of fifty and three or four younger men, one or more not out of their teens, all *playing cards*. The mother and daughter (as I suppose) were mounted upon horses, each with a *barrel* of good size in her lap, and starting to a creek a mile and a half distant for water. (Whence they came, I know not, and would not tell if I did. Nor will I congratulate Texas on such an addition to her population.) Younger children were there, some looking on the game, others rolling in the grass—and I pitied them.

"With what ideas of duty, propriety, and domestic tenderness must they grow up? The lazy father and lounging brothers regaling themselves with a silly game, while the mother and sister are doomed to drudge and toil for their comfort! The scene was revolting, and my reflections sad. If the Gospel does not teach them, what can *civilization* do for such people?

"The whole country, from Austin to San Antonio, is

rich, beautiful, and healthy. The crops, where they had not been destroyed by frost, were luxuriant in promise. The dry season had commenced, and the harvest was not yet. The farmers, however, were cheerful and full of hope. We stopped a few days with my old friend, General Pitts; held a three-days' meeting at San Marcos, and recruited for the long journey over the plains.

"While here, I was induced to go out one afternoon with a company of friends on a rabbit hunt. A fine lot of greyhounds were assembled, besides 'Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, and curs of lower degree.' Mule rabbits abound in this region, and are very destructive in gardens and fields. They are about three times as large as the common hare, and it is said exceed in speed, especially when they can find a path or road, any other animal. A greyhound can sometimes catch them on the prairie. Their long ears are very conspicuous, being commonly erect, but when hard pressed in a race they are laid flat upon the back, and then their speed is more like the flight of a bird than the movement of an animal on the ground. In hunter's phrase, we '*jumped*' a great many; and in every instance when the chances were equal, they escaped. Some two or three, surrounded by dogs and horsemen and frightened into confusion, were captured. The desperate speed with which these Texans follow in the chase was as entertaining to me as the contest between greyhound and rabbit. One gentleman told me that he measured a pair of ears, *eighteen inches* from tip to tip.

"To those who are fond of curious inquiries, it may be an interesting question: *Do food and climate affect the length and size of ears and horns?* Mule rabbits are peculiar to open plains, deserts, and dry places. They are to be found from the Trinity River to the Pacific coast.

"Here, too, especially in Western Texas, the horns of the cattle are extraordinary in length and circumference. I have seen them *seven* feet from point to point, and was told that occasionally they measured *nine*. I have seen a pair of elk-horns which I will not venture to describe, for fear some one

might suspect me of 'spinning a yarn' and breaking the thread.

"Along the road to San Antonio, from Austin, there are many beautiful farms, and a thrifty, intelligent population. The streams are rapid, bright, and sparkling. The San Marcos, Guadalupe, Comal, and San Antonio Rivers are equal, in what constitutes a watercourse 'a thing of beauty,' to the streams of any other land; verdant banks, overshadowing trees, falls, cascades, deep, clear pools, pebbly bottoms, water now flashing in the sunlight, anon stealing quietly into shadow, here narrowed to a rushing current, there spread out like a mirror. Verily, they are refreshing to the dust-covered and heat-oppressed traveller.

"The Germans are thick in this region; and it is due to them to say, that they have done more to improve the country than their American neighbors. They have improved the roads, built fine rock-fences, reared more substantial houses, surrounded them with more tasteful adornments, and hang out more signs of permanent settlement and domestic content than strikes the eye almost anywhere in the great State of Texas.

"New Braunfels, almost exclusively a German town, is a very neat, thrifty, pleasant place. Twilight was fading into darkness as we entered; and, when supper was over and we resumed our journey, the night veiled the people and their habitations, and so my description must end.

"We reached San Antonio about two o'clock in the morning, and sought lodging at one of the chief hotels. The establishment is new, and as yet not well ordered, but is destined to be a first-class house. Unfortunately for us it was crowded, and the only chance for myself and family was to occupy a bed laid out on the floor of a billiard saloon. This was bad enough; but retiring late, needing rest, it was a great addition to our inconvenience that we were constrained to rise very early. The little sleep we got only mocked our weariness. After breakfast, Dr. Boring, the stationed preacher, called and informed us that Major Neighbors ex-

pected and desired us to remove to his house. We availed ourselves of this kindness, and were soon transferred to more comfortable quarters.

"It is very agreeable to me to write, and will be very pleasant for his old Georgia friends to hear, that Dr. Boring is well received in his new field of labor. He has attracted a large and deeply interested audience to the church he occupies, and has cheering prospects of extensive usefulness. This old city needs him; and, if I may judge from the general testimony in favor of his ministrations, appreciates him.

"Protestant Christianity has long been rather a name than an aggressive power here, and it will be well for our Church in this new Conference, and for the people, if the talent, experience, and piety of the doctor may be sanctified for the inaugurations of a new era—a long, long season of revival, expansion, and progress.

"San Antonio is unique in location, form, style of building, population, and, in fact, in everything. An old Mexican town, it still bears the impress of what is peculiar in the tastes and habits of that singular people. The river which runs through it is doubtless responsible for the general arrangement of the streets, and while it has given rise to many crooks and turns, ought to be forgiven on the ground that it is the most accommodating river in the world. It runs by every man's door, makes music in his ear, spreads beauty before his eye, invites him daily to the choicest bathing, meets him at every turn in his perambulations through the city, is always welcome—a joy and a blessing. It is a public convenience and a private refreshment, a city ornament and a domestic comfort. The boys angle in its bosom, and the girls gather flowers from its banks, the women admire, and the men boast of it, and the very beasts of the field seem glad of its presence.

"We tarried here but a day, and much of my time was taken up in securing an outfit for the wilderness, its wants and perils. Many objects of interest in the town and neighborhood I had to leave without having seen. I intended to

enter the old Cathedral, but did not; partly because my time was short, but mainly because the ridiculous exterior revolted my taste and my conscience. It is more like a heathen pagoda than a Christian temple, with its towers striped with green and yellow and blue—the most fantastic combinations of color, laid on with clumsy, unartistic hands. The charm of antiquity was lost in the miserable Mexican mimicry of modern improvement. The old tabernacle would be venerable and attractive if they had left it stained with the dust of centuries, and hoary with time and service.

"The Alamo is historic, and I stood with some emotion amid its ruins, and thought of the brave Fannin and heroic Crockett, and their fellow soldiers, and of their last desperate, unequal, fatal fight. It was once a fortification, with its barracks and magazines, a church and a few habitations within the walls. It is now a comparative desolation; the enclosure gone, the church a warehouse, I believe, and all that gave it name and fame superseded by that spirit of progress which sacrifices the romantic to the useful; and, if a convenience or economy called for it, would not hesitate to build a horse-stable or cow-stall over the tomb of a prophet.

"Resuming in this letter the thread of my narrative, let us linger yet a little about San Antonio. The past and the present have met here, and abide in fellowship—the old and the new live side by side—different races, unlike in origin, government, education, religion, domestic habits and national destiny, constitute the population—neither materially affecting the other; each perpetuating the customs peculiar to them while separate. The Mexican, with his old ideas, plans, and ways, all ancestral and superannuated, riding his donkey without a bridle, and peddling sticks and scraps for his daily bread; the inventive, headlong American, full of energy, his hopes always a-head of his business and his gains. The one, stagnant from the dulness of his nature and the misrule of his country, content to live without aspiration or change; the other, strained in every muscle and stretched to his full height, looking out for 'the good time coming,' and resolved to go

and meet it if it does not come soon. In fine, this conjunction of '*peoples*' is odd, motley, curious to see, and fruitful of reflection.

"The same contrast is to be seen in the habitations. Here is the '*jacal*,' pronounced '*harkal*,' the lowest style of a house—poles set in the ground, tied with raw hide, and the spaces rudely daubed with mud, and the roof thatched with reeds or straw; next, the *adobe*, a sort of sun-dried brick—the most common material for building in all Mexico, that I have seen—these houses have small doors, narrow windows (often none at all), dirt-floors, and generally look to be anything but comfortable. Such buildings are fit only for a very dry country—a long wet spell would dissolve them. They are cheap, easy to build, and may be made agreeable residences.

"Now, look again—there is a neat American cottage of modern fashion; yonder is a brick mansion that would look well at home, in any city, North or South; turn a corner, and see a stone structure three or four stories high, not far from the magnificent; here are shops and stores, shanties and palaces—mud, brick, and wood houses—high, low, great and small, oddly associated, strangely contrasted.

"San Antonio is improving rapidly, trade increases, population comes in, and the Anglo-American rules. The inhabitants of Chihuahua, New Mexico, and Sonora trade here; the streets are full of teamsters, oxen, and wagons; and, to the Eastern ear, there is a Babel of dialects on the sidewalks, at the counter, on the Plaza, and everywhere. The dust is terrible, the sun shines with tremendous power, but a delightful breeze comes every day to fan, revive, and cheer both stranger and citizen.

"An appointment was announced, and I preached at night to a fine congregation. My hopes are strong that, under Dr. Boring's ministrations, Methodism will attain to a controlling, saving influence in this growing city, and that their new Conference, the Rio Grande, will fulfil the expectations of the Church in its organization. In passing, I would

suggest to the Board of Managers at Nashville the propriety of establishing a mission for the Mexicans at San Antonio, and, especially, of founding a school for the children of that much and long neglected people. The basement of our church was intended for a school-room, and with very little expense may be fitted up conveniently This is a salient point, and proper efforts will not only do local good, but will help us to extend the Gospel into the several States of Mexico. Our true missionary field lies near us—we ought to occupy it—and San Antonio is the place to begin. I call the attention of the Church to this subject, and hope when I reach Goliad next November to hold the first session of the New Mission Conference, to be furnished with men and means to begin a Mexican Mission at San Antonio, and to send a preacher to El Paso. So much at present, to all concerned —more hereafter in another form.

"The time has come to leave. Mr. Giddings, the contractor, proposed to send myself and family and one of the preachers in an extra as far as Fort Clarke, one day in advance of the regular line, inasmuch as the stage would be crowded to that post. Moreover, it gave us the advantage of a night's rest upon the road, and would prepare us for the fatigue to come.

"On May 20th we set out, accompanied by the good wishes and openly expressed fears of numerous friends. With a fine team of horses, a careful driver, and a prairie road, we soon were miles away from the dust of the city—rejoicing in the open country and the playful winds of heaven.

"The rolling plain is covered with mezquit bushes, rather than trees, yet furnishing fuel for the camp fires of the emigrant and the trader. Far away on the horizon we see mountain ranges, and presently we descend a long slope and then ascend; now the hills draw nigh, and yet the road allows undiminished speed, and so we proceed for twenty miles, to the village of Castroville, on the Medina River.

"The pretty town is named after Mr. Castro, a Portuguese gentleman who founded a colony here, long years ago.

The population is French, German, and American—not many of either.

"The hotel, where we stopped to dine, is kept by a Frenchman, who fairly maintains the reputation of his countrymen for politeness, and, withal, spreads a fair table for his patrons.

"The valley of the Medina is fertile; but the farms give feeble promise of bread to the eater, in consequence of drought. If a man may judge from appearance, work was as scarce as rain. The mountain scenery is beautiful. On one of the summits there stands, very conspicuously, a cross. On inquiry, I learned that two Mexicans had been killed at that spot by Indians some years ago, and that the cross marked the place of their burial. This symbol of the Catholic religion is to be seen occasionally along the whole route. Thus seen, it is very significant. As far as I could learn, it in every case tells of violence, blood, and murder—death, by Indian revenge or love of plunder, of Catholic superstition, here void of its offensiveness by its tender respect for the unfortunate. The grave and the cross, I cannot look upon them without thoughts of death, perhaps sudden, violent, and burial by strange hands on the lone wilds, a grave, without name or date, or one memorial of affection. Humanity, love, memory, hope, all shudder at such a prospect. But the cross—instrument of death, yet lever of power to lift the fallen, as it stands erect, pointing to heaven, tells of resurrection and life.

"My thoughts ascend, and I glory in a faith which reveals an omnipresent God, and a Saviour who remembers the dust of his saints. The desert is as safe a depository for Christ's jewels as the private garden, the country churchyard, or the city cemetery.

"In the afternoon we crossed the channel where, in wet weather, the Frio River runs, but now dry as the summer threshing-floor. Mountains—mountains on either side, naked mountains! But still we roll along on ridges and plains almost without a jolt, amid dead grass, drooping-bushes, and

all the signs of a fearful drought. With showers in season, this might be a habitable and prosperous country; as it is, the settlements are few and far apart.

"About 9 o'clock at night we drew up at a Dutch tavern, and found supper, beds, and rest. In the morning one of our horses was foundered, and we were delayed a while in trying to relieve him. Compelled to drive the same team, we expected to make slow progress; nevertheless we reached Uvalde in time for a late dinner.

"As the day was excessively warm, we determined to lie by till midnight, and brave in darkness the perils of the way. The little town was rife with stories of Indians and their depredations. Some stragglers from a scouting party came in and told of '*signs*,' and one man reported that his cow came up with an *arrow* sticking in her side, and prophets of evil and danger were thick and fluent. But I had already heard so much and seen so little that I ceased from all apprehension, and travelled with a feeling of security as strong as I feel in the East.

"At this place I met Brother Horton, a young man whom I transferred from Georgia last Conference, and appointed to this *outside* circuit. I found him in fine health, pleased with his work; he is loved by the people, and likely to report a well-organized circuit at his Conference this fall. I preached for him at night in the Court-house, and on coming out he told me, that in all my wanderings I had preached at last on the *outskirts* of civilization. From this point to Fort Clarke it is fifty miles; and I think there are only two settlements—one at Turkeyville, twenty miles distant, and the other at Alum Spring, still twenty miles further. The last settler I found to be a Methodist, holding on to his religion and waiting for the Gospel. I promised to embrace him and his family in the circuit next year. But I anticipate.

"At midnight the regular stage overtook us, and we travelled together to the breakfast-house at Turkey Creek. In the meantime, we crossed the Nueces, a large river on the

maps, famous in the disputes of Texas and the United States as to the western boundary of Texas; but, to my astonishment, not a drop of water in its rocky bed. During the long dry seasons common to this region the water sinks, and it is only here and there that man or beast can find 'a hole' that still contains the precious element. The channel where we crossed is wide, the banks high, and there is room for a noble stream. The timber is thick, and forms the hiding-place of what the people call 'varmints,' such as bear, a species of leopard, and wild cats.

"Turkey Creek is a beautiful little stream, abounding in fish—with a clear gushing spring on its bank for the use of the only family which as yet has retreated from the haunts of men to find a home in this lonely solitude. With society, here is a pleasant place to live. The range of mountain and prairie for stock, plenty of live-oak timber, never failing water, game in abundance—deer, turkey, bear, fish of various kinds, pure air and good health. I never saw so many wild turkeys in all my life as I saw in this place. The corral (*a cow-pen*) was full of cattle, an improved stock, and near the house—if erect poles, without a roof, may so be called—and the flies, attracted by a plate of honey on the breakfast table, swarmed like bees and took possession of everything. I did not dispute *title* with them, but paid my fare and retreated, fasting.

"After a hot ride of three hours over a poor, barren, rocky country, we reached Fort Clarke, and stopped to arrange for the onward trip.

"On reaching Fort Clarke we had to make our final arrangements for the long, lonely travel before us. At this point we bid farewell to the settlements. For five hundred miles there is not a human habitation except at the military posts, and these are from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five miles apart.

"Before we start, I may say that nothing surprised me more on the route than did the well-defined, beaten highway, where I had expected a dim, dubious trail, passable by

wheels, chiefly on account of its simple, natural adaptation, We not only have a road well-located but worn smooth and, seemingly, as much used as though it led to a commercial city, close at hand. The explanation is found in the fact of the trade from New Mexico, Chihuahua, and Sonora, to San Antonio; the passage of Government trains between the forts, and the heavy emigration along the southern route to California. Every day the stage-traveller meets or passes some one or more of these trains, consisting of wagons and carts and herds of cattle or horses, teamsters and out-riders, men on foot, women and children—always a company large enough to constitute a sort of itinerant society, and strong enough to fight a respectable battle if the Indians should be troublesome.

"In the solitary wilds it is quite a relief to see a human being—one of your own race—and to feel that, far as you are from home, you are not quite out of the world. Sometimes, I confess, I felt like a fragment of creation broken off at both ends—all the associations of the past dissolved—afloat and lost, wandering, adrift—an unknown sky above me—earth, desolate and bereaved around me, all silence and solitude—an orphan look about every thing, as though God had smitten and cursed, and human life had all perished or fled the land. One of these moving caravans—the sound of the human voice—the evidence that there was some hospitable point ahead which we met with now and then, revived memory, restored hope, and made me feel that we might once more mingle with our kind. But, I forget my story.

"When we were ready for a start, we found our company consisted of three ladies and fourteen men. This latter number includes passengers, driver, cook, and guard; we had two stages, one drawn by five, and the other by four mules. Each stage had a driver and a conductor as he is called; there were two out-riders to the train, and a man, dubbed captain, who orders every movement. Myself, wife, daughter, and the three preachers occupied one stage, with our luggage, inside mostly, and yet enough behind to balance the stage. On the

front seat sat the driver, guard, and conductor, each well-armed, with a six-shooter, and one or two of Sharp's rifles behind the cushion.

"The stage is not the old-fashioned coach of the East, but a kind of wagon, with an oblong body set on leather braces, having three seats, into which nine persons might *crowd*, but four or even six might find room enough. As we were but six in number, and one very small one, we had margin for change of position. The boot of the other stage was our store-room, containing cooking utensils and provisions. The captain gave the word of command, and away we went.

"The general plan of this line is to drive the same team the whole day, and to secure speed while in motion and yet save the mules from exhaustion, this arrangement is adopted: We travel two hours, making from seven to ten miles an hour, then stop, strip the mules, hobble them, let them graze an hour or more, hitch up again, travel two hours more, stop again, and so on till nine or ten at night, then camp till morning.

"Start very early, travel two hours; while stopping to rest and refresh the mules we cook breakfast and eat it. Late in the afternoon we stop and cook another meal, this is dinner and supper compounded. With this explanation we proceed.

"We left Fort Clarke after dinner on the 22d of May; about sunset we halted on the bank of a beautiful little stream, and prepared to sup. I must describe this operation once for all.

"Our cook was a Mexican named Ramon, a bright, good-humored, cheerful fellow—but certainly never educated for his profession. True, our larder did not tax his skill by the variety of its supplies, but his performance with the coffee-pot and frying-pan would have satisfied any one, even less observant than myself, that a more complex operation would have nonplussed him altogether.

"On stopping, all the employees of the stage-line spread themselves in quest of fuel. A few dry sticks were soon

gathered—the fire kindled, the kettle put on, and water heated; an old bag is brought from its resting-place in the stage boot, its open mouth laid upon the ground, the other end is seized and suddenly lifted, and out come tin-cups and plates, iron-spoons, knives and forks, helter-skelter; another bag rolls slowly out, containing the bread; presently another cloth is unrolled, and a piece of beef appears. Now a box is brought forth, the lid is raised, and we behold coffee, tea, sugar, salt, pepper, and pickles—a goodly supply. The coffee-pot is now in demand—Ramon finds it soon, and you recognize it immediately as a 'venerable institution,' a Western pioneer, battered by hard service, besmeared with the smoke of long martyrdom, to say nothing of the dust of long travel, but still stout and ready for use. The ground coffee is put in, water poured on, and all well shaken—the coals are ready and the pot boils. By this time the frying-pan is hot, the lard melted, the meat sliced, and soon our senses are regaled by the hissing urn and the simmering flesh—the sound is pleasing as the smell is savory. China as well as Java cater for the feast, and 'the cup which cheers but not inebriates' will soon be ready also. The table-cloth of many colors, all inclined to dark—as innocent of water as the loom that made it—is spread upon the ground. Plates, tin-cups, knives and forks are arranged in order, and Ramon announces: 'Supper ready, gentlemen.' All hands gather about '*the cloth*'—oblivious of dirt, careless of dainties—and the necessaries of life disappear very rapidly. The fragments are left for the prairie wolf and the birds of the air; the cloth is shaken, and on its dingy surface a few more spots appear, of the same sort, however, only a little more lively from being fresh; the unwashed instruments are *boxed* and *bagged*, and we are ready to travel.

"By the time the mules were harnessed and hitched night was upon us. Prudence made it necessary to travel twenty miles further for a safe encampment.

"Where we supped, and for miles, there was a thicket of low bushes, fine for a Comanche ambush, and we preferred

to rest where our '*watch*' could see for miles around him. This precaution is universal with all the trains on this route.

"When all were seated, we whirled away too fast for danger from any savage on foot, or, indeed from any but a numerous band. About half-past ten we passed a camp of traders, and soon drew up on the same plateau and prepared for rest. The stage we occupied was soon converted into a bed-chamber for Mrs. Pierce and Ann. By a judicious arrangement of trunks and cushions a bed was made—the curtains were buttoned down—the wife and child laid down; I wrapped my travelling blanket around me and slept soundly. The gentlemen all spread their cloaks, shawls, and blankets on the ground, aye, even the dirty road—for fear of 'the snakes in the grass'—and, as they reported in the morning, rested well.

"Very early we were up and off again. The whole country is poor and rocky—a bed of gravel—treeless, and with but scanty herbage of any kind. Vastness is the only attractive feature; except that the mountains—some near by, others distant, dim and blue—are to be seen all around.

"Indeed, I may as well remark at once, that I have been surprised and disappointed the whole way. Perhaps I was shamefully ignorant of geography, or careless in my reading. I have only to say that it is a good while since I was at school; and, in my early days, this region was set down as 'an unexplored wilderness.' Those who have passed through it have either written of their adventures or been silent. The route is always spoken of as a *journey over the plains:* accordingly, I expected to see a level country, vast prairies—unrelieved, except by an occasional stream—but, it is a world of mountains. From *Austin, Texas,* to *San Francisco, California, you never lose sight of mountains;* they rise up before you, surround you—rise up on the right hand, on the left hand—you are on them, below them, among them, at every step. Yet, except when compelled to ascend or cross one of the huge ridges that unite the chains, the road is level, or of such easy grade up or down, as rarely to interfere with

the speed of travel. In fact, it is marvellous how such a highway was ever found, amid difficulties and obstructions that would seem insurmountable. Of course it is zigzag, tortuous—enough, indeed, to wellnigh double the distance. But I must not anticipate too much.

"After a run of two or three hours over a delightful road we found ourselves suddenly descending a cañon in the mountains of the San Pedro or Devil's River. This is a very narrow gorge, and doubles some very sharp points—the high walls, almost perpendicular, loom up on either side and throw down a deep, dark shadow, and, as you go down, down, the air gets damper and cooler, and you begin to think of tunnels and vaults and subterranean dungeons, and presently the roar of water breaks upon the ear, and then, suddenly, right at your feet, there rolls one of the brightest streams of pure rushing water, pouring over the ledges of its rocky bed, as if dancing in gladness to the sound of its own music.

"At the point of crossing the river is wide—the bottom a solid limestone rock—the banks fringed with green; the mountains, of fantastic shape, some looking like huge tumuli—the graves of the sons of Anak; others like temples in ruin; others, like the columnar memorials of past history; and, here and there a vast pile of boulders and fragmentary rocks—victims of some old earthquake—footprints of a geological upheaval (*post* Adamite, I trow); here, too, are glens and gorges, cloud-capped towers and humble nooks; caves of darkness and vistas of beauty; the lonely river, with its flashing water, leaping and laughing as a child in its frolic; and, as it sweeps along to the base of some hoary rock, huge and high, pausing into a stillness—arrested, dumb, like the same child in the presence of wisdom and years. The scene is lovely, grand, enchanting. The impression is sublime, thrilling, religious. You feel like praising the God who made it. I felt, if I had such a retreat for daily private prayer I would be a better man. It humbles, exalts, awes, subdues, exhilarates. The vision is worth far more than all the toil and money it would cost to reach it—even though you came from

Aroostook or the Capes of Florida. The Spanish fathers called the river San Pedro (St. Peter), after the apostle. Fit name for the hills and rocks, and the waters preach adoration of God. What a barbarism!—almost profanity, to call it Devil's River! Alas, we Americans are a *practical*, not an *æsthetic* people."

On they went through the unsettled prairies, and, omitting one letter, we get another view.

"We left Howard Spring after breakfast, and pursued our journey through the day without any special incident by the way. The country is poor, dry, and rocky. The only growth is a dwarfish mezquit and a species of palmetto with a long, serrated leaf, commonly called, in Southeast Georgia, 'saw-palmetto.'

"We met several government trains, a herd or two of horses in transit from Mexico to the interior of Texas—mere scrub-stock, not of much value anywhere.

"In the afternoon we saw a great many antelopes, in different squads among the hills; but, as usual, they were too shy either for close inspection or successful shooting.

"The mountains continue—seem to grow higher—and, if possible, more wild and bleak.

"The views are panoramic—perpetually shifting—yet always desolate. We have here uniformity of change—a monotony of variety—hill, mountain, vale, cave, gorge, cañon, precipice—all alike in loneliness and sterility—the very nakedness of ruin.

"Finally, after ascending a mountain, we enter upon the southern extremity of the Llano Estacado, or 'the Staked Plains,' and, on looking back, a very remarkable change appears. The mountains through which we had been toiling are seen no more—the innumerable summits seem blended, the points and crags and inequalities are lost, and there lies before the gaze almost a perfect plain. The change is most marvellous; it is, however, only the magic of elevation.

"These letters are likely to grow tedious. I must therefore omit details of night-encampments, description of scenery,

and the every-day events of this long, tedious trip. Selecting from the mass materials enough for a few letters, I will sum up in a closing epistle my views of the country, its wants and prospects.

"Fort Lancaster, the next point of interest, was reached about noon the 26th of May. After crossing the plain we came suddenly upon the most frightful descent upon the whole route. The road has been cut out of the mountain-side, and runs along upon the brink of a precipice of awful depth. To go down in safety requires all the help and precautions for such cases made and provided.

"The fort is upon the valley below, and consists of adobe-houses mainly, neatly arranged, and constituting cool retreats from the almost intolerable heat of this region. The thermometer, I think, was 104° on the day of our arrival. The wind, confined by the mountains, was pouring like a torrent through the vale; and yet, in passing over deserts of sand and rock, had become so dry and hot as hardly to affect the temperature at all. Nevertheless, to one in the shade it was very refreshing.

"Here we dined, changed teams, and set out afresh. In a few miles we crossed the Pecos River—a deep, muddy, brackish stream—and travelled late at night in order to find a place open enough for a camp. In this region the Indians are very troublesome, and the traveller must needs be wary. The mules were tied fast—some to the bushes and some to the wheels; a double guard was stationed, and the rest of the company went to rest. Fortunately we were not disturbed.

"Very early we were up and off. The poor mules were supperless, needed water, and a few miles ahead was a famous spring and plenty of grass. The spring is called Escondido, which means hidden.

"At the foot of a mountainous pile of volcanic rock the waters break out; but are so concealed by bulrushes and flags as to be invisible until, by a circuitous path, you reach the very rock from under which they flow. When you have found it, before you drink you will have to settle a serious

controversy between sight and smell. The sulphurous odors which come up from the muddy bed right below will sicken you and tempt you to turn away ; but the bright water, clear and cool, looks so inviting, you will conclude that, although in bad company, it must itself be good and pure. Sight, supported by long thirst, will carry the day ; you dip and drink, and then find that the argument is on the side of smell. The nose is a better judge than the eye. Alas !—in this world of delusions—good-looking things are not always pleasant. 'All is not gold that glitters.'

"In the evening we reached the other stage, encamped and waiting for us. While waiting for us, the driver had killed a fine buck, and, after camping together that night, we had a feast of fat things in the morning ; venison steak, after feeding a day or two on jerked beef, is savory—very.

"The mountains are changed in form, and constitute a remarkable feature of this region. They are circular, conical, smooth, oblong ridges with abrupt terminations, now undulating, like the waves of the ocean—yonder towers one, gray and venerable ; while around, in a group, are several others of various altitudes and dimensions, all of one family—making you think of an old man and his household. There is one like a centre-table in a parlor, yonder is another, solitary and alone —he seems to have fallen out with them, and set up for himself—and presently you may see long, smooth stretches of mountain like a fortification with a grand old gateway in the centre, opening to some feudal stronghold beyond ; while on every hand there are towers, temples, and domes—tumuli, pyramids, and monumental piles—you feel at last as if you were among the grand old relics of some primeval world.

"On the 27th we reached Camp Stockton, better known, however, as 'Comanche Springs.' This is a new military post, located in an open plain, and as yet has the most extemporaneous arrangement for the accommodation of the soldiers. 'Shanty' is the term employed in the East to express the lowest style of a human dwelling ; but the *stick affairs* here are of a lower grade still—too low to be described. For

the present, the place is called *a camp*. The men were busy, however, erecting houses—a sort of concrete, a cross between a stone building and an adobe. Water is abundant and very good; but the supply for fuel is a little curious, consisting almost entirely of the *roots* of the mezquit-bushes. Strange to tell, these little dwarfish bushes have immense roots—exceeding in size and number those of many large trees.

"The kindness of Lieutenant Sherman and Mrs. Sherman I shall not soon forget. We dined with them, and, in view of long abstinence, felt most pleasantly recruited.*

"Here we dropped some of our passengers; and, as the number left was too small for two stages, we were crowded into one. Six mules were hitched, and eight more were driven ahead. We had two out-riders—one to drive the loose train, and another to ride by the one in harness; the last was armed with a large whip, with which he kept the team *excited*. His blows were hearty and frequent. We travelled two hours, eight or ten miles an hour—stopped and rested; changed teams, and proceeded in the same order.

"At night we camped in as bleak a place as could well be found. The winds were fierce and cold. The nights contrast strangely with the days. The sun is tropically hot; but, when you lie down to sleep at night, an overcoat and two good blankets are no incumbrance.

"We stopped at Barilla Springs for breakfast. Found there a large train of emigrants. Two ladies came down to the stage to talk with Mrs. Pierce. The oldest said she was moving simply to follow her daughter; the daughter said she was following her husband. I inquired into their history a little. They had moved from Tennessee to Mississippi; then to Texas, now to California.

"I said, 'I suppose you will go next to the Sandwich Islands.'

"The young one replied, with some spirit, 'If I ever get

* Lieutenant Sherman, whose kindness was so great as he passed through Texas, came near to the bishop, some five years after this, but, much to the bishop's gratification, did not call. He was then Lieutenant-General Sherman, of the United States Army, on his famous march to the sea.

to California, *you may bet your bottom dollar* that I'll never move again.'

"The emigration from Texas to California is very heavy. The Atlantic States yield thousands to Texas; and Texas, in her turn, sends them to the Pacific; and, to my astonishment, I find scores here about to come back to Texas. An American humanity is a restless one; most commonly, one move unsettles a man for life.

"The mountains along here are wild and grand. I suspect they abound in iron ore. They will make you think of Baalbec, Thebes, Palmyra, or Tadmor in the wilderness—the silence, solitude, and desolation of antiquity seem to brood over the scene. Fallen columns, demolished temples, towers in ruin, patches of old fortifications, palaces deserted, remnants of architectural grandeur still mouldering in sad decay—a thousand similitudes like these force themselves upon your fancy, as you look out upon the fantastic shapes about you; for the stillness is sepulchral. Solemnity steals over the mind. The rattling of the coach-wheels has an irreverent sound, which jars upon the feelings like laughter in a graveyard. All around is rugged, bleak desolation. Vegetation is dead, as if nature sympathized with the ruin of ages, and meant to add her spoils to the mournful pile.

"Finally we reached a spring called 'Lympia;' around it was a little verdure, and here, for the first time for a long while, we saw some deer and antelope. They had doubtless travelled to find water.

"Here we enter into 'Grand Pass,' the only outlet through the rocky barriers of this melancholy region.

"We got through as the sun was setting; and on the right was a long broken ridge of mountains, with sharp rocks, shooting up like steeples and spires—and above were clouds, rolling and tossing with the wind—the reflected light likened them to smoke and flame ascending from a city on fire. We thought of Moscow and the Kremlin. Thunder bellowed from the darkening sky, lightnings flashed, the wind blew a gale, and we thought a storm of rain was coming. A few

random drops fell, and all but the wind was still. That raged on. We had reached Fort Davis, where we camped.

"From Camp Stockton to Fort Davis is one hundred and twenty-five miles. The road is generally very fine, and the scenery grand. We passed a place called 'Barrel Springs,' and stopped to dine on a rocky hill, where the only fuel to be found was the trunk of a decayed cabbage-tree, otherwise known as Spanish Bayonet.

"In the afternoon we came to 'Dead Man's Hole,' a most revolting name for a spring of the best water on the route.

"The mountains along here are lovely; live-oaks abound, and resemble an apple-orchard in the order of their growth. Some of the mountains are naked, others are covered with dead grass, very yellow in the sunlight; others, spotted all over with these orchard-like trees. The valleys are poor generally, and naked. In them are to be found those curiosities of the West—'dog-towns.'

"The prairie-dog is a marvel in natural history. These little animals live in communities. They burrow in the ground, and a pile of dirt marks the mouth of every habitation. Some of them are mere villages, others may be classed as towns, and others as cities. Nothing but *population*, however, marks the difference. The architecture is all of one pattern.

"For two days before we reached the Rio Grande the same general features of country prevailed. All is parched, dry, and sad-looking. If I had no experience of this region, and were dropped down here, my first impression would be that no animal life could be sustained in it. This, however, would be a mistake. Antelopes live here and keep fat. Ox-teams innumerable pass through, and, if not overdriven, improve. The explanation is this: Whenever it rains, and this is at long intervals, the grass springs, and grows as long as the moisture lasts, and when the drought comes on dies before it reaches maturity. It is not therefore dead, decaying vegetation, but *well-cured* hay, and very nutritious. As no rains

or dews fall in this country, it keeps from month to month. Stock of all kinds are very fond of it. Vast herds may be seen in some places, leaving the streams, where there is some verdure, and resorting to the plains to feed on this dry grass. There had been no rain, I was told, for two years, and, of course, no decomposition. Nature provides the hay, and the beasts of the field do their own mowing. No need of store-house or barn.

"On the night of May 31st we made our last encampment, and the next day, early in the afternoon, reached 'Eagle Spring;' a name I had often noticed upon the maps, little thinking I should ever see the place. The spring is a mere hole in the ground, half full of milky-looking water, as unpalatable as it is ill-favored.

"Eagle Mountain, near by, is awful in its grandeur—and the place is one of interest, as the scene of some Indian murders a year or two since. Three graves mark the spot where the emigrants were slain. It is a place in which to be sad; and when you look around and see the hiding-places from which the treacherous savage might wing his arrow or send his death-dealing bullet, you feel a little nervous.

"Nevertheless we rested here an hour, and walked about in as much security as elsewhere. Bear grass and a sort of mongrel palmetto are the only products of this arid region. With their long, naked stems and bushy tops, as you whirl by them in the dark, they look like the outposts of an army—sentinels over their sleeping comrades.

"The road, after leaving the spring, lies for miles mainly in the bed of what in wet weather is a considerable stream. Rocks—rocks! above, below, around.

"Finally we emerge from the desolation, and in the valley below we see the far-famed Rio Grande. Green trees line the banks—oh, how refreshing to the eye weary of rocks, sand, and vegetable death!

"Under a wide-spreading cotton-wood the driver halted, and for a season we luxuriate in shade. We go down to the river—what a disappointment! I expected to see a bold,

dashing stream of clear, cool water—but, lo! a narrow, muddy sluggish one, with scarce a perceptible current. I stooped to drink, and thought, as the river was swollen by the melting snows, that I should once more get a cooling draught; but no! it was warm as a Southern mill-pond in the month of June. This was the first river and the first impression. Our route lies up the river for eighty miles or more, and, perhaps, we shall see it to more advantage.

"Five miles more and we reach Fort Quitman. A few adobe houses and some rude stick tents, deep sand, and broad sunshine, as hot as I ever felt, are among my recollections of the place. When we stopped to deliver the mail, a gentleman came up to inquire of a train behind. He seemed to long for its arrival, that he might hasten his escape from what he called 'this *God-forsaken* country.'

"The river was rising and threatened to overflow the place. The people were full of fears, for their adobe houses were certain to cave in if the water reached them. I hope they escaped the dreaded calamity.

"After dinner we started for El Paso, with the assurance that the road was bad, and that we must travel all night. We verified both declarations.

"The sand was deep, and occasionally the rut was cut into holes of great depth, and the mere shaking of the vehicle was torturing to tired limbs.

"Just before sunset we saw an exciting chase—a wolf and a mule rabbit. Terror spurred one, appetite the other—each was doing his best; which won the race I do not know, for a turn in the road hid them from our view. I must skip till 'morning light appears.' Darkness and sleep both prevented me from seeing much.

"Just before day the rising water compelled the driver to abandon the road, and hunt a new route through the sand-hills on the edge of the river bottom—and as, with the rest, I had to walk, my impressions are not very favorable. The only remarkable thing on the way is, here and there a human habitation. We had not seen one for *five hundred miles.*

"In the morning we reached San Elezario, an old Mexican village, with a few Pueblo Indians scattered around. Some Americans, too, have found their way out here.

"We halted for breakfast and fared very well. The host was an American and his wife a Mexican. Here, too, are gardens and orchards and fields. The sight was reviving. For production, the sole dependence is irrigation. The soil is fine—a rich alluvial. Soon we came to another village, Socorro; and then to Isleta—all of them old Catholic stations, where Mexicans and Indians were taught—alas, not Christianity, but Romanism. On the Texan side the valley of the Rio Grande is narrow, and not of much value.

"We passed Fort Bliss in a cloud of dust, and soon drove into El Paso. Alighted at the only hotel in the place, glad to escape the scorching sun and to rest for a season.

"The stage from Antonio runs no further than El Paso, and we had to wait two days for 'the Overland,' as it is called. Here my *free ticket* expired, and new arrangements had to be made. We had travelled *seven hundred* miles, and had *thirteen hundred* more to go, so that a little rest was not out of order.

"El Paso, in Texas, is a very small town; but El Paso, in Mexico, directly opposite, is a considerable place. It is a very old town, and like Mexican towns generally, is very irregular in shape. It has an air of antiquity about it that interests, and signs of dilapidation and abandonment which tell of revolution and bad government. During Santa Anna's last reign, windows were heavily taxed, and to evade his oppression in many houses the sash were removed, and the opening walled up. I saw several habitations without a window, and with only a single door.

"The present contest between the Liberal and the Church party has driven many of the best citizens into exile; some are imprisoned—and the business and prosperity of the place are much damaged.

"The valley of the Rio Grande is one of the richest and loveliest I ever saw. Here are the largest pear-trees I ever

beheld. Fruit-trees in general are cultivated by every householder. The vineyards are large and carefully tended. Grape-culture and wine-making are the chief dependence for money. It was too early for grapes, but I tasted the wine and found it excellent—far superior, to my *uncultivated* taste, to most of the European brands. The vines are singularly managed. There is no frame for them to run on—no stake to uphold them. They are pruned very close every year, and the main stem becomes stout and strong, and looks like a stump, usually about two feet high. The young vines shoot out from this old stock, and are left to wave in the wind.

"Wheat grows finely here. The fields are not enclosed. Irrigation is universal. There is one large canal (we would term it—the Mexicans call it *acqouia*—pronounced *acokia*) with little trenches running in every direction, which form squares; in these the water is allowed to stand till absorbed by the earth.

"I was much interested in the style and instrument of ploughing. A long pole, with a natural or artificial prong—sometimes faced with iron at one end; a pair of oxen, with the yoke *lashed fast to the horns;* one Mexican to hold the plough, another to drive the team—constitutes the arrangement. It is a scratching operation. Nebuchadnezzar, at the end of his grazing, could have done as well with his finger-nails. Strange to say, however, I was informed that the American settlers on the Rio Grande who ploughed deep, after the Eastern fashion, had been constrained to abandon their way and adopt the style of the country, as best adapted to production. I find the same theory of culture in California. If I were writing for an agricultural paper I would speculate a little—as it is, I forbear.

"The Cathedral is a venerable building, said to be one hundred and fifty years old. It is an adobe structure, and looks like it might last another century. It is the chief building in the town—fronts the Plaza—and is conspicuous from many points of observation.

"When Congress modified the Gadsden Treaty and left the valley of the Rio Grande to Mexico, a great mistake was made. Unless her silver mines should turn out to be an offset, the *whole of Arizona* is not as valuable. But I must not anticipate.

"At El Paso I found several pleasant acquaintances. Among them Judge Hart, whose kindness I can but commemorate. He was once an officer in the U. S. A., but resigned, married, and settled near El Paso, on the banks of the Rio Grande. His location is as barren as can be found in the Union, and yet he had the forecast to see that a fabulous fortune could be made just there. He built a mill for grinding wheat, and has a monopoly of the Far West in the flour trade. Intelligent, refined, and liberal, he has made a character as well as a fortune; and, in his adobe palace, he dispenses an elegant hospitality. His house is an oasis in a desert. His polite attention and exceeding kindness to me and mine will be long remembered. He is a Catholic by education and profession, but generously proposed to aid me in building a Southern Methodist church, and in supporting a preacher.

"God willing, I expect to provide for this place when the Conference meets at Goliad in November. There are several points to which the attention of the Church ought to be turned in this Western wilderness. There ought to be preaching at all military posts, and wherever there is a nucleus of a settlement the Gospel should be sent. It is my purpose to extend the appointment in the Pacific Conference *Eastward*, and of the Rio Grande *Westward*, and I hope the policy will prevail till the lines are coterminus.

"I read in my boyhood of 'the vale of Avoca, where bright waters meet,' and admired the poet's descriptive power. My hopes paint a lovelier scene, not far in the future, when two pioneer preachers shall shake hands at Tucson or Fort Yuma, and mutually say: '*Now thanks be unto God that always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place.*'

"To consummate this plan, the Church needs men of the type of those who signalized the heroic days of Methodism; men who can sleep without beds; live without dainties; eat *beans* and bacon; endure thirst and want; be strong in the faith, and keep happy in God; work without stint; and hold on to the end.

"Where are they? Who will answer: 'Here am I! Send me?' Heaven help us to do our duty."

The Bishop had now reached El Paso. He found himself here in quite an embarrassment. His free tickets had given out; and all his money was in bills of exchange on San Francisco. He went to the stage office, and to his astonishment the clerk said: "Why, Mr. Pierce; I know you." They found that they had known each other in Warren County, Ga., when the agent drove a stage there. He relieved the Bishop's mind by telling him, he could pay his travelling expenses in San Francisco. Judge Hart, whom he mentions so gratefully, sent his carriage for him and took him to his house, where his lovely Spanish wife received him with kindest hospitality. He had him at his house, which was on the way the stage went, and ere it came the Judge went to a desk and taking ten gold eagles gave them to the Bishop, to pay his expenses by the way. His next letter tells of further progress.

"The Superintendent having assured me one afternoon that the stage could not arrive before the next morning, I accepted the invitation of Judge Hart, and went out to spend the night at his hospitable mansion. Myself and wife and daughter had just retired and were sinking into delightful sleep when the roll of wheels swiftly revolving over the gravelly road smote upon our drowsy ears. In a moment or two the driver hailed and urged speedy preparation. Here was a trial. Sleep is in itself a luxury; a good bed makes it more so; and to give up both at an unseasonable hour, and go scaling mountains in the dark, and then plunging down on the other side, now walled in, and then driving on the brink of precipices, was far from comfortable. But go we

must. To add to our troubles, the Rio Grande was swollen by the melting snows and had overflowed, driving us from the accustomed track and constraining us to extemporize a road. Withal I was assured that on reaching Fort Fillmore, forty-five miles distant, I could go no farther on account of the spreading waters. The driver said that I would have to wade waist-deep for half a mile to reach the ferry—that the ground was so soft and miry that the stage could not possibly go across. 'You might get through, sir, but what will you do with your wife and little girl?' said one and another. I simply inquired if I could find anybody about the Fort to 'pack' my baggage over. 'O yes.' Very well. I had made up my mind to make a raft of planks and put Mrs. Pierce and little Ann upon it and to pull it over. By the way, we had to divide our company and leave two of the young preachers for the next stage. Brother D., who was with me, said he would help me in my impromptu navigation. So, against all remonstrances, on we went. I am too old a traveller to be stopped by reported difficulties fifty miles ahead of me. What many people think impracticable is easy of accomplishment ofttimes, if resolution is brought to the task. Rumors of danger and difficulty are seldom to be relied on; so at least I have commonly found. Accordingly, when we reached Fort Fillmore we learned that all the necessary arrangements had been made for our transit dry-shod to the other side. Where we expected trouble we found entertainment. The mode of transportation was novel. The ferryboat, commonly called 'a flat,' had been floated down nearly a mile to a little knoll upon the bank, a long rope attached, several Mexicans engaged, and when the passengers and baggage had all been transferred the word was given, and the Mexicans wading along the bank in water from the ankles to the armpits pulled us safely along. One extra hand, armed with an axe, accompanied our *team* to cut down bushes and trees when the rope became entangled. The only serious difficulty was, 'How shall we reach the other side of the river?' This was settled after a long pull by taking advantage of a bend in the

river, where the current favored our landing. The rope was detached, and the flat abandoned to the stream. The calculation was well made, for we struck the other bank within a few feet of the desired point. Here another stage was in waiting, and we were soon on our winding way. After leaving the river and ascending for half a mile, we enter upon the far-famed Mesilla Valley, and soon enter the town, also called Mesilla (pronounced *Messea.*) All the Mexican villages are alike—adobe-houses, jakals (called hackels), here and there without any reference to form or order. The streets, of course, are not mathematical lines, but run at random; and dogs, goats, and cattle all roam at large. The whole looks a great deal more like a caravansary pitched for the night than the permanent habitations of a local people.

"The valley is about forty miles in length and seven in width, and is very fertile. Easily irrigated, under intelligent culture it would sustain an immense population. The thriftless, lazy Mexican, content with his red-pepper, beans, and onions, and a little corn, will never develop the capacity of the soil.

"Without the Mesilla Valley, Arizona is a deserted land, a land of rocks and sand, without water or timber, dreary, desolate, a solitude without a single attraction, uninhabited and uninhabitable. To talk of it as an agricultural country is ridiculous, absurd. Nor is it much better as a pastoral region. Except about the little villages on the way, the traveller sees no signs of animal life. The curse of Heaven seems to rest upon it. The terrible denunciations upon Israel and Judea, as uttered by the prophets, perpetually occurred to me. I felt as though I were journeying through a graveyard, the tombs of an extinct people. The loneliness is oppressive. If perchance any living thing greets the eye, it is sure to be in motion, as though in a hurry to get away. The mountains, many of them, are as bold and bare as the mossless rock. It is true that occasionally we saw a valley with soil enough to produce if water could be had, but there seems to be neither cloud above nor springs beneath. To condense and to ex-

press all in three words, I add, drought, sterility, emptiness.

"Mesilla, Tucson, Tubac, are the three towns of the territory. Except the first, all are dependent mainly on importation for bread. Tubac is in the mining regions, and has, I learn, a considerable population, and her supplies come chiefly from Sonora. Before reaching Tucson, some three hundred miles from Mesilla, I lost my hat by nodding. On our arrival next day about noon, I stepped into a store to purchase a head-covering of some kind. I found several Indians trading with the merchants; among them I noticed a well-clad, good-looking woman, very unlike the rest. Pointing to her, I asked the tradesman if she was an Apache. He replied, yes. She seemed quite offended, and, turning to me, she said, 'No, no Apache, me Christian Indian.' I tried to talk with her, but her store of English seemed to be exhausted. I suppose she was a Catholic. The old Santa Cruz Mission is not far distant from this place. That mission I think is now abandoned, and Protestantism has done nothing for these outcast tribes. Perhaps the time to occupy this forlorn region has not yet come. The Methodist Church, North, has sent out two missionaries to Arizona, but they have accomplished nothing. One of them has accepted the chaplaincy of Fort Fillmore; the other, I believe, has gone to Los Angeles, and is a member of the California Conference.

"If the Overland Mail line is continued and is made daily, as it ought to be, or if the Pacific Railroad is built, Arizona will present in a few years some points of interest for our Missionary Society. Gold, silver, and copper, doubtless, abound in the mountains, and when the means of transportation are provided, so that food can be imported at living rates, many of these silent vales will hum with life and labor. American enterprise and the lust of gold will overcome all difficulties, and people some spots of this waste wilderness. It is too poor and solitary to 'howl.'

"At the stations where we change horses wells have been dug, and in most places water is easily obtained. It is all

brackish and very unpalatable. At one point I saw them digging for water. They had gone down one hundred and ninety-six feet without a sign. The dirt at the bottom was wellnigh as dry as the surface. When we returned in the fall, the work was abandoned. In New Mexico the Government has experimented with an artesian well, and failed. Yet in some places water is found in fifteen feet. The Overland Stage Company, by their stations, wells, and employés, have improved the route for emigrants. Water can be had for man and beast now, at points less distant from each other than in other days. There is less danger from Indians and Mexicans, and the dreariness is relieved now and then by the sight of a white man's face and the familiar sound of one's mother tongue. For myself, however, I never could muster the patience to cross the plains in an ox-wagon, as many do, consuming six and nine months in the transit.

"It would be a dull, monotonous task to describe in detail the route to California. The points of interest are few and far between. If anyone, familiar with the local history of the country had been with us, we might have learned much of adventures—Indian skirmishes and the troubles of emigrants—but our drivers seemed strangely ignorant of everything we wished to know. To make time and get their wages was their sole concern.

"While there is much to admire in the scenery, to describe it is impossible. I might write of mountains, high and low, of fantastic forms, awful cliffs, yawning precipices, of valleys, cañons, gorges, rolling prairies, river-bottoms and deserts dreary, and yet the image I might conjure up would bear no resemblance to these wild, desolate, unique, picturesque regions. My account must be very general.

"After leaving El Paso, for twelve hundred miles the *fare* is scanty. I never fasted so much, nor so long. The only chance for a meal was at the station, where we changed horses. In these stables the hostler lives. Here he sleeps, cooks, and eats. His provision consists of coffee (so called), or tea, peaches dried with the skin on them, and Mexican

beans. The last seemed to be the staple food of the country. The mode of preparation is as follows: In the morning they are boiled, and the liquid is *called soup;* at noon the mess is warmed over, and with soup some beans are taken; at night, the remaining beans are *fried,* and the dish is dubbed *frijoles* (pronounced *freeholes*). I wish to speak respectfully of the Mexican beans, for they saved us from starvation. (I brought some of them to Georgia; they are planted and doing well.) The great difficulty in eating heartily was the foreign ingredients in the form of *flies.* Since the days of Moses and Pharaoh, no such swarms have been seen as do congregate in Arizona. They are not good for food, either *boiled* or *fried*—as an ingredient for soup they are abominable. But when a man has fasted three days and nights, as I did, if he shuts his eyes the *beans* taste very well.

"The overland mail is a great enterprise, and, I am glad to add, a perfect success. The expenses of the line must be enormous. The stages, the horses (of which there are about 1,200), the drivers at high wages, the stations with men to keep them, the provision for men, and the provender (hay and barley) for horses, all which must be imported, constitute a heavy tax upon the company The six hundred thousand paid them by the government must be wellnigh absorbed by the expenses.

"The stations are arranged at distances varying from *fourteen* to *twenty* miles. Water-privileges regulate this matter pretty much. The wells which have been dug are a great relief to the government and emigrant trains. Nevertheless, such are the irregularities of distance, and such the quality of the water in many places, that passengers usually furnish themselves with canteens, so as to have a tolerable article, if possible, always on hand. In hot weather, in spite of all precautions, the traveller sometimes suffers with thirst. The temperance societies might learn the liquor-lovers they are trying to reform a new lesson on the value of water, by sending them overland to the Pacific.

"The horses and mules which are employed on this route

deserve a passing notice. The last are of the small Spanish stock, nimble, quick, and enduring. Their speed, in view of their size and the burden they draw, is astonishing. I have known them to accomplish *fourteen miles* in *an hour*, without panting, or any apparent distress. The horses are brought from California, and, bating some bad qualities, are a very superior race. They are strong, fast, and hardy, but cannot be '*broken*,' as the phrase is. We had a frolic every time we changed. In both horses and mules the old Spanish blood, originally bad, seems to have taken on other vicious qualities in the wild freedom of the plains, through many generations, and now perseveringly resists subjection to the service of man. In every team two or four men are necessary to hitch the leaders. When the driver, who is always mounted beforehand, cries, '*Let them go*,' such rearing and pitching the *Eastern* traveller never saw before. Within a mile they grow quiet, and make their run without further ado. Yet the next time they must be broken in again. The average speed for the whole distance is seven miles per hour. From ten to fourteen is frequent.

"One morning, about sunrise, we reached the Pimos villages. Here lives a tribe of Indians, harmless, inoffensive, and entitled to the notice of the Church. They might be Christianized. Already, either from the necessities of their location or from occasional contact with the white man, while retaining much characteristic of their race, they are both an agricultural and pastoral people. They have their herds of horses and cattle, and their fields of grain. The most of their habitations are curious structures. They resemble an inverted pot. Small poles are procured and bent, each end stuck in the earth and then wattled with small twigs, and then thatched with grass. A hole, large enough to admit a man's body, is left on one side. The whole fabric is about four feet high, and its diameter about five. No adult could stretch himself in one of them, and he must make a crescent of his body and limbs to get all in. The village is dignified with one or two log-cabins.

"On reaching the Maricopa Wells, beyond this little Indian town, we stopped to change our team, and the driver, pointing to a little shanty, announced that we could get something to eat up there if we wished. We were all hungry and made haste to reach the *breakfast-house*. A table not much larger than the crown of my hat was set out, and on it were an old tin pot filled with *flies* and *stewed peaches*, a dish of beans and flies, and a loaf of bread old enough to be musty, but too dry to mould. On inspection, my appetite declined the *refreshments*, my wife followed my example, and we concluded we could fast two days longer. The little girl, however, was very hungry, and must have something. I cut a small slice from the loaf and said to 'mine host,' 'What do you charge for this bit of bread?' 'Well, I guess a dollar is about *far*.' Disputing his judgment and giving him some good advice, I paid him and left.

"Now we enter upon the Gila Desert and the valley of the Gila River. There are two deserts, the Gila (pronounced Hela) and the Colorado; the first, forty-five miles wide, and the other, one hundred and ten. By what rule these calculations of distance are made I cannot tell. No man can say where either begins or ends. From Mesilla Valley to El Monte in California I should call it all desert—a distance of about eight hundred miles. It is true there are here and there little strips of good land, a few trees, and some vegetation. But if a country without timber or grass or streams, with wide-spread beds of rock, alternated with sand and dust reduced to powder, a land withered, barren, dead; if such a land be a desert, then talk not of the Little Gila and the Great Colorado Desert, but say the Desert of Arizona and be done with it. All along here are to be seen the cacti in endless variety. They were generally in bloom, and many of them beautiful. Bear grass, the Spanish bayonet, the cactus, the broad-leaved, the spiral, the pillared, some of them of immense size, constitute the prevailing growth—and the apple, as it is called, which grows on one species, and the bulbous root of another, are the staple food of the half-starved Indians.

The Indians also manufacture from these roots a pungent, highly intoxicating liquid, of which they are said to be very fond.

"From the Pimos villages to Fort Yuma on the Colorado the distance is about two hundred miles, and is the most dreaded of all the route. Hot, dry, dusty—intensify these adjectives beyond anything known in the East, and a tolerable idea may be obtained of the discomforts of this region. The fierce winds, which blow almost a gale, the glaring sunshine, and the floating clouds of dust have a very unpleasant effect upon the eyes and the skin. Not to wash, leaving the dust to form a crust upon the face, is the best protection for the skin. For the eyes there is no remedy but time and another country. I had been forewarned on this point, and my face was a stranger to water for two weeks. Some of the passengers were too tidy to bear the preventive. They washed and suffered. Hydropathy will not do in Arizona. 'Cleanliness may be next to godliness,' but while travelling I prefer dust to *blisters*.

"Gila City consists of a stable for stage-horses and one upright pole-cabin. Its prospects for enlargement are not promising. Just after we passed, a singular accident occurred at this place. The horses, a team of six, on being hitched, commenced their usual manœuvres, and plunged wildly and madly about, the leaders fell into an open well—the next two soon followed, and the wheel-horses were saved by the cross-bar which hung across the mouth. The poor brutes screamed in their terror and agony—to extricate them was impossible, and the only remedy was to shoot them, or leave them to die in lingering tortures. They were shot.

"About midnight we crossed the Colorado of the West. The river was fearfully swollen by the melting snows, and on the following day gave us no little trouble by its overflow. On one side is the city of Arizona, and on the opposite side Fort Yuma. Occasionally a steamboat reaches this point, but neither agriculture nor commerce will ever build a town, much less a city, in this region. It may, perchance, be a

way-station on the line of the Great Pacific Railroad. After a dark ride of several hours we reached Pilot Knob, a rocky elevation on the bank of the river. Here we were to breakfast and to make preparations for crossing the Great Desert. As we were to be detained an hour or two, to relieve my cramped limbs I prospected around, and finally found myself in the camp of the Yumas. It was about sunrise—the women were all up and diligently employed in pounding and rolling into a sort of flour the Mezquit bean. Large baskets filled with this bean and other pods and berries were thick around them, and out of these wild products these poor outcasts make their bread. The men were lying about—many of them fast asleep—others just waking up, stretching and yawning lazily. Neither party paid the slightest attention to me. All were nearly naked, save that a few of the men had, by hook or crook, picked up the cast-off garments of the soldier or of the passing emigrant. The *dress* of the women consisted of some kind of bark split into ribbons, and tied around the loins. The article was a strange combination of the bustle and the hoop. Whether the arrangement was traditional—coming down from the days of the fig-leaf apron —or imitative, the mark of a progressive Indian civilization, is a question I shall leave for the ethnologists to settle. One thing ought to be mentioned to the credit of these wild Western ladies: they seem to be cleanly. One by one, or two at a time, they resorted to the river for their morning ablutions. They swam very fearlessly into the rushing current and frolicked joyously in the water. Unbinding their long black hair, they gave their heads a thorough scouring. The whole operation was performed with as much delicacy, as little exposure of the person, as in the same enjoyment by their pale-faced sisters at Newport or Cape May.

"But we must cross the Desert. The spreading river drove us several miles out of our way. With six fine horses we were soon in motion. The valley of the Colorado was once wide, and what remains is very fertile—yet, alas! a mere wilderness of weeds and bushes. The tiller's hand has never

stirred its virgin soil. In a few years more the whole bottom will be covered many feet deep by the encroaching sands of the desert. Within a mile or two we reached the sand-bank, which marks the beginning of the wide, wide desolation. The sand is very fine, soft and loose, and the grade in going up very steep. The driver, aware of the difficulties ahead of him, on starting engaged a team of six fine mules to assist in drawing the stage up this ascent. Unloosing his leaders—a balky set—and attaching the mules the stage was emptied of everyone save Mrs. Pierce and the little girl, and an effort was made to go up. It was 'no go.' The strength of four horses and six mules did not avail to turn a wheel. Trial after trial was made, and it verily seemed as if we were *located.* The fretted beasts would sink to their knees in every effort to pull. Finally we sent back to an encampment of wagons and procured another long chain, led the mules to the top of the hill, where they could get some foothold, and, having made all ready, amid the cracking of whips and the shouts of the drivers and helpers, the stage began to move. The summit was gained and we all rejoiced. Oh, the dreariness of the scene around! Sand, sand, sand. Several of us, at the driver's request, undertook to walk half a mile or more. The time was verging fast upon noon, the sky without a cloud, the sun fearfully hot, shining in full strength. Sinking at every step to the ankles in the yielding sand, withal having been on very low diet for about fifteen days, I fairly gave out. I thought of Jonah's gourd, and longed for its shade. I thought of the spring at Sunshine, and pined and panted for one refreshing draught. But neither gourd nor spring could I find in this lone wild. My body was a fountain of water, but the gushing streams exhausted rather than relieved. My tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. I was ready to faint and lay down on the hot sand to rest my failing limbs. I sympathized with the poor soldier who a few days before got lost on this arid plain, and in the anguish of his thirst slew his dog and drank the blood. By and by the stage came up; I called for the canteen, and the miserable

water was an elixir of delight. Bless God for water! This trip has made me more grateful for this life-sustaining, heart-cheering element than I ever was before, nay, than I ever could have been. I never drink the cool, sparkling beverage without a conscious uplifting of spirit to the 'Father of lights, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift.'

"The Desert is a treeless, herbless, grassless, lifeless waste. The heat would be intolerable, but for the winds which sweep restlessly over its bosom. Sometimes these winds swell to a gale, and there is what is called a storm of sand. The air is dark, the road obliterated. Neither man nor beast can face the tempest. To stop and turn your back is the best one can do. To persevere is to lose your eyes, or be suffocated, or be lost. Providence spared us this trial.

"We are now in California, but still the soil is poor, timber small and scarce, and the only material change in the scene is, at long intervals, a human habitation. To Los Angeles from Fort Yuma is about two hundred miles. On the route are some valuable ranches—immense herds of cattle, horses, sheep, and goats are to be seen now and then. If a man were emigrating from any other State and were not well posted at the outset, on entering this great Pacific State from the East, his courage would fail him, and, like the hunted hare, he would take the back track and carry to his old home an evil report of the modern Ophir. But we are in for it, let us go on. 'It is bad luck to turn back,' so saith the old saw. Well, here is San Felipe, an Indian town, a bold spring, several huts, cabins, and human beings of various colors. And lo! yonder is some green grass, let your eyes regale themselves while the horses are changed. The desert is past, the wilderness and the solitary place are behind, before us are food, water, safety from Indians, fields, gardens, vineyards. Presently we met hundreds of Indians in gay costume, many of them well-dressed, some on foot, many on horseback, single and double, sometimes a woman in the saddle and a man behind, and *vice versa*. All, equestrians and pedestrians, seemed to be merry, eager, full of haste.

'What does all this mean?' said I to the conductor. He replied, 'Do you remember that house at the spring a few miles back?' 'Yes!' I answered. 'Well,' said he, 'that is a favorite resort of these Indians. They meet to drink and gamble. They will remain as long as they have anything to bet or lose.'

"The next place in order is a little Indian village called *Temacula*. (I will not be responsible for the orthography of that name.) The inhabitants are a mere remnant of a tribe, and are in process of rapid extinction. They breathe, but do not live, and soon the last one will have passed away. The vices of the white, grafted upon the thriftless habits of the red man, hasten the doom of the race.

"Before we reach El Monte, the country is strangely diversified. Much of it is exceedingly poor and yet occasionally a fine farm greets the eye—fields of grain, gardens and vineyards and orchards.

"El Monte is a small but rather flourishing town, and near by is one of the old Catholic missions. It is a very striking fact, that in every instance the location of these missions evince the knowledge, taste, and forecast of the old Spanish *padres*. Wherever you find one, there are wood, water, soil, picturesque scenery, the best of everything the land affords. This is too uniform to have been accidental, and must have been the result of thorough exploration. But how did these foreign missionaries explore these wild regions in the midst of ignorant savages tribes? How? I will not answer. But what zeal? what self-denial? what intrepidity? Let Protestantism ponder the example. Shall a corrupted Christianity outvie a purer, more spiritual system? Here are old, well-constructed houses, which have survived the race for whose benefit they were erected. Catholic priests came, toiled, suffered, died, and left these now decaying monuments of their heroism. They came, too, to baptize a degraded people, dwelling in an unknown land; and now—with an Anglo-American population, with cities, towns, farms, steamships, railroads, and telegraphs, out of 2,494 travelling preachers

and 5,117 local preachers, all sons of Wesley—I cannot get ten to go to California to preach the everlasting Gospel!!!

"In this portion of California many things attract the traveller's eye. Long accustomed to solitude and desolation, the signs of life and being make one feel as if he had at last compassed the globe or jumped the *long long, blank in history*, and was once more on the confines of the world of action. Here is the little town of El Monte to begin with, a hotel where you may get dinner and pay for it, a lady to preside at the table, to talk and ask questions, and when you go out there are boys and men to look at the horses, and to stare at you, and wonder who you are and where you are going. But we must leave. See the fields enclosed, some with post and plank, some with willow hedges, and some with the broad-leaved cactus. Yonder on the left is the Catholic mission, embosomed in trees, a place of beauty, 'tis said. And now look over the plains—what mean those little holes and piles of earth? Is this another dog-town? Nay, the noise of our wheels resolves the mystery. Why, the *squirrels* have come down from the leafy tree-tops and have burrowed the earth for holes. Even so. California abounds with this species of squirrel, if indeed it be a distinct species. In some places they cover the land, and with their perforations have riddled the surface of the earth. The owl, too, dwells with them as with the prairie-dog. The squirrel is gray, like the common cat squirrel of the East, perhaps a shade darker, the same in form, motion, 'caudal appendage,' and general habits. They are a pest to the country. In spite of guns and poisons they multiply fearfully. Their fecundity is said to be wonderful. I saw thousands upon thousands, and all were in fine plight—fat, sleek, and playful. In dry, dusty plains, or near some farmer's wheat-field, they all seem to be in like condition.

"Now we come upon a scene of enchantment—Los Angeles. Contrast lent its aid, doubtless, but this is really a charming town. The beautiful stream which meanders by it, furnishing irrigation to the vineyards and gardens, the taste-

ful residences, the hedges of willow, the life and stir and obvious thrift of the place, all conspire to invest it with interest. To us it was like a magical creation. Aladdin's lamp could hardly have conjured up a brighter, more unexpected scene. I cannot give its history. It is an old place, revised, enlarged, modernized. Spain has left her footprints, but young America will soon have left no vestige of her presence except the grape-vine. This will be spared for its own sake. Here is the Eshcol of America. Such grapes! Such clusters! Such flavor! I can taste them yet, and hope to feast on them in time to come. As we returned in October they were in full perfection, and being compelled to lie over three days, we feasted. One delightful quality of the grape is, that they may be eaten to repletion with impunity. They are good, morning, noon, and night.

"While the driver was changing horses, I strolled about the main street, and finally stepped into a barber's shop. A large mirror hung upon the wall, and I concluded to take a survey of myself. Reflected in the glass I saw a man with a slouched hat innocent of shape, a shirt covered with the dust of long travel, too deeply dyed ever to be whitened again, a gray flannel frock, as uncanonical a coat as could be, a face—O horror! what a beard! I looked, and yielded. 'Can you shave me in five minutes?' 'Yes, sir,' said the man of the razor. When I resumed my seat in the stage, 'What,' said a passenger, 'have you been doing? You do not look like the same man.' After a long inspection he made out the cause. 'Beard or no beard' is hardly a moral question. At least my conscience is not involved. I am not 'offended' with my brethren who have abandoned the razor, but a hairy chin is not for me. To look like a preacher, I must shave. I hope never to see that face again that peered out upon me from the barber's looking-glass in Los Angeles.

"It was late in the evening when we left, and as we approached the mountains the air grew unpleasantly cold. Blankets were in demand. The night was chilly enough for December. About midnight we crossed the mountains, a

slow, laborious ascent, and the descent is made with difficulty. The road has been cut through the rock—a heavy, expensive job. The scenery by moonlight is wild, grand, awful. At sunrise, almost frozen, we draw up at a wayside tavern for breakfast. The shanty occupied the only spot on which a house could stand. Located in a mountain-gorge, 'mine host' contrives, by hook and by crook, to provide for travellers. A wilder region it would be hard to imagine. Yet here, of choice, an intelligent man with an interesting family has settled. His nearest neighbor is twenty miles distant, and while I remonstrated with him on account of his children, he cut me short by declaring that he had wandered long to find that place, and as to education for his children, they needed only what they could pick up, and would doubtless make their way in the world without books. Our debate was earnest, and we quit as controversialists usually do, each confirmed in his own opinion. At long intervals we found some of the original inhabitants of the country, commonly called 'greasers.'

"In this region nature seems to struggle with herself; extremes meet, alternations of valley and mountain, rich and poor land, dry, sterile wastes, and then bright sparkling streams with verdant banks. Behind, all sterility; just here, 'a streak of fat and a streak of lean;' ahead, all rich, beautiful, and attractive. Fort Tejon is one hundred and thirty miles from Los Angeles, and seems to me to be one of the many expletive military posts which burden the government. For beauty and grandeur of location it is well chosen. On leaving, the road, for three miles, runs down a cañon of awful sublimity. The towering mountains on either side, the little stream which murmurs along its serpentine path, the deep stillness which broods over the scene, invest the place with a sort of sacredness favorable to religious emotion. A recluse could hardly find a more appropriate retreat from noise and show. It is solitude solemnized. On emerging from this deep, dark defile, we strike an open plain with a down grade for fourteen miles, a distance our ponies accomplished in an

hour. But it is wearisome to think over this route, much less to describe it. Your readers could take very little interest in the details of our journey along these hills and plains. Suffice it to say, the road is good, the mountains high, the valleys rich, live-oak common, settlements more frequent, an occasional stream—one large one, Kearn River—and finally you strike the Tuba Valley, a region which begins to attract great attention in California.

"After breakfast one morning we resumed our journey; the day was hot, oppressively so, and yet, in full view upon our right the snow lay heavy upon the Sierra Nevada range. The sun nearly melted us on the plain; how the snow resisted its burning beams is one of the mysteries of altitude. It was refreshing to know that it was cool somewhere, and that if we had time we might reduce the temperature which was dissolving us. Presently we reach the town of Visalia, a new place, having a fresh, strong, growing look. I never saw a busier people. It is amazing how rapidly villages can grow on the Pacific Coast. Nor are the buildings mere shanties, but substantial houses, many of them brick, two or three stories high, having quite a city air about them. In this neighborhood I first saw the magpie, the most numerous of all the birds in California. They do not *chatter*, as I had been taught to expect, but seem quiet and sober, quite disposed to be on good terms with all the world.

"This whole region is called the Tulare country. It is settling up with a very clever, substantial population. It is well watered, lands rich, timber (live-oak) abundant and burdened with acorns. Large spaces are enclosed, and the mast thus preserved for swine. Hog-raising is a paying business. Wheat grows finely, and one peculiarity is (I never noticed it elsewhere than in California) that the grain flourishes just as well under the shade of those immense oaks as in the most exposed places. In the East scarce anything will grow in the shade of a tree—here the stalks of wheat were as luxuriant close to the trunk of the tree as beyond the circle of its shade. This is both an agricultural and a stock-raising sec-

tion. Game abounds. The antelopes may be seen in large herds, and deer are common, as I understood.

"The dust of the plains is terrible to encounter. We hasten on, and soon we strike the far-famed San José Valley. It has been often described. Gilroy is a nice little town as you enter, and soon San José itself breaks upon the vision. This is one of the loveliest regions I ever saw. It is positively enchanting. Art and taste are combining with nature to give new attractions to this lovely valley, and the town is destined to distinction for size as well as location. Tired, dusty, and hungry, we stepped out of the stage and made our way to a restaurant, and fed upon fat things, at seventy-five cents a head. With a large accession of passengers we left at sunset, and in six hours were rolling through the streets of San Francisco."

He had travelled two thousand miles without rest and with little sleep, and so ended safely this remarkable journey. As one reads the story he is almost selfish enough to be thankful that the bishop had made this journey, and had not followed the example of Bishop Andrew and Bishop Soulé, and gone by steamer. His noble wife was the first woman who had ever crossed the continent by the overland stages, and Annie tells her own story of this remarkable journey in the following chapter:

"MEMORIES OF MY TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

"In April of the year 1859, I, being the youngest child, was taken by my parents on the long trip with them to California. Everything, from the moment I left home, was full of interest and pleasure for me. Trusting wholly in my parents, I had no thought of anxiety or fear in the journey ahead, though father told me of the uninhabited country through which we would pass, of the Indians, the high mountains, deep precipices, and mighty rivers; all this but made my desire to go the more intense.

"I don't recall anything of special interest till we reached Texas. We spent a week in Rusk, with father's youngest

sister, Mrs. Wiggins, a widow with two children, who, two years later, returned to Georgia, making our house her home.

"Near San Marcos we spent a few days with an old friend of father's, General Pitts. He was a farmer, with a herd of horses, which were driven up, for our inspection, into an enclosure near the house. Father took me with him at one time to see, which to me was a wonderful sight, a man lasso and mount an untried horse. The antics he cut and plunges he made, with the man on his back, I can never forget.

"At San Antonio we took the stage for the 'overland' route. Father was advised here to take some provisions for the way, as a lack of such as we would wish might occur. It was well for us he did so, as the food prepared by the coachman, or that which we could get at the points where the horses were changed, was by no means tempting. The ministers who were with us—among them Mr. John Simmons, now of the South Georgia Conference—shared our meals and interested me in many ways when I would grow weary of the ride. I would look forward with eagerness to the change of horses. On one part of the route they would hitch six large horses, with a man at the head of each, till the driver could take his seat and reins; then, with the order to 'Let go,' they would rear and plunge for a mile or more before they could be brought under control.

"This was exciting and delightful; I remember well how I enjoyed looking on till at one time, as six restless grays were hitched to the stage, in their efforts to free themselves, the coach was upset. No one, fortunately, was seriously hurt; mother had a finger painfully sprained, but soon found relief. At night, when we would camp, father would always make mother comfortable in the coach, and then, after a prayer with us, for our safety, would take me in his arms, where I slept as sweetly as at home. I have many times, since I became a woman, wished I could feel the same trust and faith in my Heavenly Father's love and care of me that I felt, as a child, in that of my dear earthly father.

"When danger, over the narrow passes, or fatigue made

it necessary for us to walk, father, whose eye was ever open to nature's beauties, would call attention to a pretty spot here, or a line of hills yonder, and the tiny flowers under his feet never escaped his view. A blooming prairie is among the pleasant recollections of the many beauties along that trip. Father waked me from a nap on his knee to look; before us was a vast sea of blue and pink as far as we could see in the early morning. As we rode on, he spied a prairie-hen, and held me up to see it as it made its escape among the flowers.

"When we reached the river, though it was not a very wide or deep river, the banks were so precipitous that the stage could not, without risk, carry us over, and the question as to what should be done was a serious one. A creole came up and proposed to land us on the other side, if we would permit him.

"Father and I were carried over, and now, would mother allow him to take her in his arms, as he had done me? There was no other alternative, and the stage was waiting on the opposite side; so, amid our amusement and some fear lest he should drop the precious burden in the stream, she was placed safely beside us, and, with thanks to the creole for his help in emergency, we went our way.

"Twenty-two days of travel brought us to San Francisco in the night. The next day we were welcomed by Dr. Fitzgerald and his friend Mr. Genella. Both these gentlemen I soon learned to love. Dr. Fitzgerald's house was our home, and many pleasant days I spent with his little ones Paul and Genella. Mother and I remained in San Francisco while father visited the churches in the country around. When he was with us, and not engaged, he gave us every opportunity of seeing the city and the strange places we could never hope to visit again.

"At one time he took me to a Chinese temple to see their god—a horrid, wooden image with crossed feet, and hands holding a knife and fork. Before it, on a green-covered table, was placed fruit of various kinds.

O. P. FITZGERALD, D.D.

"One memorable visit was to the beach, several miles from the city. We arose early; father had arranged for us to go out in a carriage, which was ready for us before sunrise. The delightful air, the fruit we had, and the beautiful scenery—together with the company of some of our San Francisco friends—the beach, the shells, the sea-lions, in the distance, and the great waves rolling at my feet, are, I believe, among the most pleasant of my recollections.

"Father was very unwell at this time and the ride seemed to have refreshed him, and I recall his appearance as he stood looking thoughtfully across the water, now and then joining in my ecstasy at things so new to me.

"I remember pleasant visits to Sacramento and the little town of Oakland across the bay; but what I have written will show how tender and loving, and how careful for our comfort and pleasure father was. Upon me he bestowed a lavish fondness during this trip, as if I were to fill the places of those at home. He loved to talk of them, and I don't remember that we ever had a pleasure of a special character that he did not mention each absent child.

"On our return father was too feeble to take the stage-ride, and we sailed from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Here we feasted upon the luscious grapes for which that country is noted. When we reached Fort Davis, I think, we were compelled to spend a week that father might gain strength for the rough stage-travel. He was able, before we left, to preach to a large congregation of men.

"In company with our friends General and Mrs. Pitts we had a pleasant trip in their comfortable carriage from San Marcos to Liberty, a small town where the Conference was held—the first I ever attended. Here we parted with our friends, and I no not remember anything of interest till we reached New Orleans, where father seemed much better and his spirits bright and joyous at nearing home. Before we got to this place, father had talked with mother, and together they had decided upon the gifts they would purchase for the loved ones at home. Father took a peculiar pleasure in this

means of showing his love and affection, and no one ever more fully verified the truth of the words, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' than did our father. His life was one of sacrifice and love to the world, the Church, and his family.

"On December 22d we reached home. Father was much changed by the sickness he contracted while away, from the effects of which I don't think he ever recovered."

As soon as he reached the city he wrote to Claude and Ella.

"SAN FRANCISCO, June 16, 1859.

"MY DEAR CLAUDE: We are all here safe and sound, thank God. The trip has been long, hot, and laborious, but pleasant and full of interest. None of us have been sick. Your mother beats me *nodding*. Ann lost no time by day or night in sleeping, and as to eating, we took what we *could get* and asked no questions. Everybody expected to see us broke down, worn out, and will hardly believe us when we tell them we are not tired. I have been more fatigued coming from Double Wells to Sunshine. Everything is exciting—new country, wild, desolate often, something to be seen every turn, and then the stage travels from seven to twelve miles per hour, so that you never take time to think of weariness. The particulars of the route you must look for in the papers.

"Your mother is delighted with California. It is beautiful—surpassing anything I ever saw. Oh, such fruits! The strawberries are as large as hens' eggs, cherries fine, and everything on a grand scale.

"We were terribly disappointed in not getting letters from home yesterday. A few lines from Lovick was all we received. We have written to some of you every chance—hope you get the letters. Oh, what would we give to hear from you all this morning! Letters a month old fail to satisfy us. It is the best the case allows. So we must put up with it. I shall be very busy. . . But if we cannot

get *pudding*, we must take *pie*, if it is old and mouldy. Keep writing anyhow, some will come.

"As I wrote in my last we have been to Sacramento, and have returned. I am holding a protracted meeting here—some revival, some converts, a good many mourners, and fine prospects. Thank God! I do all the preaching; the papers say, 'This eloquent divine is attracting large crowds.' May he win souls for Christ and Methodism. Will my daughter help me to pray for usefulness?

"I preached for the Baptists on Sunday morning; had a fine time; and a few days since they sent me twelve dollars and fifty cents. If the *Methodists* would pay as well I should get rich over here. *Nous verrons.*

"Your mother is getting very homesick. She fattens, however, keeps well, and looks cheerful. Ann is improving, has made quite a sensation by her pretty, quiet manners. She has received several valuable presents. The trip will help the old lady and the little one, I think. Sunshine is the place after all, they say. Ann is tired of city life already and longs for room to run. We all sit down occasionally and talk of home and its inmates. It relieves the oppression of absence, and is a sort of substitute for letters. I laid out half of my Baptist money to-day in a present for you. Hope you will like it. Tell Ella I shall remember her in a gift she needs and will appreciate. We feel very affectionate and liberal in this land of gold. We will have a Christmas gift for all, great and small, God willing.

"I am anxious to hear from the crop. Success is very important to my plans. John ought to write to me; he knows what to say about plantation affairs.

"I presume on the receipt of this you will all be together: Lovick, blooming with college honors; Mary, happy in getting back to her favorite employments; yourself, rejoicing in brother's companionship; El, boasting of Julia's beauty and goodness; John, watching cotton squares, and hoping the rust will keep away; Carrie, charging in and out, around and about; Pierce, soberly seeking his own enjoyment in his own

way; Jule, crying a little, and sleeping a great deal. *Oh, that we were all together!* Let us do right, trust God, and hope to meet again.

"FIVE MONTHS MORE!

"Love to all from all."

"PETALUMA, CAL., August 10, 1859.

"MY DEAREST CLAUDE: We have been to a camp-meeting on Bodega Circuit, and are here on our way to Sacramento. I shall leave your mother and Ann at Sacramento, with an old pupil of mine, a Mrs. Harris, and shall travel at large by myself. It is both expensive and troublesome to take them along. Trunks and *bonnet-boxes* are very much in the way.

"The camp-meeting was a nondescript. I never saw such an affair, and hope never to see such another. The tents were set down without lines or figures. The preacher's tent was a part of the *stand*, and right by it was another for the women to put their babies in when they went to sleep. The arbor was a few bushes over the altar, and the rest shade-trees. On Sunday, at 11 o'clock, the women filled the *altar*, and I *preached with ten babies* crying right under my nose. Oh, me! The meeting was rather dull till the last day. We then had several conversions. I left them to-day, going on, and expecting to hold on for the week.

"We are now in a pretty country, but I am sick of what they call a *Free State*. A man who would bring his wife here is hard-hearted. The women are slaves of the lowest order as to the work they do. I hope you will decline all idea of moving to this country.

"You must excuse a short letter this time. I am tired, have a poor arrangement for writing, and feel more like sleeping than anything else. We got your letter of the 9th of June. The last news—expect a letter this week. We write twice a week to you all. Trust you receive the letters.

"Before you get this Lovick will have gone back to Ox-

ford, Mollie to Madison, and El and you be alone once more. Well, time is flying. Four months more and a few days will return us to Sunshine. The Lord keep us and bring us back to find you all well, and make us happy together Kiss my darlings all round.

"Most affectionately,

"G. F. P."

While here he made a fair survey of the field, and came to the conclusion expressed in the following letter.

On two points his views underwent a decided change after the war: On changing the name of the Church and going into the country in which the M. E. Church had occupancy. He had seen the evil results of altar against altar after the war, and he came to the conclusion in later years, and adhered to it to the end, that wisdom and grace required that each branch of the Church should adhere to the plan of separation.

"It will be well to begin this letter with a confession. Before going to California I had doubts as to the propriety of our organization as a Church in that country For reasons not necessary now to mention I was sceptical as to our ultimate success. Many sober brethren urged me to go on, wind up the Conference, and send the preachers to more promising fields. Some old ministers and some lay brethren made statistical calculations and tried to show me that the Church was wasting men and money on an impracticable enterprise. Many of our people took, and perhaps still maintain, the preposterous idea that the M. E. Church South ought to be restricted to the Slave States. With this notion I never had any sympathy. I repudiate it as unworthy of the Church—contrary to the genius of the Gospel—hostile to the very mission of Christianity, which is a religion for all people. Our position is beyond all controversy scriptural. We render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's. There is nothing in our doctrines, discipline, or policy—or spirit or usage, which limits or re-

strains our movement. The world is our parish and I hope the day will come when we shall be numerously represented in every State and Territory of the American continent—in every nation and province, every continent and island of this round earth. Nevertheless, I had thought that we might perhaps do better elsewhere than in California. With this idea in my mind I began my labors and observations on the Pacific Coast. I visited all the chief towns, travelled through the country, preached on the highways and byways, conversed with the leading men of the State, mingled with the multitude, compared Church statistics, and I think reasoned fairly upon all I saw and heard, and came deliberately to the following conclusions: 1st. That the M. E. Church South was a *necessity* and a *blessing* in California. 2d. That the Pacific ought to be vigorously maintained by means and men. 3d. That if our Church authorities would send strong, wise, experienced ministers there, the M. E. Church South in *five years would outnumber all other denominations combined.* The Church North would rival us in the cities and in the mines; in the rural districts we should soon count five to their one, and in a short time, as far as Methodism is concerned, would be wellnigh the sole occupants of the land. I put these opinions on record here. Time will test their soundness.

"Our mere presence, to say nothing of our example, has been a restraint upon the fanaticism of the Northern Methodist preachers. They have been forced by the presence of a public sentiment, which we helped to form and to strengthen, into at least a *quasi*-conservatism. The tongue of denunciation has been bridled, and lips used to *political harangues* have been constrained to preach the Gospel. We have done them a service which they are not likely to acknowledge, and for which they are not as thankful and as loving as they ought to be. They are unfriendly—alienated—cherish no fraternal regard for us. This is sad—ought not to be so. There is no good reason for it. The policy and spirit of our Church is peace with all men. We have no time to quarrel and have

no heart for it. Amid many provocations our editors and preachers have been silent. They are doing a great work and cannot come *down* to debate *slavery* or wrangle about politics. May they continue in well-doing. I had very little intercourse with the Northern preachers. I met my old friend, Rev. Jesse Peck, D.D., and two or three others. These were all polite and kind. With Dr. P I had several pleasant interviews. We talked over Church matters and differences with great plainness of speech, but in a Christian spirit. Of course I was not *invited* to preach in a Northern Methodist church. Yet on the request of friends I was *allowed* to preach in one, and the pastor treated me courteously and Christianly. This antagonism of ecclesiastical organizations is unfortunate. By building on the foundation of Christ and the Apostles (as the Church South has done), to the *exclusion* of all that is secular and political, we might yet harmonize and be one. Is this a likely result? I fear not. While we hold to the Bible and Christ the head, we cannot, dare not change our position; the North, deluded by a false idea, *will not change*. So we must leave them with Reuben and Gad and the half-tribe of Manasseh on this side of Jordan, while we go up to possess the land.

"The word 'South' is very much in our way, just because it has a sectional sound. Many who approve our position and policy are hindered from coming to us because of that appendage to our name. It does us no good anywhere, and is turned against us by those who seek occasion to find fault, and is objected to by many who could come to us if it were removed.

"In view of probable changes and of our duty to carry the Gospel to every creature as far as we may, the cognomen of the Church is of grave importance. As it is it has to be explained, and when the explanation is given we only account for its origin without a word for its intrinsic propriety. Seeking a title that would be distinctive, we have furnished an argument to our foes, and limited by name a Church that ought to be universal. Thus many think and

speak. The objection is plausible if not real. In either case we should 'cut off occasional from them that desire occasion.' We are free, in fact, to go anywhere, and where we go we ought not to defeat ourselves by holding on to an expletive word. For one I am in favor of extending our Church over the whole country. It would be a blessing to the nation. The Methodism of the South everywhere would be a refuge —a haven to the conservative from the storms that agitate and threaten to uproot and tear down the sanctified institutions of our ecclesiastical fathers. At any rate, I go for maintaining and largely re-enforcing our organization in California. It is a solemn duty to God and the country. We *must send more preachers—men of position, age, experience.* The Church there needs help, deserves it, is suffering for the want of it. We have a Conference there of sixty odd preachers, but they are mostly young men, without experience and not adapted to portions of the work. I mean them no disrespect by the remark, for in my soul I honor them for their work's sake. They are heroes—bold, fearless, self-denying men—who do not count their lives dear, if they may but honor Christ and save souls. Many of them perform labors, submit to inconveniences not only without murmuring, but with a cheerful spirit which would locate half the preachers in the East, and justify them wellnigh with the other half. Of these things I will write in another letter.

"But to show that our Church is a plant with a living root in California, let it be remembered that the State is only ten years old, that society has been unsettled, and that houses had to be built, farms enclosed, and the people to fix themselves for living, and yet there we have regular stations, good churches, good parsonages, well-organized circuits, and districts and more *circuit parsonages* than can be found in one-half of the old Conferences. We have schools and will soon have a college built and endowed by the liberality of the people. We are not intruders on *free soil*, as some think, nor yet merely welcome guests, but accredited ministers and members of the Church of God, part and parcel of a great

and rising State, doing good and laying the foundation of greater usefulness in the future. The people of California are able and willing to sustain their preachers. They do not ask the East for missionary money, but for strong, holy men. The appropriation last year was not large, and the most of that was applied to Oregon—an entirely new field. Take any one of the Eastern Conferences, strip them of their leading men, and leave them dependent on their probationers for a supply, and how would they fare? California has her cities and towns, intelligent circuit people, people used to the best preaching in the old States, and they need it now and beg us to send them the men. To confirm the statement I am making, and to furnish an appeal to the Conferences, I insert a sentence or two from a private letter urging me to send them help: '*I know you will if you can. If you cannot, God have mercy on those eloquent men who preach and speak for missions, who glorify the itinerancy and profess so much love for Southern Methodism, and yet complacently look on and see our Church here suffer for lack of service they might render, and allow us to destroy ourselves in the endeavor to do that which is beyond our strength. San Francisco requires the service of one of our strongest and most devoted men.*' Now, brethren, read, mark, and inwardly digest that sentence. Where is that 'strong, devoted man?' One is not enough, we must have 'several of that description.' San Francisco, Sacramento, San José, Bascom Institute, and the Pacific Methodist College all need help. Some young men of two or three years' experience are desired. The Conferences are at hand. I appeal to the Bishops for help. I appeal to the preachers. Some of them ought to go; in the name of the Lord and of Methodism I say it, they must go. The Church is committed to the work, souls will perish if we decline. Why are brethren reluctant? What do they fear? The long land travel? It is a trifle. The writer stood it and had a chill every day. A well man need not dread it. A trip by sea? Hundreds go each way semi-monthly for mammon; shall a Christian minister falter? The work is pleasant, the

pay is good, the climate fine, the people waiting to hear, why tarry ye? Why? Hark! if any man love houses or land, or father or mother, or his ease more than Christ, he cannot be a disciple. More anon."

During his stay in California he was attacked with chills and fever. He had been so healthy and so strong that he had presumed upon it. From this severe attack he never fully recovered. His indomitable will kept him up, and in order to meet his Conferences in Texas he resolved to again take the overland route. He writes of this trip:

"The Pacific Conference met in San Francisco. The session was brief but pleasant, much business was attended to, Methodist-preacher fashion—in a little time. On many subjects there was much discussion, but harmony and brotherly love prevailed. The brethren there seem to have one mind and one heart. They weep together, and rejoice together, and share the changing fortunes of an itinerant life with as much patience, fortitude, and devotion as any men I have ever seen. Labor is no burden to them, they love their work. Inconvenience is no hardship; for the yoke of Christ is easy and his burden light. In California, as elsewhere, there are desirable places, and places which a man would not prefer, places now unorganized, hard work and poor pay; but there is no struggle for the former and no dodging of the latter. Many things which would be esteemed in the East as intolerable, by no means to be endured—a triumphant apology for location—are met, endured, enjoyed by the brethren in California. To feed the horse, to milk the cow, to work the garden, to make the fire and draw the water, to cook, and *wash the dishes*, are menial labors; but California preachers sometimes do all these things. Single men rent a room and make it parlor, chamber, kitchen, and dining-room—live well and do good. Married men help their wives in all domestic employments, and live independent of *hired help* for economy's sake in part, but mainly to avoid the annoyance and vexation of white servants. The supply in this department consists chiefly of German and Irish girls, who are ignorant, impudent, and lazy,

and who, taking advantage of the disproportion between supply and demand, exact high wages for little work, and leave without notice on the most frivolous pretences.

"I was delighted with the spirit of self-denial, the humility, and yet the personal independence of the ministry in this 'Far West;' and I felt that with such instruments there was ground for hope and encouragement as to the future history of the Church on the Pacific. An humble, holy, working ministry will do good anywhere; and while education, knowledge, experience, are all elements of power and greatly to be desired, yet God very often confounds his foes and surprises his friends by means and operations as scriptural as they are *unphilosophical*. The wisdom of the world does not know everything, and the faith of the Church is too often a sequence of calculation rather than a simple uncompounded trust in the truth and faithfulness of God. Weak things often confound the mighty, and things mighty in human estimation often fail to realize our expectations.

"For the present we must leave California. I have been sick for a month before Conference, up and down, as I now think, just because I continued to preach when I was not able to do it. Lest an evil report of the health of the country should get abroad among the preachers and deter some from going, it is proper for me to say that I regard California as a *very* healthy region, and that my own long indisposition was not the result of the climate, but of my own imprudence (I suppose most would call it); though I should say of my resolute purpose to do the work assigned me, whatever suffering it might cost me. If in my feeble state I could have returned by water, my indisposition would have ended in a few days. Rising from a sick bed to start, I took the steamer to San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, and was on the ocean three days and improved in health all the time. Failing to connect with the stage, we were detained three days at Los Angeles. Here again I preached, and on resuming my journey I relapsed. The stage was crowded with passengers, mail-bags, and boxes of provisions, and our situation was anything but com-

fortable. I rode eight hundred miles with my limbs at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was never able to get more than one foot to the floor at any time. The chill came on *every* day about sunset, the nights were very cool, but my fevers saved me from suffering much with cold. Fourteen days and nights did I travel in this condition. Twenty-four hours before reaching Fort Davis we encountered a 'norther,' and we had wind, sleet, and snow The stage curtains were rent, the front entirely open, and we were in a prairie region where our exposure was perfect. The discomforts of that ride will never be forgotten. My little daughter suffered extremely. Mrs. P complained for the first time, and in the midst of the storm my chill came on. On that night everybody joined me in the *shake.* About midnight, in utter darkness, the sky black as ink, the winds howling like hungry wolves, we reached the Fort. The agent of the line, the officers of the army, and the driver urged us to stop and wait the next stage. We yielded, knowing that we must stop at the next fort when we changed to the San Antonio line of stages.

"It was well we did lie over, for there I had two of the sickest days of my life. We expected to take the next stage, but it was full, and the next, and so we were detained eight days. At this point I must record my sense of obligation to the officers of Fort Davis, Colonel Seawell and Lieutenant Van Horn, the sutler Mr. Young, and others. Most of the regiment stationed here, both officers and men, were absent holding a court-martial. But those named above were as kind and attentive as though we had been the friends of other years. Furnished with a house and servant, fed and nursed with watchful tenderness, every want anticipated, and, as far as possible, supplied, we felt thankful to God and proud of our country. These gentlemen, bred to arms and living beyond the pale of civilization, yet retain and cherish the amenities of social life, and dispense a noble hospitality even to the passing stranger. An army of such men is one of the safeguards of the Republic, and deserves the admiration and confidence of the people whose interests they defend. *They* never could

be made the agents of usurpation, the servile tools of power, or in any way compromise the rights and glory of our common country

"I left Fort Davis in wretched plight for travelling, but reached Camp Stockton, eighty miles distant, and here again I was very sick for a day and night. And again I was indebted to the army for quarters and much kindness. Captain Carpenter and Lieutenant Jones were friends in the hour of need, and made my detention as pleasant as my sickness would allow. I owe them many thanks, and pray heaven's richest blessings upon them.

"At this point my only chance to get on was to hire an *extra.* This Mr. Holliday the agent kindly furnished. By this time I was so feeble and exhausted that to sit up was a task, and yet a travel of four days and nights must be endured ere I could rest even for an hour. Hiding my sufferings as much as possible, I proceeded, and often felt that I could go no farther; yet on we went, day and night. To add to the evils of the trip, the Comanches were about, plundering and killing. Many people at the several stations bid us farewell forever, never expecting to see us again. Tales of blood and murder were rife all along as we approached the settlements. But we saw no Indians, and by a merciful providence were delivered from all dangers. The only mishap, save an upset in which nobody was hurt, was that one night, about one hundred and twenty miles from San Antonio, in changing stages and transferring baggage, Mrs. Pierce's trunk was left. My lady readers can estimate the seriousness of that calamity. We had gone sixty miles before it was missed, and how to recover it was a question hard to answer. The agent, who was along, took the return stage and promised to forward it if it could be found. So on reaching San Antonio I sent Mrs. Pierce and the little girl to General Pitts', to rest a few days and wait the arrival of the trunk, while I diverged for the Rio Grande Conference at Goliad. I left, at midnight, in another 'norther,' being the third I had faced on the trip. The driver, to protect himself, got down into the boot under his

seat, and, trusting to the mules to keep the road, went to sleep. By and by, finding the motion of the stage very peculiar, and hearing the wheels crashing along among the bushes, I called out to know what was the matter. There were three of us all buttoned up inside, and by a united effort we at last waked up our driver, and found ourselves nobody knew where. We were lost. The team had left the road, but whether they had gone to the right or left, backward or forward, nobody could tell. We were in 'a fix,' and no mistake. After all, I was to be disappointed in reaching the Conference. I had perilled life, endured more than I shall ever tell, to get there before adjournment, and now to be so utterly defeated by a sleepy-headed coachman—it was too bad. My patience fairly gave out. That night was one to be *marked.* We were freezing, and could not stand still. So we journeyed north, south, east, and west, around and across and about. Just before day we reached a creek, with steep, sandy, broken banks, we must cross. My fellow-passengers got out to walk. Too sick to stand, much less to climb, I sat still, but soon found that to turn over was inevitable. I got out and left the driver to his doom. Presently here he came, sailing in the air, and the mules and the stage after him, over and over—such a pile! This was the consummation of trouble. We helped to set up the stage and left the driver to get the mules out of the creek as best he could, while we returned a little way to a house we had seen, in search of fire. Finally all was made ready, and we reached San Antonio the following night. I was present at one session of the Conference—a poor compensation for my trouble; but I had done my duty according to my ability—my body was sick, but my conscience was well.

"From Goliad I went to La Grange, the seat of the Texas Conference. By the kindness of Brother Fly, who took me in his buggy, I was saved the fatigue and exposure of night travel, and was thus enabled to make the trip. Even thus, nature was exhausted and I was confined to the bed for two or three days. The doctors held a consultation over me,

and tried to make me believe that I was on the verge of fatal illness; but I resolved to resist the doctors and the disease, and to meet the duties of the Conference. I did so, but it was a costly sacrifice to my poor body. While yet in bed Mrs. Pierce arrived and reported that she had no tidings of the lost trunk. Here was a dilemma—far from home, money wellnigh spent, and wife and daughter with 'nothing to wear!' By the generous kindness of Sisters Haynie, Alexander, and others, an outfit, or rather a *refit*, was soon forthcoming. Warm hearts and busy fingers in a little time prepared Mrs. Pierce and the little girl 'to go out,' and the expenses of 'shopping' did not lighten my already attenuated purse. Friends in need are good things—very. Texas is a very good place to find them. My old friend Pitts and wife, who came over with my family, did me no little kindness, by carrying me in their carriage to and from the Conference room. The General also promised to look after the trunk and forward it to New Orleans.

"Brother Ligon, with whom we stayed, and to whom and his better half we were indebted for many comforts, when the time for leaving came, furnished me with a pair of mules, and Brother Thrall furnished a barouche, and Brother Addison, one of the preachers, proposed to be driver, and, thus fitted up, we left for Palestine. After a long, tedious, wearisome journey we reached our destination. Brother Addison is down in the book of my memory, for he helped me so much. I could not have made the trip alone, and with his brotherly. faithful services barely got through. But the Conference was held, and the hour of adjournment was reached in harmony and love. A furious snow-storm came on; the like was never seen before in Texas. The last days of the Conference involved us all in much exposure. I never saw such a spell of weather anywhere. In the midst of it we read out the appointments, and bade each other farewell. Taking the afternoon and night to recruit, I made my arrangements to start the next day for home, storm or no storm. Brother Eiglehart, at whose house we were entertained, urged us to stay and wait for sunlight and a milder temperature. But

long absence from the loved ones at home, continued sickness and suffering without any prospect of relief, save in rest, cessation from labor and mental repose, made me impatient to go, and so, 'tearing ourselves away from all the comforts of a noble hospitality, we faced the tempest and set out for Sunshine. Verily we had a bitter ride for several days and nights. But I had braced myself to endure and to conquer. The first night we spent in Rusk, where my sister (Mrs. Wiggins) resides, and then we took the stage for Alexandria. Fortunately, we were not crowded, and made ourselves as comfortable as constant motion would allow. The incidents of the journey might be detailed with interest, if time were plenty on my hands; but I have more important business just now, and must come to a close.

"We reached New Orleans in due season, found very comfortable quarters with Brother Stewart, and were detained several days, waiting for our baggage. Mine had been shipped at San Francisco for New York, and ordered by express to this point. Mrs. Pierce's, as stated before, if found, was also to come by express, and both should have been here on our arrival. But neither had come, and so we tarried only to be disappointed. We left at last, giving up all as lost. The loss in respect of real value was considerable to us, who never had much to spare; but in those trunks were many curious things picked up in our travel, mementos of friendship, and gifts designed for the children we had left so long. But we were going home, and this was a fact too pleasant to be marred by useless regrets. With cheerful hearts we moved on, and grew happier as we lessened the distance between us and our humble residence. At last we arrived. I thought of life's weary journey, its end, and of heaven and its welcome. And now I must record my gratitude to God for all his mercies to me and mine. We were preserved from all accidents in a travel of *ten thousand miles*, by sea and land, in all sorts of conveyances, through deserts, among savages, by day and night. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

"Two months after we reached home—first one, then the other—the lost trunks came to hand. They were battered and worn, but the contents were all safe. The dumb things could give no account of themselves or their peregrinations. Where they had been, we never shall know, but after much wandering and many delays they reached home. Mine is now about to resume its travels, and with my past experience of its tendency to *prodigal* habits, I shall put it under more careful regimen for the future. Mrs. Pierce's, I think will not be trusted abroad any more, but will take position in the ranks of the *local itinerancy*.

"In winding up these notes of travel I must go back to San Francisco and express my obligation to the brethren Fitzgerald, Spencer, and Genella. With the first two we found a home when we were in the city. I do not mean food and lodging merely, but such rest, friendship, and kindness as robbed absence of its gloom, and made a land of strangers a place of enjoyment and repose. Christ promised to the faithful minister, who left all to follow him, houses and land, fathers, mothers, friends. These brethren and their families, as instruments, redeemed that word of promise to me and made me feel as much at home on the far Pacific coast as here among my native hills. Peace be upon them, and prosperity within their gates. Brother Genella is a reproduction of the 'well-beloved Gaius,' of whom the Apostle Paul writes so lovingly. The friend of the Church and the preachers, he is the courteous servant, the ever-ready, obliging helper of both. His big soul takes in all the interests of our Zion, and there are still chambers to let. There is room for every good thing. He never knows when he has done enough. He plans easily, gives liberally, executes promptly. One such man is worth to the Church *acres of drones*. The Lord make them a thousand-fold so many more as they are. I am his debtor in many respects, both for personal favors and relative kindness. My little daughter has made his name a household word. May he live long, live in California, live to see a fine Southern Methodist church in San Francisco,

live to count his brethren by the hundred, and to enjoy the ministrations of the Word in our own spacious, consecrated temple.

"I have had a long, hard bout with the chills, and if I had time would furnish a catalogue of remedies, *all infallible*, for the benefit of any who may be similarly afflicted. Desiring to do good in every way, I may hereafter publish a list of recipes, allopathic, homœopathic, hydropathic, scientific, and superstitious. It is true none of them did me any good, but mine was a peculiar, exceptionable case, for I am assured by reliable doctors and many infallible signs that any one of the remedies, from quinine *up to corn-shuck tea*, will cure the oldest and most stubborn case. But the victims must wait on me a little while. In the meantime I commend them to hope and patience."

Thus ends this story of his first visit to the Pacific coast and of his return. He went out strong, stout, elastic. He had never been seriously ill in all his life. He had no fear of breaking down. He had an indomitable will, and was as immovable as a mountain of granite when he took a stand. He came back from his journey thin, worn, feeble. The strong man had, in a few months, been so changed as to be barely recognized as the same. He did not, however, stay from the pulpit long. He reached home early in January of 1860, and in February he preached in Sparta, and he kept up his preaching, not intermitting a Sunday. He would preach, and then have a chill; would rally, and preach again. At last he got rid of his persistent foe; an electric bath at the Indian Springs ended the long siege. He was as cheerful as a bird in the midst of all these strugglings for health.

The first of 1860 was mainly a struggle with the ague, but in the summer he was free from it, and while he never regained his flesh, yet till the fastening of the terrible disease which brought him to the grave, upon his throat, years afterward, he had almost unbroken health. He went to Nashville, and took as his share of work the Tennessee, Memphis, Arkansas, and Georgia Conferences.

He began his Western tour by going to the Tennessee Conference in October. Of this visit I am able to give, through the Rev. S. M. Cherry, of the Tennessee Conference, a charming picture of his simplicity and unaffected goodness of heart. He says:

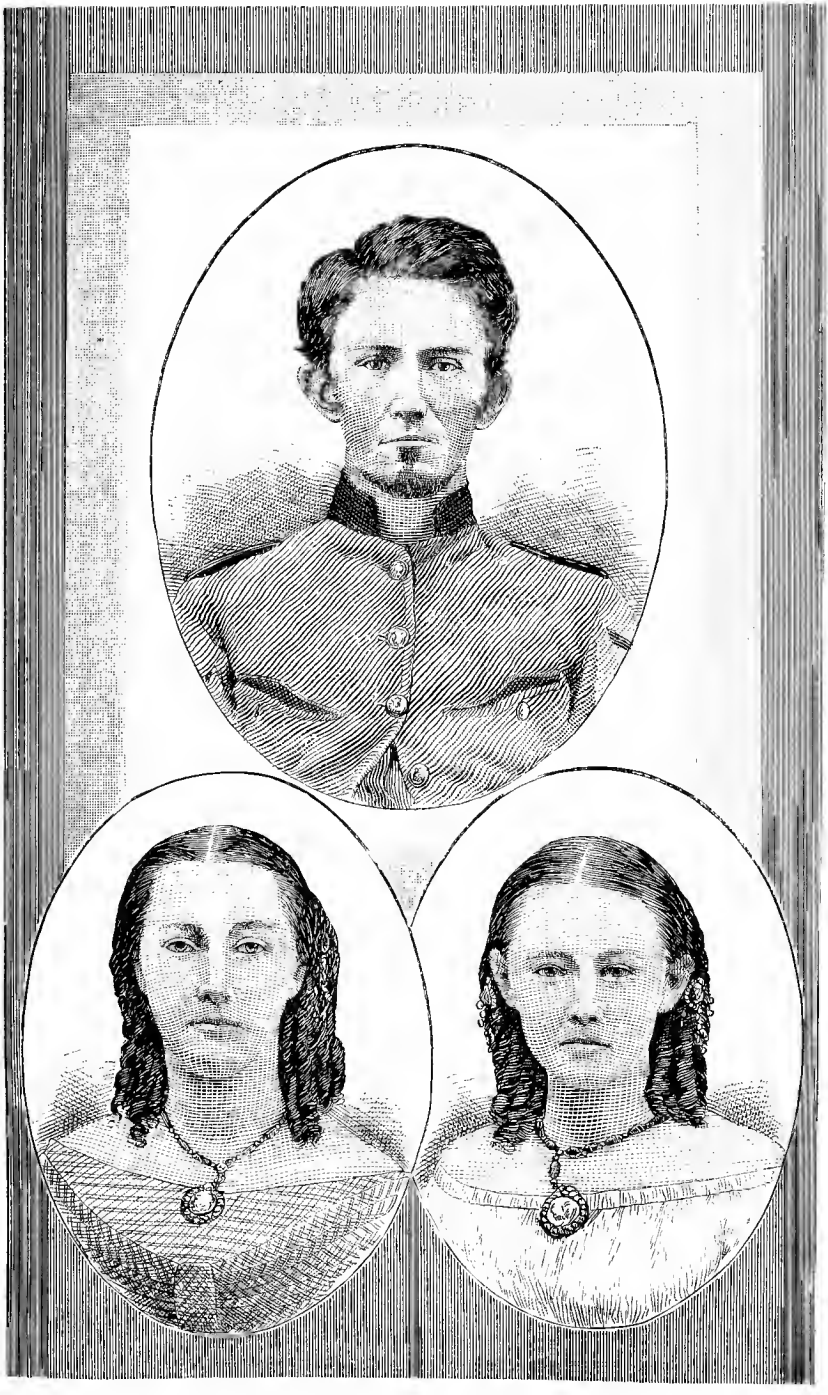
"Early in the session quite a number of us walked with him from the Conference room. We passed a wagon heavily loaded, which was stalled on a steep hillside in a leading street in the city of Clarkesville. A number of clerks, business men, and others observed the futile efforts of the driver to move his team. The preachers were passing, like the priest and the Levite did the Samaritan, looking upon the man in his distress; but when the Bishop came, without a word he went to one of the rear wheels of the wagon, and laid hold to give a lift to the wheel. There were now hardly spokes enough for those who wanted to help."

CHAPTER XV.

THE WAR, 1861–1865, AGED 50–54.

His Views—Letters to Lovick—Dr. Pierce to Lovick—Mrs. Ann M. Pierce to Lovick—Sermon before the Legislature—Letters—Lovick Wounded—Visit to Richmond—Lovick's Return to the Field—The End of the War.

IF I am to write the story of Bishop Pierce's life I must tell it as it was. Anxious I am that perfect harmony between the sections of our once—and alas still, to a sad degree—divided country should be restored, I cannot think the best way to secure this result would be to suppress truths or tell things that were not true. Anxious as I am that the subject of this biography should be seen in his most attractive garb by all men, I am not willing to deny or conceal any fact of his history which was plainly brought out, and I cannot deny that Bishop Simpson was not more ardently a friend of the United States Government, nor more anxious for the triumph of the arms of the United States than Bishop Pierce was for the establishment of a separate Southern Confederacy. He had had little to do with politics, and his friends were on all sides of the Southern question; but he was a Southerner of the Southerners, and those political principles which controlled the South in her secession were fully accepted by him as true. If a State was so aggrieved by the general Government that she believed her safety demanded her secession, he thought she had a right to go, and no one had a right to coerce her or say her nay. These principles he had been taught in his boyhood. The abolitionist was not to him a misguided philanthropist; he was a wild fanatic, an insane anarchist, a law-breaker, a wicked intermeddler in other



LOVICK, SALLIE, AND CLAUDE.

men's matters, who was disloyal to the laws of God and of man. Bishop Pierce was a Union man and an old Whig. Like his father and Bishop Andrew, he had no use for an abolitionist or a fire-eater. He believed in the Gospel; he saw in it the only hope for the nations, and he was set for its defence. He voted for Bell and Everett in 1860, as he had voted for Webster and Jenkins in 1852. He dreaded the results of secession. He never had a doubt of its legality, and if a State was willing to surrender the advantages of union she was entitled to all the benefits of secession. He saw in the onward progress of the Anti-slavery feeling the inevitable result of forcible abolition, and, as he believed, the overthrow of our civilization and of that of the blacks. He had reluctantly reached the conclusion that the crisis had come; that it was resistance then or never, and he took his place with his people as an advocate of independence. He was not dragooned into it; he was not cajoled; he was confident he was right. He stood by his convictions. He was as kind a master as ever lived; his ancestors had been such before him. He preached to, prayed for, his own slaves and those of his neighbors. He loved the poor and degraded of every race, but he believed freedom to the negroes, to do as they pleased, would be freedom to go to the bad. These were his views, never concealed, never apologized for. He held them to the end and changed not a jot nor a tittle.

The war-storm burst in April, 1861. His only son, his son-in-law, the pastor of his village church, volunteered and went with his blessing to the field, and from the moment that the first gun was fired on Sumter, to the time when the last soldier straggling homeward found shelter at Sunshine, all the man could do to secure the success of the cause was done. He never visited Richmond. He never was advised with by Mr. Davis or his cabinet, or by the generals in the field. He never went upon any platform, save among the people of his own country, but he stood by the Confederacy. He went from Augusta home, after Conference closed, December, 1860, and remained there most of the year 1861. For the first time

since 1836 his memorandum does not tell where he went or on what he preached, and only gives the number of sermons. The need for diligent work on the farm was now so pressing, money was so scarce, and trade so stagnated, that all energy must be put forth to get a livelihood; and the whole land was in such a state of agitation that calm thought was all but impossible. The idea that the members of the United States who had not withdrawn from the Federation would attempt to coerce those who did, Southern men were slow to believe, and it was a long time before they became assured that in the Northern mind disunion and destruction were coupled inseparably together; but the troops were called out, the volunteers marched to the field. The Fifteenth Georgia, Colonel Thomas W. Thomas commanding, with Lovick Pierce, and Henry Middlebrooks privates, marched to the front, and to Virginia.

The father wrote to the son in July, 1861. His letters were many after this. Many of them I publish, some I do not. Bishop Pierce was not infallible in judgment, nor immaculate in temper. He said things at white heat that he would not have said after the fire had burned low. He said some things in private correspondence that were for his son's eye alone. I have not violated his confidence. I do not think the grave breaks all seals and destroys all confidences, nor am I disposed to tone down his utterances, nor make him appear other than he was. If there are any who will honor him the less because of his adherence to the Southern cause, or because he was so fully in sympathy with the struggle for Southern independence, so be it. It is a fact; his memory demands the recognition of it. He wrote to Lovick in July, just after the battle and the victory of the first Manassas.

"July 23, 1861.

"I have put off writing to you till I supposed you were at your destination and ready to hear from us. We are all in health, but feel lonely and a little sad. We miss you much. Heard from Sallie to-day. She is well. We are all rejoicing

over the victory at Manassas. I preach a Thanksgiving sermon on Sunday in Sparta. Our joy is mingled with tears. Poor Bartow. Oh how many desolate hearts and hearths that battle has made. It was an awful fight and a glorious victory. Thank God!

"I hope you accepted the post Colonel Thomas offered you. It is honorable, and will save you from much exposure and hard work. Your duties as Secretary will be light generally, never laborious. I hope, my dear son, amid temptations you will keep your heart with diligence. Remember who and what you are. Be circumspect, prayerful, and obedient to God; in a word, faithful to every duty. Never touch liquor, for example's sake. Abstain from all appearance of evil. Do your duty like a man. The brave are safer than the fearful. I hope you will win honor and secure an influence valuable to you in after-life. My faith is, that God will keep you from harm and return you to us. God grant that the war may be short. Since you left we have had fine rains. Corn is secure. Cotton is fine; I never had so fine a prospect. It is likely that I will come to see you this fall. All send love. Heaven bless you with health and safety.

"P.S.—Give my kind regards to Colonel Thomas, Stevens, and Smith. Write often. Tell Haygood to write to me."

And to Lovick's wife, a few weeks afterward:

"August 14, 1861.

"MY DEAR SALLIE: We all miss you much, and wish you were back at home. The carpenters are gone at last, and we have quiet possession. Your father was out to see us yesterday, and a *tremendous rain has* followed. Your mother talks of coming up to see you soon. If *the money* was not so scarce Claude would go with her I believe. We have been down to see Ella and her progeny. All well.

"The several Female Associations of Hancock are busy with scissors and needles for the soldiers. War, soldiers' clothing, food, seems to engage all tongues and all hearts.

This wicked strife, with all its horrors, is developing some of the best traits of human character among the people. The religious sentiment has been largely called out, self-denial for the benefit of others is operating on some hard cases. Lazy girls are at work, and everybody is alive to the great interests involved. But still I pray for peace. Heaven bring the war to a speedy end. Oh, how many hearts are broken with grief, and how many more are aching with anxiety. Among the rest I feel a deep concern, yet am cheerful with hope, and confidently expect Doc and Henry and George to return. Let us pray God to cut short the unnatural contest.

"My old woman wrote to you last week. Hope you got the letter. We are looking every day for Tom, and Clara with her children. We keep a full house, but your room is vacant and our hearts will bid you welcome. The sooner you come the better. We shall all hear from Lovick the oftener if you were here, and so would you. Ann sends love. Claude is down at Brother M——ks. The children are asleep and my bedtime has come. So good-night. Tell Fannie to kiss you for me. I shall look for a letter soon. Write certain and sure."

From Dr. Pierce to L. Pierce, Jr.

"October 1, 1861.

"Here I am, at Sunshine, but without sunshine to-day, only through clouds and mists. Indeed if we were to speak figuratively we might say, we don't have any sunny days about here. The absence of our children and grandchildren, and the knowledge of their exposure, not only to the enemy's guns, but also to camp pestilences—we can't but live under clouds. But to those of us who fully believe in a special providence—a providence that never overlooks a sparrow—cannot be relied upon as a providence that overlooks and cares for all the sparrows. General providence is made up of particular and special providence; indeed there could not be what we believers mean by providence without the capacity and the will to take care of every sparrow in the vast universe of

God. Therefore true believers feel assured that in the fiery conflict, where bullets fill the air like hail, still God can turn them all aside; and, as in the case of the sparrow, not one shall fall until providence shall sign his death-warrant. Believing thus, we have turned you over to God, and feel satisfied that there is a sense in which you are as safe in battle as you are in bed. But, oh, me! how hard it is for human nature to rest quietly on the truth of this proposition. But we will try to do it, and in daily prayer commend your bodies and souls to God. There is a moral pestilence frequently rife in camp-life, which is, in many cases, more to be dreaded than even physical pestilence or the rage of battle. But we must say, relying on the truth of God's word, that our troubles come but slightly from this quarter. You have been trained in the way you ought to go, and you will not depart from it in the manhood of your days. Shallow-minded men might seem to find excuse in camp-life for loose living, but sound-minded men will find increased reason for watchfulness and prayer, and, as sure as you live, will become more deeply set in their pious principles. Depth in religious soil is indispensable. Without it all religious signs are unreliable. Especially so when the sun rises on it with a burning heat. An honest and a good heart will bear good fruit anywhere, and sometimes much fruit. Much fruit is the test of hearty obedience. Meagre views of duty and of piety is the bane of the Church. Large and commanding edifices cannot be reared upon contracted foundations. I hope you will take broad views of life and of life's high and holy ends. No man will ever go beyond his aims, or rise above his plans and purposes. Intend well and work up to it as far as possible, and even then there will be room for holy regret. After all, you may fall in battle or die by disease—be always ready. We could only spare you for Heaven. Tell Henry he must consider himself included in this letter; I mean it for both. I am too nervous to write to both. I saw Sallie yesterday. Well, and bearing up well. Claude is bravely bearing her cross. As to the war, all is dark. My opinion is that if

England and France acknowledge our independence, it will wind up this fall; if not, it will be of long duration and of tremendous issues. Oh, may a merciful providence more speedily work on all hearts in favor of peace! I can but fear that there is more wrath than there is judgment in this war, as far as God is directly involved. And if so, the end is far away. I am morally and ministerially led to doubt whether our form of government ever can or ever will subserve the purposes of good moral government in the South. And if not, then God intends its overthrow as a Democratic government in as far as its evil elements are combined with its governmental objects. It must be remodelled. We must eliminate many of its merely popular forms. I hope no one in whom flows any of my blood, will ever be a Democrat. A sound, sensible, strong government can never be built upon democratic soil. But good-by. We may never meet again, very likely will not. But let us well and faithfully serve the Lord, and look to a joyful meeting in Heaven. I cease not to pray for you.

"May God have you in his good keeping.

"I am yours in love,

"L. PIERCE."

From Bishop Pierce to Lovick.

"July 29, 1861.

". You must write to us and keep us posted. If you need anything, let us know.

"We hear that you will all go to Manassas. Is it so? Scott will not try it again soon, in my opinion. We must whip them again. In the next battle we ought to keep about ten thousand in reserve, well rested and fresh, to pursue them. They have made their best fight. We rendered thanks to God yesterday for our victory. Everybody was out.

"Mr. Knox will finish this week. I long for silence. My Missouri brethren write me not to come, unless the Federalists are whipped out before the time.

"Claudia got Henry's letter from Goodson on yesterday. Do write often.

"We have had a good many visitors to see the crop. They all say it is the best they have seen.

"We all think of you, talk about you, and pray for you. Be prudent, brave, and steady in the day of trial. The Fifteenth Regiment must cover itself with glory as with a garment. May Heaven bring this war to a speedy end. Amen and amen! Love from all. Claude is writing to Henry. *Write,* WRITE, WRITE."

"September 6, 1861.

"Thank God for your continued health in the midst of surrounding sickness. Keep clean, eat prudently, take as much exercise as possible, and I think you will escape. I trust it may be so.

"We are getting no news now. The papers promise us something in a few days from Manassas and from West Virginia. We are waiting with anxiety and yet with confidence. It seems to me that you are all tardy in your movements. Why don't you take Alexandria, and drive 'Bomba's herds of hirelings' on the other side of the river. They wax stronger while you delay. Beauregard keeps his own counsel. Heaven prosper your arms whenever you do march. Peace is 'in futuro,' I fear, far, far away. England and France will break the blockade very soon, I think. The items from the European press all look that way. My visit to Virginia is uncertain. Can I get to the camps? . .

"We haved saved fodder for two years, I think. If corn turns out as we expect, we shall have *full* cribs. The cotton has been injured very much. We have lost from ten to twenty bags. We are picking and doing well. The result is doubtful. The *ten* bags I think certain. Whether my *twenty* will come, I know not. I hope the Confederacy will survive the failure. Sallie marched home yesterday; she looks thin, but says she has gained two pounds.

"We have a large family. Tom's children are here, my

protégée, Clara, and her two children, Claude and Ann. We have no lack of noise, but get on smoothly. People generally healthy. *Money scarce, very.* Write often. If prayer avails, you will live to get back. Love from all."

"October 15, 1861.

"MY DEAR SON: For several days I have not written to you. So many of the family have written that I stood aside. Now I resume. We have gathered the corn, except the Brantley Field. The cribs are all full to the very comb. I think we have made *five hundred barrels.* We shall not exceed forty bales of cotton. When our subscriptions are paid there will be nothing left for division. My pecuniary prospects are gloomy enough. But, thank God, we shall have enough to eat. This is the first time I ever felt what is called 'hard times.' Failure and disappointment seem to attend me. Bass has sold out to Frank Riley. Alexander has bought Brown's place, and will move there, so that my only chances to sell are gone, and with them my ability to pay my debts. I feel shut up, depressed, but I will not repine. God has been good to me and mine, and I will 'trust him though he slay me.'

"Your mother and Aunt Clara went to Greensboro' last Saturday. They will return to-day. Sallie and Fannie P are here with Claude. The house is a bedlam for noise. We have nine children here. Imagine the racket in these wide halls. But enough of home and me.

"At present I see no end of the war. Lee's failure in West Virginia, the unaccountable delay on the Potomac, the possible descent on our coast, with other things, throw dark shadows on the future. Amid the gathering gloom I see no light. Oh, 'when shall we all meet again?' I believe God will rescue you from all evil, but this separation is growing painful. I feel it more and more.

"I am cut off from all my Conferences by war and the lack of money. If you cannot come home this winter, I must, God willing, come to see you. We are all in fine

health, and would enjoy ourselves without alloy if the *absent* were with us. We will hope to the end. Sallie is well and seems cheerful, save when the letters fail. We all send love and kisses. God bless you evermore."

"November 22, 1861.

"MY DEAR SON: It is raining and my thoughts turn sadly to your exposure. Heaven keep you. The war thickens and widens. I see no end. If England submits without complaint to the recent outrage on her steamer, I shall think her out and out against us. The future is dark, but I anticipate a glorious issue. God speed the end.

"The colonel and I are making arrangements for the next year. If you could be at home you would have a fine start in the world. We will try to fix for you. The colonel's overseer will take charge of your hands. They will live next year at Garey's, by the saw-mill. Indeed that place is a part of your possession. We are crowded here in the house and out of it. Your mother has gone to Ella's to-night. I am alone. Claude and Sallie will come up with her to-morrow. Sallie is improving in health and looks. We all love her for her own sake as well as yours. Good-night."

"October 28, 1861.

"MY DEAR SON: If you get all the letters we send you, you do not lack for reading matter. I fear, however, that you do not get them all. In my last I gave you a running account of home, the crop, the prospects, and will not now repeat. There is a good deal of sickness in the country, among the blacks chiefly. As a family we are mercifully spared. I thank God for your continued health. It is a great mercy, a divine blessing. I hope you feel it so and render praise to the great Preserver of men. William Sasnett reached home yesterday; Ben Alfriend to-day In the morning I marry Dr. Ham Alfriend and Miss Sallie Watts. Such is life—funerals and marriages, lights and shadows. I

think the campaign in Virginia is over for this season. You will all go into winter quarters soon. You have had the hardships without the *glory* of a soldier. Maybe when Congress meets we may have peace. Evans at Leesburg broke up McClellan's plan, I trow. I have sent you my blanket, you will remember it on sight. I hope you will find it *a comfort.* Your clothes are coming too. Do let us know if you lack anything we can supply. Sallie is improving in health. She looks better than I have seen her in some time. Claude is in fine health. Mollie is at home. She has not been well. The Judge and family keep well. We have no news of interest. I shall sell some land to old Hardy, the Brantley Field, some to Alexander, the Grace Swamp and the land adjoining, about one hundred acres, and shall let John Knight have thirty or forty acres about the old Grace houses. We shall have a scant supply of pork this winter. But such litters of pigs you never saw, fifty-four are on foot.

"I expect to send three sows and their progeny down to your 'plantation,' that is to be. Where you are to get bacon I know not. The colonel must see to *that.* But enough. Be sure to write by Medlock. Good-night. Love to Haygood and Henry. Good angels guard you."

"November 20, 1861.

"MY DEAR SON: We have been waiting for old Hardy's return, expecting letters by him. On this account none of us have written to you for several days.

"The tidings of your continued good health fills me with gratitude and love to God. It is a great blessing. I have no doubt you are thankful for it. May the divine goodness abide with you, soul and body, by day and night. Try, my son, to live near to God by faith and prayer. Well, you wish to hear of home affairs. I have sold 280 acres of land, 100 to Alexander, 130 to Culver, and 50 to John Knight—yielding me $2,800. So far so good. I shall sell about five hundred bushels of corn. We shall make between forty and fifty bags of cotton. We have a beautiful lot of pigs—sixty of them—but

COL. THOS. M. TURNER.

shall be scarce of killing hogs. I have broken the colts to the buggy. Starlight is one of the finest movers I ever drew up a line over They are both very gentle. I hitched them up without blinds and drove them to Sparta the first time. The other day I drove them to John's and back in four hours. It was very hot, but neither of them drew a long breath. Mossfoot is, however, too slow for Starlight. She is not lazy but lacks spirit. I am trying to make a trade for a little mare to work with Starlight. I shall get Tom's horse for you. He is said to be the finest saddle-horse in the land—can pace faster than he can run—works finely in harness.

"The colonel has got a place for you. He says you will have one of the best places in the county. You will be close to Mount Hope. I want Henry to buy the Pease and Redfearn place now, and then you will all be together. His father and I will help him buy and fix you all in a family circle. How do you like it? Will Henry be willing? I hope so. Well, now, there is a home letter for you. You would be sorry for your mother, and me too, if you could see the crowd of children here—nine of them. I sigh sometimes 'for a lodge in some vast wilderness.' We must stand it.

"When you get back, if you wish for children we can give you several on a pinch.

"The war drags its slow length along. I cannot see the end. Another victory in Missouri. The Port Royal affair was no great things. The Yankees gained but little. Oh that you and Henry could come home Christmas! Goodnight—Heaven bless you. Let us pray for each other."

In December the Georgia Conference met in Atlanta, and he presided; that and the Florida were his only Conferences during this year. He could not get to the West, and remained at home trying to make bread. It was a trying Conference; new adjustments must be made to changed conditions. The State was not invaded, but the Conference had surrendered up many of its members to the ranks and to the chaplaincies. The bishop held the Conference to the work of a Conference, and it had little to do with anything else.

His time was now spent almost entirely at home, attending to the interests of his absent sons and to the farm. He had his hands and his heart full. He wrote Lovick every week, and among his letters I find this of January 4th, 1862:

"A happy New-Year to you—a year of peace, of return to home, of rest from camp-life and military duty, and of prosperity in your vocation as a farmer.

"We are settling your darkies at Garey's place. The colonel bought you a fine mule. I give you two and have a horse in reserve. We are trying to exchange Emily for Cato's wife and children. Old Mr. Bryan died a few days ago, and the negroes are to be divided on Monday next. I know not how we shall come out trading. We shall do our best for you. Prospects are fair for a good outfit. Plantation—at least six good hands, a cook, stock, and provisions for a year, and all *without debt.* Fair is it not? Oh, if you were at home to enjoy it all! But this cannot be just yet. Your mother, Sallie, and the rest were greatly disappointed that you could not visit us Christmas week. I was not. I did not expect you so soon. Indeed I preferred that you should come in February. That is likely to be the severest winter month, and the comforts of home will be doubly acceptable. I still hope to effect this for you and Henry. I have tried the brigadier. I will try the colonel and the captain. Perhaps I may succeed by force of importunity. We shall see. I am overseeing this year. A great change has taken place in the face of the farm already. You will see some improvements, I think, when you come. If my cotton were well sold I should be easy *for a time.* Prospects are gloomy. Lincoln, as I thought, has given up Mason and Slidell, and thus made peace with England. I look now for a bloody war. The spring will open with battles. Victory may give us peace. The Lord hasten the issue. I fear some of our Southern cities will suffer. I have been remiss about writing. Never in my life have I been so pressed with business and care. To pay debts now requires nice financiering. I am doing well so far, but fear a *dead stall* at the next hill

—not from the *studs*, but inability to pull the load. I wish you were here. I have a plan by which you could help me to your own benefit. All send love by the carload. We think of you in the house and the field, at the table and in the parlor, at the fireside and the mercy-seat. Heaven bless you always."

The good mother wrote to the absent boy on February 15th.

Letter from Mrs. Bishop Pierce to L. Pierce, Jr.

"February 15, 1862.

"MY DEAR SON: Mr. H. Lewis will leave in the morning for the seat of war, and has kindly offered to take letters to you for us. Two long weeks have elapsed since we all gave you the parting kiss. Oh, how many hopes and fears have flitted across my mind since that never-to-be-forgotten day. It is useless for me to tell you, my darling son, that your mother's heart and thoughts are always with you, and my breath is a prayer for your safety. I have strong faith to believe that if you will put your trust in God, and live the life of a Christian, he will be your shield and help in the day of battle, and that he will bring you in safety home to those who love you dearer than life itself.

"We have all been startled and alarmed at the success of our enemies. They have found out our weak points, and have taken advantage of it. They have taken Fort Henry in Tennessee, and the Fishing Creek victory has given them a new impulse to rush forward. We have trusted too much to an arm of flesh, and not in the living God. We have been too self-reliant, and underrated the enemy too much. These victories may open the eyes of our officers and men, and may result in good to us. But the enemy is full of the rancor of demons, and we must not yield, but feel that our cause is a righteous one and that God will smile upon us.

"We are all getting along about as when you left, and all are doing well at your plantation. Your father and I

called there last week on our way to John's. The old woman had sixteen young chickens. I told her she beat us all. She seemed very proud of them. I have seen Sallie but once since you left. She and Claude have been at John's almost all the time. Your father has gone to bring Claude home. Is there no chance for Henry to get a furlough? Poor fellow, I wish he could come, if only for a short time. His father's family are all well.

"I must close. It is almost night. I have rheumatism so badly in my right hand that I can scarcely write. What you cannot read you must guess at. Your father will write to-night. Heaven bless you, my dear son.

"Your fond and affectionate mother,

"A. M. PIERCE."

"February 26, 1862.

"MY DEAR SON: Your mother received your letter yesterday. She and Sallie have made up a box of *things*, which I hope you will receive and relish. Well, the game deepens and darkens. Our reverses in Tennessee are disastrous. We have been outgeneraled. Our men fought like heroes, but numbers prevailed. I almost wish I had the management for awhile. I think I see a way out of the gloom, but there is no motion that way by our leaders. Without a change of policy we are ruined. We have squads of men in various places, just waiting to be sacrificed. Pulaski will soon be taken, and I fear Savannah will follow. We are lying idle, permitting the enemy to make his own arrangements undisturbed. Coil after coil is gathering around us, and we never strike a blow. Verily ours is a defensive policy with a vengeance. I am restless, annoyed, disturbed at the way things are going. Oh for a Napoleon to arise, not to reign, but to fight.

"We had a county meeting on Monday. Stephens and I addressed the crowd, and if you had heard the applause and seen the tears, you would have thought every man was panting to enlist; but lo, when we made the effort only fifty men

signed the roll. The recruiting officers are doing very well. H. Culver has but nine for your company. On Tuesday next I shall try them again. They *must* volunteer or be drafted. Brown, I hear to-day, calls for thirty-two regiments. We must win a great battle soon, or I fear the consequences. Recognition is thrown forward indefinitely. Heaven help us, for vain is the hope of help from Europe. We are all well. Rain continues. Not much doing. The plough stands still in the furrow. The lambs multiply. I have a fine lot of them. Starlight has been doing badly, but is coming to, I think. The Commodore improves. Jenny is thin. I have weaned her colt and hope she will now fatten.

"The Judge talks strongly of enlisting. Deas (his overseer) has joined the new company Lane is to be the captain. The old men are stirred up and talk of going soon. The old colonel's blood is up, and he says he will go before long.

"I write in haste, but have given you the news. I am not discouraged. I think we shall triumph, but oh—the blood—the desolation. God pity us. Pray much, my son, live near to Christ. God bless you. Love to Henry."

"February 28, 1862.

"This has been a day of fasting and prayer. The people turned out at Culverton wonderfully well. I hope the day has been universally observed. It is a time to humble ourselves and to call upon God, for vain is the help of man. It will cost us blood and treasure to retrieve what we have lost.

"The army at Manassas is now the hope of the country; if you fail us we are gone. We may struggle on, but it will be against hope.

"I see no end now. The proportions of the war enlarge and the time extends far into the future. We shall wrestle long and die hard, if die we must. I am hoping for the best. The greatest difficulty in my way is, I think, our policy is wrong. We scatter when me ought to concentrate. We are idle when we ought to be busy We are defending insignificant points when we had better save our men for great

battles. We cannot defend three thousand miles of coast and occupy little islands and hold creeks. Let the enemy land, enter the country if he will, then meet him with an army, whip him till he need not to be whipped again. Then take right after another and keep on. We deteriorate in camp but improve in marching. Rest effeminates us; fighting makes us bold. My spirits are oppressed to-night. I go up to Sparta Tuesday next to rouse the people."

"March 29, 1862.

"Events are rushing to a crisis east and west. I hope that great victories on our side will bring us a speedy peace. If we retreat a few more times the war will last for years, unless we make up our minds to submit. This the people will never do.

"May God preserve you my son, from sin and sickness, wounds and death. The time of trial is coming; I hope the army will prove itself worthy of our hopes and our confidence. Tell the boys that determination is a battle half won. Resolve to do and victory will come. Heaven shield you and the army. Valor and heaven are our only hope. We must fight to the bitter end.

"We all think of you, talk about you, and pray for you. Be prudent, brave, and steady in the day of trial. The Fifteenth Regiment must cover itself with glory as with a garment. May heaven bring this war to a speedy end.

"The tidings of your continued good health fills me with gratitude and love to God. It is a great blessing. I have no doubt you are thankful for it. May the divine goodness abide with you, soul and body, by day and night. Try, my son, to live near to God by faith and prayer.

"The waste of life is sickening, awful. The shadows of the war hang heavy on the land. It is sad to travel about and mingle with the people. Verily the mourners go about the streets.

"I am glad you are so hopeful. Keep up your courage and your hopes."

"March 6, 1862.

"MY DEAR SON: Your mother and I have just returned from Augusta. Ann we left with your Aunt Julia, to go to school. This plan I had in view some time.

"Sallie came out to-day; she is well. She requests me to say that the colonel adopted the arrangement with the negroes in order to let your land *rest*. I never interfere with matters below for obvious reasons. I did not buy the land, and you are not yet in actual possession. Withal, the colonel is a better manager than I, I guess. I have sold the cotton crop for five thousand dollars; paid up your loan and mine to the government. This is the best sale I have heard of, being about twenty-nine or thirty cents per pound. I sold to Mr. Gambrill. The sum helps me along in paying up my debts. I thank you for the kind proposition you made in your last letter to me. You shall lose nothing by it. I paid Platt your bill for furniture, and will see that your other accounts are paid. I am getting on pretty well with my farming operations. Ten days' more ploughing will bring me up to corn-planting. My wheat is fine, and I hope you will eat some new flour with us in June next—a *disbanded soldier*.

"So far we are doing well at Savannah. One little earthwork (dubbed Fort McAllister) has withstood three *ironclads* and two gunboats for forty-eight hours, without material injury or the loss of a man. What, then, will the fleet accomplish under the *concentrated* fire of two hundred *heavy guns at Charleston?* The Lord deliver us from these fleets of armies. A failure at Charleston, Savannah, Vicksburg, must bring peace, I think. We are looking for another fight in Tennessee, but Johnson and Bragg are said to be ready. I am very sorry to hear of Toombs' resignation. Du Bose, I suppose, is with you by this time. I appreciate your views and feelings about promotion. I had heard that your advancement was certain, by the spontaneous election of the company But men are not only mistaken, but strangely given to lying and to selfishness. —— did promise to give you an appointment as drill officer in

one of the camps of instruction in Georgia. He has forgotten, like the rest, or given the place to some more brazen applicant. You have a good conscience and a good name. You have not degraded yourself by trying to rise unfairly. Act well your part—*there* all the honor lies. In the favor of God, my son, is life. Man is but vanity and dust. Thank God for your health and safety and fidelity to duty. Ask no favors, and shun no proper responsibilities. Heaven bless you with every good thing. All well, and all send love."

"Do not be cast down. We need chastisement to rebuke our conceit and vainglory. I hope to-night we are an humbler and a better people.

"God have mercy on us. I am troubled because the calamities which ought to humble us seem only to harden. Wickedness increases, I fear; especially profanity and drunkenness. We are a guilty people, and whether there are righteous enough to save us, I doubt. When the count is made I fear the number will not be full. But I will hope to the end.

"May God preserve you, bless you, and restore you to us soon.

"The crops are fine all over the country. The wheat is wonderful; recent rains are improving the corn and oats and everything; fields and gardens are smiling in beauty and promise. I cannot come to Virginia before July. Sorry for this, but I am raising money to send missionaries to the army. Your grandfather is going to Tennessee to spend a month with Bragg's army. I am trying to do all I can for Church and country.

"We are out of coffee, flour and candles, hog and hominy, now, I tell you. If you will come we will try and have one feast. Sallie is well, looks finely. She is making heavy sacrifices for the country with a cheerful heart. So is Claude. For one, I am getting impatient. I pray for the war to end, but I am for independence. God bless and keep you safe, my dear son."

"June 4, 1862.

"MY DEAR SON: Again the opportunity offers of getting a letter to you by hand. We are all sad. We heard yesterday of the battle, and of the killed and wounded. Poor George Lewis. Oh, this war—how many hearts lie crushed under the iron hoof. I suppose you were not in the engagement. I am thankful for the exemption. Your continued health is the subject of devout gratitude. I feel continually as if God would take care of you. While, therefore, I have some natural anxiety—feel some suspense as to results in battle—nevertheless, there is more of hope than fear, and in the main my heart rests assured of your safe return. Life, however, is always uncertain, and it behooves you, my son, to watch unto prayer. Do your duty, trust God, and fear no evil. If a battle occurs and if you are engaged, be sure to telegraph me. If anything serious happens to you or Henry, I will come on immediately, God willing.

"Sallie got your letter yesterday. She is well, but very anxious. The death of so many known to us brings the war home to us. We are looking for the paper this morning with great solicitude. It rained hard yesterday and last night. The stage is behind. It has just passed, and I will wait before I finish. Alas! there is no paper this morning. Such is life—expectation and disappointment.

"God bless you, my son, with life, health, and peace—bless you in soul and body, forever more. Write often. We are all well. Love from all."

"I am weary of the war. It has stagnated everything—the charm and zest of life are gone for the present. There is a drawback on everything. We miss you more than you can know. I am trying every sort of expedient to bear up and get along. Everything drags. The future is so uncertain we cannot plan or determine anything of importance. I went to Hamburg yesterday to fish. Had a fine time—thought of you all day. Caught a fine mess."

"June 23, 1862.

"MY DEAR SON: We do not have much encouragement to write to each other. Our letters, at least those which come to hand, are few and far between. When I have written, however, I feel better, and so, I reckon, do you. My consolation is, that frequent letters multiply the chances that some will reach their destination.

"We have had nearly three weeks of rain, heavy showers. The wheat-harvest has been interrupted, work of all sorts put back, and the grass has gotten decided advantage. The *farmers* are *all* ruined. You ought to hear the Judge, poor fellow. Wheat not cut, corn run away with grass, horses poor and broken down, and so on. So they all talk. I laugh at them, rebuke them, and do not see the ruin. My wheat is fine, the heaviest crop I ever made. It has been in all the rain. Yesterday the sun shined and I had it opened and examined. I do not think two bushels are damaged. The people are frightened without cause, or have been careless in their putting it up. With ten days' sunshine, I will clear the corn. Prospect of a good crop.

"Starlight is doing well. Her colt grows finely. It is like her in color and marks generally. It is getting gentle. It was like its dam in handling at first. If the next one matches this Arabia will not beat them.

"Sallie is improving. Ella and the children are well. We still talk of Emanuel. There is no chance to buy now. We wait the end of the war. . . .

"Keep a good heart. Take care of your health. Live near to God. The Lord bless you always in all things."

I have not felt at liberty to suppress these letters: they give us a picture of the man, hopeful, sanguine, full of faith in God and in his countrymen; nor do I feel disposed to leave out these scraps of farm-life. Starlight, Mossfoot, Beauregard, Nimrod, are pleasant figures on this canvas. Some of his letters give us an insight into the business-trials which burdened him. He was never extravagant, but was generous

and free in his gifts, and the expense incurred in settling and improving his place, in educating his children, and in helping the needy had sadly hampered him. Old Dr. Pierce wrote Lovick now and then, and we have a letter from which we give an extract.

"OXFORD, July 25, 1862.

"MY DEAR GRANDSON: I am in Oxford at this time, having been sick for some days. Your father left, the 22d. Your mother and Ella are in Covington, all well. You can't realize the fearful anxiety we all felt until we were assured of your safety after the late battle. But God has mercifully spared you. It may be, however, that it is only that you may fight again and then fall. Be this as it may, still trust in God; not with a blind, presumptuous trust, but with a reverential reliance upon One who can control the hissing balls of innumerable guns. To us it seems impossible that balls and shells should fly as thick as hail through lines of men and yet so few be killed. God be praised that he has brought you safely through. Try to feel that it was God that delivered you. Too much in this direction can hardly be felt, while too little is our constant sin. To have the mind always imbued with a holy recognition of God's presence is a spring of piety."

"August 14, 1862.

"MY DEAR SON: I went to Sparta with Sallie this morning, and there learned that the Colonel would send Randall to Clayton to-morrow, and so I concluded to try private hands with a letter, as the mails are so uncertain. Your letters come to us with some regularity, but not as frequent as we would wish. I am very sorry that you do not receive ours. We all write, you may rest assured. Let us hear from you as often as possible. We need letters to keep our spirits up. We are all thankful for your health and safety. God is good to us and to you. May we render to him according to the benefits received. Let us trust in him at all times. The troubles of the times ought to make us all better. May our trials be sanctified to our increase of faith and purity.

"Well, how do you come on with your plans for promotion? I went over to Washington to see Du Bose; he promised to help you out in your hopes. If Toombs resigns, he will be afloat too. I hope something will turn up to advantage. Toombs is your best help and adviser, if he remains. Give him my kind remembrance and tell him I think he ought to hold on, unless he will consent to take his place in the Senate again.

"We have had a week of the hottest weather I ever felt, I think—a dead calm, the air hot, the sun without a cloud. To-day the wind is blowing, and we begin to breathe again. We have been panting. Ella is not very well; the rest are all about. We are pulling fodder. The weather is fine for curing it. We are planning to live through these hard times. Prospects fair for food and raiment. Luxuries we must drop, for the present.

"Now for your affairs. You need a barn, stables, and some negro houses at 'Rosebud.' Will you risk my judgment and taste in location and arrangement? Write, and say. Bibo promises to make a larger horse than Buckskin. Beauregard is a whale. We shall sell him this fall or next spring for $500, perhaps. I do not like large horses. I am overstocked. I wish you and Henry could come home and let me thin out. It will help the crib; *my crib*, you understand."

"September 10, 1862.

"MY DEAR SON: God be praised that you are still alive. Oh that we may all feel our obligation to be more and more devout and faithful. I am thankful on your account, for the country, and for even the dim prospect of peace. I am tired of the war, its anxieties, its perils, its waste of blood and treasure. Heaven grant us a speedy deliverance.

"I am very unwell to-night, have been all day, but hope to be better in the morning. We are having very fine meetings now at old Smyrna and Rock Mills. I have been about a great deal lately, and am rather worn down. Little Julia has been very sick, is better now, and I trust will soon be

well. Ella is very thin and looks feeble. The Judge is *in statu quo.* The rest of the family are in health. Sallie has been very uneasy about you. She has heard by others of your safety, and now longs for a letter. It is late at night, and I cannot give you a long letter. You must write every chance. Can you not arrange to telegraph us when a battle takes place? It would save your mother and Sallie from many a heartache. My faith is strong that God will preserve you. Indeed, the assurance has been so strong that I have not been uneasy. I gave you to God when you were born, and I think he accepted and will preserve the gift. I trust we shall meet ere long, and see many happy days together. Good-night. The Lord multiply our victories till our foes cry for quarter.

"I hope to hear from you in the morning. Heaven shield and save you, and restore to home and family."

"November 12, 1862.

"You complain in your late letter of us all not writing. The fault is not ours. It rests with the mails. I sympathize with you in your disappointments. I know how unpleasant they are. You must never suspect us either of carelessness or indifference. We all have you in our hearts and on our tongues wellnigh every hour. We long to see you, but fear we must wait a dreary spell. The present position of affairs baffles all calculation. Some are hanging their hopes on the recent elections North. I am not of that crowd. I have no more confidence in Democrats than in Republicans. My only hope of a speedy peace is in the defeat of the North on the coast this winter. If you can defend Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile triumphantly I shall look for an armistice, recognition, and peace. We are in the Lord's hands, and I know not what he means to do with us. In many respects the prospects before us are dark. We have wrought wonders, but seem to have gained nothing. The war is without a parallel in the past, as to its origin, its battles, its progress, and its results so far. I hope for the best, but I am looking to God alone—vain is the help of man. Your clothes are all

ready and I hope you will receive them soon. Your shoes will be down to-morrow I leave in the morning for Mississippi Conference. Hope to get a letter from you before breakfast. Sallie was out to-day. She is well, looks finely. We are all in health. We are housing our potatoes. The crop is magnificent. Yours did not turn out so well. We all have corn enough and hope will make meat to do, *if we can get salt to save it.* Many good things we shall lack, but can get along if the Lord deliver us from our foes. I have been offered $300 for Starlight. Shall I sell? Buckskin promises to be her equal in spirit and speed. Beauregard is good for a $1,000. He will be a beauty next spring when he sheds. I wish you could see him. Try to get home this winter. I shall be back about the 12th of December."

"December 31, 1862.

"Strange to tell, I have not written to you in over a month. I have been to the Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia Conferences, and with business and travelling have had no time. Since I returned we have had company day and night. Withal, I have been waiting for someone to carry a letter. The mails are so unreliable that I am utterly discouraged. Captain Arnold expects to leave in the morning, and here I am writing. In this long interval of silence I have thought of you every hour, prayed for you every time I bowed my knees, and never loved you more, if so much. I am proud of you, for I hear a good account of you from all sides, your steadiness, your fidelity, your valor. I thank God that you have been delivered so often and so long, that you have been spared from wounds and disease, and that hardships sit so lightly upon you. Let us praise the Lord for his wonderful goodness. Well, my son, I think the brunt of the war is over. You will have rest *till spring*, and if we succeed in the West, as it seems we shall, you have fought your last battle. The signs are all favorable for peace next year. The North is broken down in hope and finance. The peace party will grow in numbers and courage, divisions at home will weaken

the Yankees yet more, by March we shall have an *armistice*, and then negotiations for peace. I have no idea of reconstruction on any terms—either the *old* constitution or the *new*, theirs or ours. Let us have separation and independence.

I agree with you in your estimate of Lee. He is a great man, and a good one, I judge. Providence has favored us in our *chiefs*. The Virginia army has been specially fortunate. Lee's military record will compare well with the historic captains of any age of the world. I hope *Fremont will succeed* Burnside.

"If so, you will have another fight on this side of Richmond, and *another victory*."

Letter from Dr. Pierce to L. Pierce, Jr.

"SUNSHINE, October 13, 1862.

"MY DEAR GRANDSON: You see I am here, right where we all wish you could be in peace. There is no sunshine here just now, for after a dry spell we have had tremendous rains, flood-rains. Last week we were carrying on a protracted meeting at Mount Hope, nooning and dining at your place, furnishing some and taking some. The meeting was a glorious success. And if you were at home, you and John could remould the present generation and elevate the rising one into a fine class of Georgians. I have seldom seen so good-looking a body of young people in any of the uncultivated portions of society. There is now an upward growth in the young people about there, that offers fine wages for Sunday-school and Bible-class professors. This is a part of the glorious ministry of Christ into which many of our people are divinely called, but, because they do not feel assured of a call to preach, as your father and myself felt it, they unwisely decline teaching the Bible, and, of course, measurably decline the scholarly study of it. This is utterly wrong. But I did not sit down to write an essay. I only intended a letter long held back because I did not know where to direct it, and even now it is uncertain. You can but faintly realize the anxious care we all feel in your safety during these fear-

ful battles, and the grateful joy we entertain when we learn your deliverance. I am most thankful that you and others found it in your hearts to formally ascribe your preservation to God. Oh, how much do those err who feel only as if their escape was mere good luck! How barren is such soil of all true godliness. George was wounded, captured, and parolled. He is at home, we judge—know he *was*, but of all further particulars we are ignorant, save only that his father wrote that he did not think his hand would be materially injured. Oh, how I long to see him, but fear I shall not. This wasteful, wicked war I now fear is on us for a long time. Our victories are but victories, dearly bought victories at that. We gain not a thing, in as far as conquering a peace is concerned, except it is gained in the way of exhaustion. In everything but in fighting, ultimate chances are decidedly in *their* favor. If their plans against the Southern Coast are successful to any considerable extent, our case is one of doubtful issue. I am not a croaker nor a submissionist, but I am a prayerful looker-on. I draw my hopes and fears both from parallel cases, in reference to the Jews, in those days in which Jehovah God was revealing himself in his governmental relations to nations upon whom he had bestowed his lively oracles. There is a very natural likeness between us and the ancient Jews, in as far as the directness of our refusal to walk by the oracles of God is involved. And though many great men will make no account of these difficulties, as deficiencies in our national organism, I am by no means certain but that the providential causes in this war may be on this very account. And if so, it will be prolonged until the elemental leaven necessary to make it a theocratic national government is well infused into the national mind and will. It is spreading. But theocratic principles in government cannot coexist with democratic ones, and democracy will die slow and hard.

"Commit yourself to God, for he is a faithful creator, and don't believe for a moment that you cannot be a consistent Christian in an army. We are all well. Love to Henry, if he is with you. Heaven keep you. "L. PIERCE."

The Bishop presided over the Mississippi Conference, which met in Jackson, and the Alabama, which met in Auburn, but hurried home, where his presence was in such demand. During the year 1862 he preached almost every Sunday. He made an excursion to the mountains and preached at the Lumpkin Camp ground three times, and at the country church near him, Mount Hope, and Rock Mills. At each he preached every day for more than a week. He loved to search out the obscure places, and preach the Gospel to the poor. He was still hopeful. Every ray of light was hailed with joy. The South could not, would not fail, he wrote Lovick on March 23d.

"March 23, 1863.

"I have nothing special to say, but an opportunity offers of sending a letter, so I write.

"Your Uncle Tom is married, and seems very happy with his bride. The children are behaving well. I trust they will all be happy. I go up to see them next week—have an appointment in Rome. Your grandfather is quite sick, but is getting better I hear to-day. John and Ella left us this morning for *Eureka*. We are all well and stirring about. I commenced planting corn to-day. I am a little behind, because I have been trying to prepare better than usual. I hope to make a heavy crop, by the Divine blessing. The country needs a larger supply. Prices are enormous, and they grow like crop grass. My heart is sick of the greed of gain. The current is sweeping everybody away Saint and sinner are rivals in the struggle. God help the poor. We are doing without many things, or at least are on short allowance. What we are to do for shoes and headgear I know not. If the wheat yields as it promises, we shall have enough to eat, thank God. Self-denial is the order of the day with us. You soldiers are not alone in your hardships. We are paying a heavy price for independence, but the boon is worth the tax. We must all learn patience. Fruit is best when it is ripe. We must not seize and devour it while green. Peace will come at the right time. I think the day

is not distant. If reason does not return to the Northern mind, empty pockets, broken spirits will bring them to terms. My hopes bound forward and antedate the day. Sometimes I fear because of the sins of the people, yet in the main I am cheerful in the prospect ahead.

"I go to Milledgeville to preach on Friday (fast-day). The Legislature meets on Wednesday. Brown has called them together to stop the distillation of grain, and to limit cotton-planting. A very good move, I think. Your folks were all well yesterday. Sallie is in good health, and bears her lot like a heroine. I preached in Sparta yesterday, and made an effort to build a new church—raised $6,000. Several strong members were absent. I think we shall succeed. We need a new house very much. This running letter is not worth much except as news from home. Write me all the news in camp. How do you come on rising? Any prospect of your succeeding Toombs? Is the sergeant-major content with his position? Write, write, write. The Lord bless you, and cause his face to shine upon you. All send love."

He went to Milledgeville and preached a sermon before the legislature. Dr. B. M. Palmer, the distinguished Presbyterian, preached in the morning and afternoon. I publish full extracts from this remarkable sermon, just as they came from his lips. In doing this I am aware I shall bring upon myself censure from some of his friends, as well as from those who have neither sympathy with the views expressed nor special regard for the man. I was disposed to exercise what I thought to be my right, and leave out of the biography those very severe passages which are directed against those with whom the Confederacy was at war; but consultation with leading men of all parties, and my own cooler thoughts, have led me to the conclusion I have no such right. The sermon is in the archives of the State. The views expressed were honestly entertained, the really harsh things said he firmly believed to be true. He never withdrew them, never apologized for them. He had no personal resentments against individuals, no feel-

ing of hostility to persons. He was ready, as soon as the war ended, to strike hands with any man from beyond the line who was willing to be friendly; but it was only on condition that no apologies were asked for, as none were required by him. He recognized the Christian duty of forgiveness, and the folly of faction, and was ready from the day the flag went down for peace, on all terms of honorable adjustment; but to demand that he should justify what he condemned, and applaud where he had censured as a ground of friendship, to this he would not, and never did yield. The sermon was preached March 27, 1863.

SERMON OF BISHOP PIERCE BEFORE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF GEORGIA, MARCH 27, 1863.

"Keep therefore and do them: for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations, which shall hear all these statutes and say, Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people. For what nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon him for? And what nation is there so great, that hath statutes and judgments so righteous as all this law which I set before you this day?" —*Deuteronomy* iv. 6, 7, 8.

"As a citizen of the Confederacy, interested in common with others in its deliverance from our enemies—in the early and permanent establishment of peace—as a Christian fully persuaded that there is an overruling Providence in the affairs of nations as well as of men, I rejoice that our Chief Magistrate, in all the great crises of the country, summons the people, one and all, to fasting, humiliation, and prayer. I am especially glad that he does this, not as a courteous concession to what he regards a popular superstition, but from honest convictions of religious duty and official responsibility. The tone, language, sentiments of all his proclamations on these occasions demonstrate that he unfeignedly recognizes his, our, and the dependence of the people on God, and believes that cordial, earnest, united supplication will secure the divine blessing upon our arms and upon the

administration of the Government. This idea, I trust, is common among all the people. Once dormant, it has been roused, vivified, made practical, and though doubted and even denied by some, its truth has been enthroned by repeated, signal, almost marvellous, interpositions in our behalf. The coincidence of these interventions with the prayer of the people have left no room for doubt, and have wrung from profane, even skeptical lips, the confession, God reigneth, and God is for us and with us. Founding my opinion upon the historic records of the Old Testament, I cannot doubt but that these official acts, piously performed by the powers that be, and reverently acknowledged by the people, bring our country with all its great interests into peculiar covenant relations with God, and enlist in our defence the resources which God alone can command. This conclusion is justified not only by many examples in the history of the kings of Israel and Judah, and by the general promises of the Bible to penitence and prayer, but by all the facts and circumstances which characterize this revolution. This war is not of our seeking. We labored to avoid it. Our propositions for amicable adjustment were rejected with subtlety and guile. We claimed only our own. We asked nothing of our enemies. We do not seek their land, or houses, or property. We are not fighting to extend our territory, to subdue a neighboring people, to usurp dominion, to gratify ambition, or malice, or revenge. Faithful to the letter and the spirit of the old Constitutien—asserting only the fundamental right of self-government, we are but defending ourselves against a proud, rapacious, malignant foe, who, without right or reason, against law and right and humanity, comes down full of hate and rage to enslave or exterminate us. We are fighting for liberty and home and family; for firesides and fields and altars; for all that is dear to the brave or precious to the good; for our herds and our flocks, our men-servants and maid-servants; for the heritage of our fathers and the rights of our children; for the honor of humanity and the institutions of Providence. We are fighting

against robbery and lust and rapine; against ruthless invasion, a treacherous despotism, the blight of its own land, and the scorn of the world; mongrel armies whose bond of union is plunder, and whose watchwords are but delusion and falsehood; a fraud upon the African, a lie to the North, and an insult to the South. There is therefore no object proposed by our Government, no end aimed at on which we may not consistently, piously, scripturally, invoke the Divine blessing. We may pray 'according to the will of God.' The triumph of our arms is the triumph of right and truth and justice. The defeat of our enemies is the defeat of wrong and malice and outrage. Our Confederacy has committed herself to no iniquitous policy, no unholy alliances, no unwarrantable plans either for defence or retaliation, and *now*, with numerous hostile hosts quartered on her soil, and a powerful navy beleaguering her coast, amid provocations innumerable, under threatenings the most diabolical, without fear of the future, ready for the conflict if our deluded, infatuated enemies urge it on her, she is ready to make peace on just and honorable terms. In praying for such a government I feel that the way to the mercy-seat is open. My faith is unembarrassed. My hope is buoyant. I feel that I have access to Him who rules in righteousness. The attitude of our country is sublime. With her foot planted on right and her trust in God, undismayed by numbers and armaments and navies, without the sympathy of the world, shut in, cut off, alone, she has battled through two long, weary years, gallantly, heroically, triumphantly, and to-day is stronger in men, resources, faith, and hope, than when Fort Sumter's proud flag was lowered to her maiden arms. It is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Standing, then, upon the justice of our cause and the righteousness of our aim, and encouraged by the experience of the past, let us lift up humble, thankful hearts to the God of all our mercies, and with emboldened faith commit our destiny into his hand, whom winds and seas obey, who ruleth in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of earth. . . . .

"Our religion has never resolved itself into conventional fallacies—into a geographical conscience, and erected the fancied rights of any people into 'a higher law' than divine revelation. With us, thank God, the Bible has been a mount that burned with fire, which no man dared to touch. The voice issuing from its smoke and tempest has been recognized as the voice of the great Jehovah, and the handwriting of the Almighty on the granite edition of the law, the standard of morals and the basis of right, and the authority from which there is no appeal. These are facts of hopeful significancy, when we remember that God's government of the world all looks to the fortunes of Christianity. The dominion of Christ is to be universal—from sea to sea. In the divine plan political changes, commercial interests, forms of government are secondary considerations, mere instruments to an end—that end the glory of God in the triumph of truth. If men set themselves in array against the truth of God, either by subtle logic or open violence, they will be broken in pieces, as a potter's vessel with a rod of iron. If a nation, in its conceit of wisdom and its impudence of pretension, determines what God ought to will and say and do, and overrides his institutes by their own speculations, and with unanointed hands touches the holy ark, the doom of Uzzah will be their historic epitaph. If a people give themselves up to infidelity, erect their reason into a counsellor of the Almighty, and make a majority vote higher authority in morals as well as politics than the Constitution of the land and the Book of heaven, be sure that signal punishment treads fast upon the heels of their blasphemous folly. All this our Northern enemies have done. Wise above what is written, they have mistaken sedition for liberty, cant for piety; loud-mouthed champions for the freedom of the black man, they have trampled in the dust the most sacred rights of their own people; with peace upon their tongues they have brought on and keep up a gigantic war. Swollen with vanity, they despise the lessons of the past; confident in pride and power of numbers they are tearing down their own govern-

ment with the hope of destroying us, and every step of their progress is marked with aggression, perfidy, and blood. Resistance to such a people is obedience to God. Whether, therefore, we pray for our country or against our enemies, we are praying in harmony with the plans of Providence and the moral interests of mankind.

"On the other hand, the negro among us is an object of respect, affection, and kindness, in every stage and condition of his being. His religious culture is generally (would to God I could say *universally*) provided for; and find the negro where you will, in the wilds of Africa, in the cities where he is nominally free, in all that constitutes a rational, respectable manhood, the Southern slave is the highest type of his race. Whatever abuses may have crept in, and whatever neglect may be chargeable upon us, if we compare results, slavery has shown itself to be a great missionary institution. The Southern churches count more converts among these descendants of Ham than the united efforts of Christendom have gathered upon all the mission fields of the heathen world. Even in Africa itself, the most intelligent, civilized and prosperous community is composed of those who were trained to knowledge, faith, and virtue under the humanizing, elevating influence of slavery in these Southern States. The depositories of a high and holy trust in the plans of Providence, it is a debt we owe to heaven to resist unto death the mad schemes of our enemies—schemes which imply a blasphemous impeachment of the divine administration, and are fraught with unutterable woes to the beneficiaries of our guardianship.

"The object of all these remarks is not to promote pride, but to encourage faith—not to hide our sins by magnifying the sins of our enemies, but to inspire hope in our struggle, its progress, and its issues. Assembled as we are to make supplication to God, it seemed to me appropriate to show, by the previous running outline of facts, that we may approach the mercy-seat with Christian liberty, and scripturally look for the divine blessing in victory to our arms and deliverance to our country. . . . . .

"On this fast day I give you notice, my countrymen, that if there be any upas-tree growing in the circumference of our land, planted by authority, nurtured by public admiration, we need not think to destroy its pestiferous virus by gathering its foliage, or lopping its branches, albeit we leave nothing but its naked trunk, for through 'the scent of water, it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant.' If we would breathe wholesome air and live unpoisoned, we must cut down the tree and dig up the roots and bind them all in bundles to be burned.

"To bring our country into the covert of God's protecting power, it is not absolutely necessary, however desirable, that every individual should adjust his moral relations on the basis of the Gospel. Hence, while I mourn the sins which abound on every side, I shall feel safe if our rulers fear God and honor his Sabbaths; if our representative bodies legislate in harmony with the divine law; if our judiciary administer justice, a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well. In a word, plant the government on the Bible, talk less of the rights of the people and more about the rights of God, extirpate the political heresies which have demoralized society, abolish party tactics, and let all the ends we aim at be God and country and truth; then 'God will be nigh unto us in all we call upon him for.'

"By our secession from the Union and the inauguration of a new government we have put ourselves in position, if we are wise and have a heart for the work, to amend what was faulty and to incorporate not only new safeguards against the abuse of power, but principles conservative of law, order, and morals. Conceiving this to be a good time, while the public mind is loosened from old ideas and broken up by the ploughshare of war, for casting abroad the seeds of truth, I avail myself of the occasion to make, as I believe, an important suggestion.

"I do not desire to see the Church, my own or any other, established by the State; I do not desire that the State should adopt and publish a creed and command everybody to believe

it; I ask for no inquisitions into any man's private opinions or practices; I want no tests or oaths. But I do believe that, in the organic law, God should be acknowledged in his being, perfections, providence, and empire; not as the first great cause simply, that is philosophy; not as the universal father of a world of dependent creatures, that is poetry, sentimentalism, and may be nothing more—but as the God of the Bible, Maker, Preserver, Governor, Redeemer, Judge, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The theocracy of the Jews, though not prescribed as a model for the nations of the earth, was intended to be the type, in substance if not in form, of all righteous government. In the progress of civilization and religion, as the world approaches the grand prophetic period when 'truth shall spring out of the earth and righteousness shall look down from heaven,' the governments of earth will all be assimilated to this pattern. In confirmation of this idea, it is already true that the best portions of the civil codes of all the nations of Asia and Europe, both ancient and modern, were borrowed from the Mosaic laws. It is equally true of ourselves. The Constitution of the Confederate States of America has taken one step in the right direction, but does not go far enough. In its appeal to Almighty God, it uses the language of deism, or natural religion, rather than of Christianity. It does not honor God as he reveals himself in those relations which concern us most, and by which the divine glory is most illustriously declared. Believing, as I do, that God has committed to us the christianization of the African race, it is specially harmonious with this high and holy trust that we invoke and secure the divine favor by a solemn acknowledgment of his Word, as well as his providence. God has identified his name and credit among men with Christianity. It is his wisdom and his power. Before a human breath had broken the solitude of eternal nothingness, redemption revolved in the infinite mind. In this glorious conception of the Godhead, the universe was cradled. Creation with its astronomic wonders, the earth with its mountains piled in majesty, its vales spread out in beauty, its

seas rolling in grandeur, was intended as the theatre for its display. The genealogic line of antediluvian patriarchs was recorded in sacred story, and perpetuated in the family of Noah for this. For this, Abraham was called from Ur of the Chaldees, made the depository of truth, and the father of a great nation. Around this offspring of the divine mind inspiration has clustered the marvellous annals of the Israelitish people, and maintained the royal seed of David's line in the house of Judah till Shiloh came. The advent of the Son of God was the fulfilment of prophecy and promise, and when the chosen race 'despised and rejected him,' wrath came upon them to the uttermost. Through provocations innumerable, the nation was preserved in fulfilment of the Scriptures, for the introduction of Christianity. Their malicious unbelief, their insulting scorn of Christ was the signal for their overthrow and dispersion. Even now these tribes '*of the wandering foot and weary breast*,' though scattered and peeled, are kept distinct, unmingled, a miraculous demonstration of the truth of God and the fearful guilt of making light of Jesus of Nazareth. Wherever you find a Jew, on the banks of the Ganges or the Tiber, the Thames or the Rhine, the Jordan or the Mississippi, you behold a living witness of God's primitive justice in the defence of the Christian religion. His isolation, loneliness, and perpetuity is at once a miracle and a seal which find their explanation in the threatenings of the past and the prophecies of the future. He has survived the faggot and the sword, Papal persecution and Moslem barbarism—the reproach of nations and the waste of ages—on purpose to be at last the crowning trophy of the all-conquering cross.

"The vast extent and unity of the Roman Empire is an historic fact which has its solution in the plans of God for the easy and rapid circulation of Christianity. But when the truth had triumphed over the throne of the Cæsars and the Church of God had been corrupted by power and pride and numbers, by another touch of the finger of Providence this colossal dominion fell to rise no more. Its disruption by the

Northern hordes was another step in the solemn march of history toward the grand issue which regulates the dealings of God with men and nations, even the honor of the cross and the diffusion of Christianity. If we scan the shadows which flicker over the tablets of the past, or search amid the cemeteries of fallen dynasties and buried empires, or if we trace the path of revolution and commerce and gauge the comparative strength of Pagan and Christian governments, everywhere—always, alike, in the epitaph of the dead and in the annals of the living, we read the same great historic lesson—'*Them that honor me I will honor and they that despise me will be lightly esteemed.*' Oh! if we would be 'a wise and understanding people'—'a great nation, having God nigh unto us in all that we call upon him for'—let us avow our faith in his revelation, identify our government with his honor, and commit our interests to the power that is pledged to perpetuate the Church and to insure her dominion. Then, amid the rise and fall of kingdoms and all the mutations of time, our Republic shall embody one element—pure, true, eternal—an element which shall ally us in friendship with heaven and stamp upon all our prosperity the seal of the divine blessing.

"I shall not *now* attempt to show the pre-eminent importance of the Christian Sabbath, its indispensable relations in the government of God, its value as a day of rest to man and beast, nor its connection with parental duty and the worship of the sanctuary I rest the doctrine on the naked command, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' when I say that every legislative enactment which requires or sanctions its violation ought to be repealed. No man has a right to appropriate it to a secular use; no corporation can do it without guilt, and all the people together cannot delegate to their representatives the right to set it aside or in any wise lower its claims. Say what you please—bring up your strong reasons—exhaust the argument—when the debate is ended there stands—*the fourth commandment unrepealed*—with the thunder of Sinai in its hand and the penal sanctions

of eternity at its back. There it stands, vindicated, in the providence of God, in the curse of the nations who have profaned it and *re-enacted* in the blessings which swarm around its sanctification. To collate and comment upon the many passages of Holy Writ which set forth the claims of this hallowed day and illustrate the divine administration in reference to it would be inadmissible now. The continued persistent testimony of the Bible and Providence in favor of the Sabbath shut us up to the duty of hallowing the day and sweeping the statute-book of all opposing enactments or plunging with open eyes and unshielded bosom upon 'the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler.'

"There is another statute of Georgia adverse, as I believe, to the will of God and the true interests of humanity. I mean the law which forbids us to teach our negroes to read. This enactment invades the rights of the master and the privileges of the slave. It is the master's duty to teach his servants, as well as his children, the doctrines and morals of our holy religion, and the slave is entitled to the advantages in the use of which he may learn to offer to his Maker a rational and acceptable worship. Our Heavenly Father certainly never intended any human mind to be kept in darkness and ignorance. The negro is an immortal being and it is his right, by the law of creation and the purchase of redemption, to read for himself the epistles of his Redeemer's love. If the institution of slavery cannot be maintained except at the expense of the black man's immortal interests, in the name of heaven, I say—*let it perish.* I know the circumstances out of which our unfortunate legislation sprang. It was partly retaliatory, in rebuke of the incendiary publications of the North, and partly precautionary, on prudential grounds. But the logic of the law is as bad as the law itself. To make the negro suffer for the sins of the Yankee is the grossest injustice, and yet this is the practical effect of our law. As a prudential policy it is founded upon a false idea. Knowledge, so far from gendering insubordination, will promote the loyalty of our colored population. Let them learn from the Scripture

that their relation is ordained of God—that he prescribes their duties and makes fidelity to their earthly masters a part of the service due to him—our hands will be strengthened, our mouths filled with argument, and we shall put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. A Bible in every cabin will be the best police of the country, and, despite the ravings of a brainless fanaticism, subjection and order will reign throughout our land. Thinking, as I do, that one of the moral ends of this war is to reform the abuses of slavery, I ought to add that all laws and parts of laws which authorize or allow arbitrary interference with the connubial relations of slaves ought to be rescinded. It is due to humanity, to the great law of reciprocal affection, to the will of God. 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' The truth is, that on this whole subject public opinion, legislative enactment, and judicial administration are all too liberal and too loose. The New Testament allows divorce only for *one* cause; our Code grants it, on application, for almost any showing. A law providing for *separation* in certain extreme cases, without the privilege of marrying again, would promote the peace of many families and prevent ruptures in many more. But in relation to slaves we have no law at all. The whole question is open. Husbands and wives are subject to all the contingencies of time and circumstances—of gain and avarice, of passion and caprice, of the law of inheritance whether regulated by testament or appraisement. Verily, 'these things ought not so to be.' It is all wrong—a stigma upon our civilization and an offence to our Christianity Here, then, upon our knees before High Heaven, let us vow to reform. Yes, my countrymen, let us do right—fear God and keep his commandments. Let us put slavery upon its scriptural basis—eliminate its long-tolerated abuses, defend it not only by force of arms but by proving to the world that it is the great conservator of republican government, and that it is really consistent with the highest development and the greatest happiness of the negro race. I will not go further into details. Let these suffice. '*Keep therefore and*

do them, for this is your wisdom and understanding in the sight of the nations.'

"Having said this much about setting the government right before God and his law, it will be appropriate, in conclusion, to remind you that while we fast and pray, it will be acceptable to God and of service to our beloved country to confess and forsake our own sins. God's blessing may rest upon a Christian government while yet he chastises the guilty people for their transgressions. We are passing through a terrible ordeal. Some sad and sickening developments have been made. Heaven has blessed us generally with fruitful seasons and bounteous harvests, but we are sacrificing them to our lusts. Restlessness and discontent prevail. Because of swearing the land mourneth. The love of money, which is the root of all evil, abounds, runs wild—grows reckless, almost ferocious. Extortion, pitiless extortion, is making havoc in the land. We are devouring each other. Avarice, with full barns, puts the bounties of Providence under bolts and bars, waiting with eager longings for higher prices. The widow's wail and childhood's cry fall upon his ear unheeded. The soldier's wife shivers in her cabin and moistens her crust with her tears, but the griping, grasping monster waits for a darker hour to make sure he loses not a dime of her little all. The greed of gain—the lowest, meanest infirmity of the human mind—stalks among us, unabashed by the heroic sacrifices of our women or the gallant deeds of our soldiers. Speculation in salt and bread and meat runs riot in defiance of the thunders of the pulpit, executive interference, and the horrors of threatened famine. Factories (though there are some noble exceptions), as if Providence were a partner like-minded with them, and had brought on the calamities of the country for their benefit, are making fortunes from the blood of the brave and the sighs of the innocent and lovely Scorning the currency of the country they demand provision for their manufactures, and conscious of power over the necessities of the people they fix the price of one lower than justice can approve, and of the other,

higher than patriotism would take. In these respects we are going from bad to worse.

"These are the clouds upon our sky, big with the rain of grief and woe. God helping us we can manage the enemies that come to us with arms in their hands, but how are we to escape these frogs of Egypt—these all-devouring locusts that come up into our houses, our beds, our kneading-troughs, is more than I can tell. In answer to prayer this day, oh Lord God, abate the plague and save us from violence without and selfishness within.

"Men and brethren, if we would help our imperilled country let us cultivate personal piety, live nearer to God ourselves, and promote religion in our neighborhoods by our labors, our example, and our prayers. Let us set our faces against all injustice, oppression, and wrong. Remember the poor and needy. Let us stand by our government, our army, our independence, by confidence, encouragement, and every necessary sacrifice. With a Christian constitution, a faithful administration, a moral and religious people, we may look for peace ere long, an honorable nationality, a long bright career in which our prosperity shall be durable as the stars of heaven and abundant as the waves of the sea."

Returning home he writes:

"April 20, 1863.

"It has been some days since I wrote to you. I have been away and we are all troubled about your aunt Julia, who is very ill. Clara and Claude have gone down to be with her. I am waiting to hear from them before I go down myself. Your mother and I have just been talking about you and longing for your presence. Spring is upon us in all its freshness and beauty. The birds make music for us day and night. The corn gleams along the furrow. The garden is green and promising. My wheat is magnificent, conceded to be the best in the county. It is the admiration of everybody. If no casualty overtakes I will make more than I have made in three years. I wish you could feast your eyes upon it. I hope at least that you will partake of the harvest. Your last

letter I thought a little desponding on the subject of food for the army. The only real difficulty is transportation. The supply is abundant for all. The feeling of all is that the *army must be fed.* Through change of position and the difficulty of transporting so far, you may occasionally be on short rations. But this evil will only be temporary. Tell the boys to stand up to the government and to trust the people. We will all divide to the last. The heart of the country is with the army. You must all endure, be patient. To suffer and to wait is our common lot. You have nearly fought through. The goal of our hopes is just ahead. Charleston is victor over the famous Armada. Vicksburg still defies Grant, his army, and his gunboats. Johnson and Bragg are boldly, bravely waiting the onset of Rosencranz. Two months more will decide the contest, I think. Hold on. Honor, peace, the gratitude of a redeemed country, the plaudits of a glorious posterity await you. Up! brave spirits, for the last conflict, God is helping us. The Waterloo of Yankeedom is just ahead. Roll on glorious hour. I sympathize with you in your trouble about the adjutancy. God will overrule all for good. Act well your part, there all the honor lies. You will be sure to rise sooner or later. Do not make haste. Your merit is acknowledged on all hands. The reward will come. Prepare yourself for high duties. Be ready to fill your post when you get it. Tardiness, delay, will magnify it by proving that it was not a lucky accident but the reward of meritorious service. The blessing of God is upon you, my son, he will take care of you and exalt you in due time. You left home in the ranks, and if you return unpromoted there are loving hearts to make you as welcome as if you came back a *Major-General.*"

"April 28, 1863.

"My last letter by mail I hope you have received. There were many things in it I should be glad for you to read. We are all in trouble. Your aunt Julia is dead. This is a crushing blow to our hearts, hopes, and plans. It is not often that the death of a private individual produces such a shock and

breaks up so many cherished arrangements. But she is gone, and our family relations are sadly changed. Robert and Julia are with us. Your grandfather is very feeble. Sickness, age, and sorrow have wellnigh broken him down. He will give up his work in Augusta, and come to live with us. Your uncle Alfred will make his headquarters at our house also. So you see my family is largely increased again. These providences are dark, inscrutable to us. But we know that God's 'work is perfect,' his dispensations wise and just and kind, even when they seem severe. My dear sister died gloriously. She rests in peace, her home is heaven. Let us all prepare to follow her.

"Sallie is here. We had a long talk about you last night. Oh, how we all long for the sight of your dear face and the pleasure of your companionship. This wretched war lingers along, and no man can see the end. I am praying, hoping, but feel restless and impatient. I suppose you will return toward Fredericksburg before long. Longstreet's expedition is for food, not fighting, I trow. This county is responding freely to the call, both for meat and bread. If the worst comes we will all starve together. But I think there is enough for us all, army and people. Present prospects are promising. Wheat is fine, very; corn grows beautifully. The seasons so far are favorable, so that the last hope of the Yankees is a ghostly reliance, I trust. I send you some papers, not as news but to beguile your time. So you are to have the adjutancy at last. Well, perhaps it is best. The lieutenancy would have been preferable on several accounts. As you have *started up*, keep moving. The money for the horse will be forthcoming. The colonel sends it, I am rather ashore. I am trying hard to get out of debt, hope to get near enough to the end to see through before *my tax* has to be paid.

"I still purpose to come to see you. I will surprise you some of these days. Look out. Shall go to Macon in the morning to meet the bishops. Will write every chance. We are all well. Love from all to you and Henry."

The death of Mrs. Mann was indeed a heavy blow to his loving heart, for Julia, or "Beauty," as he called her, was next to him in age; they had been close to each other in childhood, and when she married Alfred T Mann, his Conference associate, they were never far apart. She had lived in his house, and he had lived in hers. They had much in common. She was a brilliant, sparkling woman, whose wit lit up every circle. For himself the blow was heavy, but he felt it especially because it fell so heavily upon his aged father, who had gone to Augusta to spend what he thought was his few remaining days with his daughter; but alas, how soon the end came.

He writes again:

"May 6, 1863.

"Yesterday we got the news of another great victory at Fredericksburg. General Jackson was severely wounded. This is sad, but thank God for victory. We are now in the midst of stirring times. The war is coming to a focus, I trust. In Virginia I have no fear. For the West I have some apprehension. The foe is making formidable preparations against us. A great success in Tennessee will decide the contest now. Johnson and Bragg must do their best or we will suffer for a long time. If they can defeat and drive Rosencranz before them I look for an armistice, and that means peace. Vicksburg still wears her crown. The very air is big with rumors of raids, fights, captures, and movements of every sort. I expect to hear of you soon about Goldsboro' and of a fight in North Carolina somewhere. Tell the boys to make an end of it next time. We are all well. Our family is larger than ever. It is providential, and so I look for help from above. Your mother is burdened and so am I. We must do the best we can. Oh that you were at home! Sallie and Claude went down to John's yesterday."

The battle of Gettysburg had been fought, and there was intense anxiety to know what the result was.

"July 13, 1863.

"MY DEAR SON: Heaven only knows the anxieties of the past few days. Again you have been in battle—terrible battle. I cannot hear from you or of you. What shall I do? How can I wait? If I go I cannot reach the army now, and so I must bide the telegraph or the mail. In the meantime I have been to God, and in my heart have felt that you were safe. So I feel to-day, and yet I am anxious to hear from you. Do write fully and let us know I will come to you just as soon as I hear from you. Your mother is a fountain of tears, just ready to overflow at every word that is spoken. She begs me to wait till we hear from you. I expected to start in the morning, but will delay awhile. I shall bring Isham with me, and take William in his place. This is the better arrangement.

"We have very unsatisfactory accounts of Lee and the battles of Gettysburg. I wish the army was safe on this side the Potomac. I have doubted the policy of invasion all the time. Defence is our true interest and our surest work. .

"Poor Vicksburg has fallen at last; so they say. Charleston has been attacked again, and again has triumphed. The war-cloud thickens lately, but I am hoping and cheerful still. If I knew positively that you and Henry were unhurt I should be buoyant. I send this note by Dr. William Alfriend. I hope you will get it. We are all well. We have had rain daily for three or four weeks. The plantation is *green*, the corn fine. Sallie is well, and feels like the rest of us, restless and uneasy God give us good tidings, and that right early."

The suspense was ended by a telegram. Lovick was severely but not dangerously wounded, and with Henry Culver, who was also wounded, was on the way to Richmond. The next train saw the anxious father on his way to meet them. He found the boys in the hospital. "You must get ready to leave this afternoon." "But we can't; we must get furloughs and transportation." "Well, *I say you must*, you get ready and we will go." It required but a few hours for him to have all the papers prepared, and with

the boys on the train, he was moving homeward ere the sun set. He was as full of brightness now as a child. His boy was not killed. He cheered every one on the train by his hearty kindness; waited on wounded soldiers, cheered them up, gave kindly attention to every one, and was the life of the car. At last he safely reached Sunshine. The son had a hard struggle for life, with the gangrene and the wound, but when hope was wellnigh gone God delivered the boy, for life hung on a thread. Hawley Middlebrooks cried mightily to him, and as he prayed the tide turned. The Bishop puzzled himself little about the how. God had promised to hear prayer; God had heard. He believed that God had spared the life of his son in answer to the prayer of his old friend, whom thirty years before he had brought to Jesus.

The war had swept on terrifically. The South realized that the North was terribly in earnest, and that Democrat and Republican alike were determined on her conquest and subjugation, and the North realized at last that this was no *émeute*, no politicians' riot, but a people's uprising. The Church was in a state of sad confusion. Bishop Kavanaugh was in Kentucky, but his safety was imperilled there, and he was forced to the Pacific coast to escape the prison. The officials of the publishing house had fled from Nashville, all except Dr. Abbey, and the house itself had been seized by the government.

With Andrew, Paine, Pierce, and Early on this side of the Mississippi and in the Confederate lines, episcopal service was well rendered, but episcopal support was cut off. Had each of these been dependent entirely upon his episcopal income, the condition of things would have been seriously complicated; but Andrew, Pierce, and Paine had farms of their own, and Early had sufficient resources to meet the exigency. The bishops, however, met with the officials of the publishing house and the missionary secretaries, and had an annual meeting and arranged the work as best they could. In December, 1863, Bishop Pierce presided at the Virginia, the North Carolina, and the South Carolina Conferences.

The difficulty of making the appointments, under the circumstances surrounding him, was very great, and rigid adherence to old laws was an impossibility. His strong common-sense stood him in good place, and the work was done as well as it could have been done. The work over, he hastened home again, and on the 10th of January preached in Sparta. The seat of war came nearer and nearer. Georgia was invaded; Sherman pressed on toward the centre of the State. Lovick had recovered sufficiently from his wound to rejoin his regiment. In April the bishop writes:

"April 26, 1864.

"Your departure has made a painful vacuum. We are all sad because of the separation. I count the day you left among the saddest of my life. It seems to me I never loved you so much. Your long stay with us, the memory of your sufferings, the possibilities of the future, all invest your absence with more touching interest than ever before. Nevertheless, your duty to God and the country demands the sacrifice, distressing to you, as well as to us. We must submit, hoping and praying for the best. I gave you to God when you were born, and, thank God, you have always been a pleasure and a blessing. We are all in his hands. We have, as a family, *no* reason to distrust the Divine goodness, and every reason to hope in his mercy. You know how to appreciate your circumstances and ours, and, I trust, will give yourself diligently to all your duties, religious as well as military. Watch against all sin, fear God, pray much, believe always, be prudent as well as brave, careful of health and life, and ready for all the duties of your position. The next great battle in Virginia, I trust, will end the war. If it is your lot to be in it, may God shield you from all harm and give you long life to enjoy the fruits of your valor and sufferings. The day of your safe return will be a jubilee to our hearts. I hope to see you a settled, pious, useful, happy man, living in plenty, at rest under your 'own vine and fig-tree.' God bless you, my dear son! Amen and amen.

"Nothing of much interest since you left. The weather is more pleasant, the wheat grows finely, the birds are terrible in their depredations on the young corn. John and Ella left us yesterday for home. Your aunt Clara is confined to her bed with rheumatism. We are looking for your grandfather to-day.

"Write every chance you get. If a battle occurs, communicate immediately. Write fully, freely, how you feel, and let me know if there is anything I can do for you. I have sent to C. for the boots. All send love by the ton.

"God bless you evermore."

"July 7, 1864.

"The mails are out of joint. The only chance to get a letter through is by hand. We are painfully situated just now. We neither get letters from you nor despatches from the army. From all I can hear, it seems to me that Grant has got the advantage of position. Your communications with the South are cut. I see no relief but in a battle and a crushing victory, or else a retreat into North Carolina. Then Richmond, Petersburg, all Virginia are gone. I do not like the present phase of things, either in Virginia or Georgia. Great battles may rectify matters; I hope will, and that soon. New demonstrations are made at Charleston, too. The Federals have got the advantage there recently. In the West the Confederate star still burns brightly, and still ascends the sky. Johnson still falls back. Marietta is in the hands of the enemy We whip them in every fight, kill and capture, and yet we retreat and they press on. It is curious to me. The army is said to be buoyant. The Governor's 'Pets'* have been in a fight and behaved gallantly. . The Lord help us and deliver us.

"Well, let us pray and hope the best. May God, our Heavenly Father, remember us in mercy. The Lord keep you, my son, from all harm by day and night. I feel that he will. God bless you. Love to Henry."

* The Militia.

"August 5, 1864.

"Since Sunday last we have had a great excitement in old Hancock about the Yankee raiders. Such commotion, running, hiding, you never saw. The raiders never came nearer than the river. They visited Henry Fraley's plantation, took all his mules, drank his brandy, ate his preserves, and left, going toward Greensboro' They have done great damage to the railroads—the Central Georgia, and Macon and Western. Our cavalry are after them, have whipped them in several fights, captured General Stoneman and two thousand men, killed a great many, got a thousand horses, and have all the rest running and scattered. When we looked for them here last Sunday night we concluded to pack up our valuables and hide out. So we camped out one night in the pine thicket, had a merry time in our bivouac, but next morning we marched back, took possession of home, determined to leave no more. I cannot stand dodging about. I go up in the morning to speak and stir up the people to organize for defence. Armed and equipped we can protect ourselves. We shall be liable to raids until Sherman is whipped back. This result we are looking for every day. Reinforcements have reached Hood from the West, the State will send up fifteen or twenty thousand men. Hood has whipped Sherman's right wing twice, and we all believe will whip him thoroughly very soon.

"In this region we are suffering from a terrible drought. I shall hardly make my bread, I fear. My trust is in the Lord. Your uncle Tom and wife, children, and negroes, have just left for home. They had fled here for safety. The Yankees have been in Madison and Morgan, and stole mules and negroes very freely.

"Sallie is here. Is well, looks well. How is Isham?* Tell him to keep right side up. Albert is doing well. We have not heard from you since the 21st. *Write.* The Lord bless you.

"September 7, 1864.

"We are all sad over the fall of Atlanta. The mere loss

* One of his negroes. Lovick's servant.

of the place is not so much, but the moral effect is against us. The Philistines will rejoice. A new impulse will be given to the war I fear. Sherman has made a bold move and succeeded. He has displayed no little generalship. Hood has been outwitted somewhat. Nevertheless he has done well. Our army is unbroken. The evacuation of Atlanta was the result of a manœuvre rather than a defeat, so that Hood is still ready and able to fight. The future movements of the campaign I cannot predict. If proper plans are adopted I think Sherman can be compelled to capitulate in forty days. We have ample force to break up all his communications. Taylor, Forest, Wheeler, Morgan, and Vaughn might all be employed in this business right away. This ought to be done *instanter*. We lack nothing now but combination, bold movements, celerity of action to close the campaign with a clap of thunder. I wish I were President for a few days ; I see so plainly how everything can be done. Delay, I fear, will ruin us. Georgia will be open to raids all this winter unless by prompt measures Sherman is used up. The Chicago Convention has disappointed me somewhat. The Yankee Democracy is the last thing to be trusted. I have many hopes of the future, but no settled convictions as to results. My only comfort is the Lord reigneth. He is my 'help and my hope.' I am not depressed, but restless, uneasy. I cannot see through the gloom of the times, and dread the discipline of heaven in this matter. God pity us and help us. I shall try to do right and trust God. I shall send your mother and sister to Augusta, if the raiders threaten us, and will take care of myself the best I can."

After the defeat of Hood's army at Franklin, Tenn., it was desired to unite the two armies, the remnant of Lee's and of Johnson's ; and the Western army was ordered back through Georgia. The railroad lines were broken, and the only route was by Milledgeville to Mayfield in Warren. Sunshine was immediately on the route. Day by day, as the soldiers came by, they called in troops, many for food, many for shelter. He never turned one away ; a half dozen cooks,

were kept at work all the day, and the larder was drawn upon and emptied; but not emptied sooner than filled, for his noble neighbors sent in supplies as fast as he exhausted them. Hundreds of soldiers were fed, none were ever refused.

Once the bishop playfully remarked in a speech on the want of thrift in a young brother who was an agent, and his serious fear that he would starve yet. The brother said, in reply, "When I starve you may look out, and a whole army couldn't starve you." He said to me it was almost unaccountable how he did hold up, but he resolved that while he had a crumb he would share it.

"July 25, 1864.

"We are in the midst of great excitement. The air is alive with rumors. The county has been called together, speeches made, two companies organized, and to-day they are off for Atlanta. The old colonel is captain of one, Frank Little of the other. The story is that the Yankee raiders have burned Covington and are marching on Greensboro'; another, that they are marching on Athens, ten thousand strong. I doubt the whole. They have not been lower than the Stone Mountain. We are in a stir, certain. But amid all comes the glorious news, that Hood has whipped *Sherman* terribly. Glory to God.* It will be interesting to you to know the following facts. When the despatch reached Hood, appointing him to command, he called all the chief officers together and told them that if they were for fighting *right there* and *then*, he would accept, and if not he would decline."

In September he wrote the last of his war letters. Atlanta fell, Hood left Georgia, Sherman made his march to the sea. Bentonville came, and the end.

He had fought bravely, he surrendered gracefully. God ruled over all. Lovick was safe, Henry was safe, George was safe. There was a need for thought and care and courage. God would not forsake. He spoke words of cheer, and faced the future with a dauntless eye.

* The glorious news was a canard.

CHAPTER XVI.

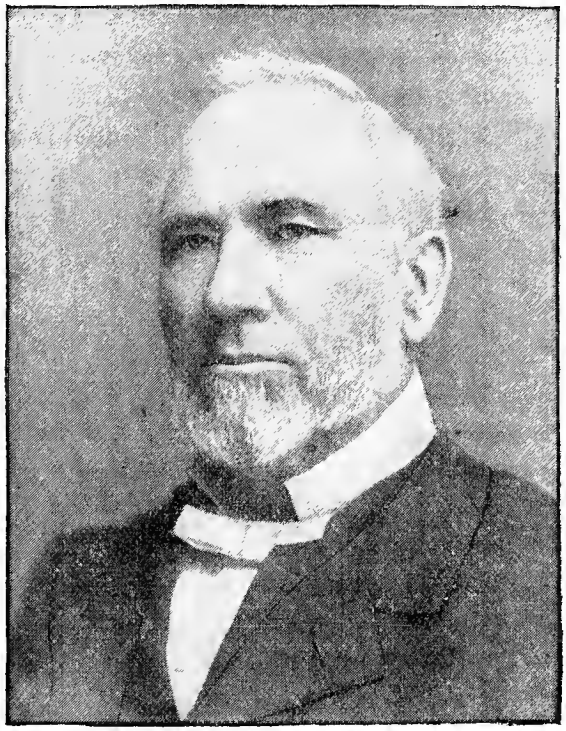
READJUSTMENT, 1865-1866, AGED 54-55.

Readjustment—Reconstruction after Destruction—Condition of Things after the War—Hearts Quailing—The Bishop's Note of Cheer—General Conference, 1866—Great Changes—The Bishop's Firm Stand—Change of Front—After the Conference—District Conferences—Baltimore Conference.

THE war was virtually at an end on April 26, 1865. The soldiers, many of them, had reached home on parole ere that time, and Adjutant Pierce, Henry, and George again gladdened Sunshine by their presence, and Sallie and Claude, brides of a few months when the war began, now had their husbands with them again. No one of the family had fallen in fight. The faith of the father had been honored in the result. He had hoped for victory and independence; God had not seen it best that it should be, and with a submissive heart, he received the verdict, and said Amen!

He did not, then or afterward, change his views of the justice of the Southern cause, nor believe that the victory of arms is always a proof of divine favor. He did not accept the doctrine of the poet, "that whatever is, is best," but he did accept the divine declaration, that "all things work together for good to those who love God," and that when, in God's providence, anything befalls us, we should bow submissively. He feared the Southern people were not ready for independence. He was not disposed to be a factionist. The decree had gone forth; he would accept it, and make the best of it. He was a Georgian, and Georgia was by the fiat of war held to the Federal Union, and he was now to be loyal to his State and to the General Government.

The war was over; the children were safe, and it did not so much matter with the good people at Sunshine as to what else they had lost. Few young people of this day can realize the dazed condition of those of us in the South who faced the changes of 1865, the revolution which had come almost in a day. The slave was freed, the State government was overturned, the very judge's seat was vacated. A soldier



H. N. MC TYIERE, D.D., BISHOP.

from a distant State dictated to the former owner of a hundred slaves what he should pay his plough-boy, and how he should treat his cook. The States which had been fighting because they wished to be out of the Union were now told they were out, and should stay out and be ruled as conquered provinces till the conqueror said, come in. The currency in the South was worthless; the country was bare of all imported comforts; no coffee, nor tea, nor pepper—nothing

save what it had from its own fields. But there were mitigations in the midst of all the evil—our conquerors were men of our blood and of our own religion. They were not disposed to add to the pain of such defeat any penalty beyond what *they thought* safety demanded. That was severe enough; but there were no scaffolds erected, no lands confiscated, no banishments decreed. The markets were open; what little cotton and tobacco we had brought fabulous prices. Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, California, the West and North sent forth their rich gifts for the relief of the stricken South. God was God, and his goodness was over us still. Though the South was desolated and stricken, and many severe demands were made, and many bitter things were done, yet the cry of the people was not for vengeance nor retaliation. Yet, while this was true, and while with glad hearts we make the record, the changes made were by no means insignificant, nor were they made without involving the people in serious trouble. Many things were done which one will find it hard to justify, or even to excuse.

Bishop Pierce had done his best for a Southern Confederacy—there could be no doubt of that—but he was too loyal to God, too wise, too fond of his country, too forgiving, to refuse to accept what had come, or to cherish any bitterness toward his opponents. He did speak words of fire during the war, but they were not levelled at men as individuals, and no man from the North need have feared that the door at Sunshine would have been closed in his face.

In Church matters things were not less in chaos. Cut off from Bishop Andrew and from Bishop Paine, Bishop Early, and Bishop Kavanaugh, he could have no consultation with the bishops. The preachers did not know what to do. In Kentucky a number of leading men had gone, or were going off, from the Conference. The West Virginia and Western Conferences were broken up; the Missouri Conference met at the peril of the prison. Brownlow ruled Tennessee with a rod of iron, and the Holston Conference seemed hopelessly divided; the New Orleans, the Vicksburg, and the

Charleston churches were in possession of the preachers of the M. E. Church placed there by Federal order. The colored people had gone almost *en masse* to the African Methodists, Zion Methodists, or the M. E. Church; the publishing house in Nashville was hopelessly in debt, and all its material had been confiscated by the Government; the Missionary Treasury was empty, and a heavy debt hung

E. M. MARVIN, D.D., BISHOP.

over it. The churches were unable to support their preachers; the preachers were forced to field and bench and counter to get bread. The M. E. Church was endeavoring to establish itself all through the South, to disintegrate and absorb the Southern church. Not a church press was at work. All the *Advocates* were suspended; the lines of communication were broken up. Texas had not had a bishop for five years. St. Louis, Missouri, Kentucky, West Virginia, Louis-

ville, and California, all were dependent upon Bishop Kavanaugh. Then some of the Church, losing faith in her future, were coquetting with an Episcopal Bishop for a union of churches—the M. E. Church South and the Protestant Episcopal South; and some were proposing to give up and go back to the M. E. Church. The first note Bishop Pierce sent out was given almost as soon as the war ended; it was a note of hopefulness: "All is not lost. Do not let the cry delude you; stand firm, the storm will soon be over." He remained close at home for the most of the year 1865, and preached diligently. In the fall he went to Charlotte to the South Carolina Conference, and to Macon to the Georgia, and to Madison, Fla., to the Florida, where he sounded the same note of hearty cheer. I have but one letter from him during this year. I was refugeeing in the low country. He had given me commission to get him some sugar and sirup. He did not get it as soon as he needed it, and he wrote me:

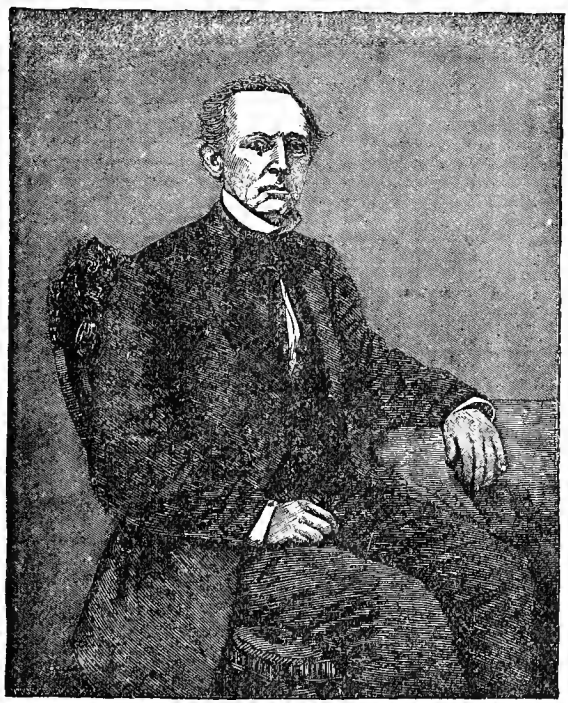
"SUNSHINE.

"DEAR GEORGE: Where is my sweetening? I have none, neither long nor short.

"G. F. PIERCE."

Bishop Pierce, as we have seen, was a conservative. He was not fogyish, nor was he a Bourbon. He did not adhere to things because they were old, nor accept proposed innovations because they were new. There was a party of progressives in the Church who had found him always in their way. They were bright, gifted, pious, conscientious young men. They had hinted before the war at changes which were to be great improvements. Pews and choirs, fine churches, more practical, less emotional religion, more culture in the pulpit to meet the demands of the pew, fewer changes in appointments, more pastors, and, as one of them expressed it, more forcibly than elegantly, less preacher-in-chargery, more bishops, more lay power, no probation, no class-meetings, less rigidity in general rules, etc.

It was evident that in the next General Conference radicalism was to have sway. The elections to the body indicated the fact. The bishops saw it, and were not disposed to resist it entirely, but feared the result of such wholesale changes. When the General Conference met, they warned against too many changes, but suggested that some were in order. These changes were made in rapid succession. The name of the



DAVID S. DOGGETT, D.D.

Church was changed, as far as the General Conference could do it. Lay delegation was introduced, the class-meeting test was abolished, the probation system was discontinued, Church conferences were legalized, district conferences were suggested, and a committee on revision of the discipline, which afterward made a decided rearrangement, was appointed to report at the next General Conference, and at last the time-limit in appointments was removed. Bishop Pierce was a man of convictions, but he was not an autocrat,

and he yielded whenever in good conscience he could yield; but when this was done, and there was to be no limit to a pastorate fixed by law, he saw our very church economy was in peril and he took firm stand against it. He would resign at once, if that law was made operative. The Conference began to doubt, and then resolved to retrace its steps, and, leaving the time-limit at four years, it withdrew from its position. He accepted these changes, but never indorsed them all, and he held to it that four years was too long for any man to stay in one charge, and whenever he could he invariably changed him at the end of two years.

E. H. Myers, D.D., the then editor of the *Southern Christian Advocate*, and a man of great purity of character, of large learning, and a devoted friend of the Church, was chairman of the Committee on Changes in Economy. He was a very special friend of Bishop Pierce's, and it shows the tolerant spirit of that great man that, though Myers led the progressives, he never lost his place in the heart of the bishop.

The Conference had appointed a committee on changes in economy, who had certainly done its work thoroughly, and the whole body had concurred in its decisions. It was now to be seen whether these changes were to be of advantage or no. If Bishop Pierce had been on the floor, rather than in the chair, he had no doubt spoken in positive terms his opinion as to these innovations; but the Conference to whom the office of making them belonged had spoken, and it was his work to carry them out. McTyiere, Wightman, Doggett, and Marvin were the new bishops. Wightman had long been one of his warmest friends. They had been closely connected since he had begun his work; differing in almost every way, they had a mutual regard for each other which was very high. McTyiere was at that time in the very brightness of his young manhood, and was the recognized leader of the progressives in every forward movement; Doggett as polished as chiselled marble—a high-toned, highly gifted Virginia gentleman; and Marvin, the Missouri

wonder, who, springing from the wilds of Missouri, travelling hard missions and hard circuits, had secured for himself a place among the most classic writers and chaste, eloquent speakers of the whole Church—he loved Bishop Pierce as he loved no other man, and no man ever loved another with a truer love than George F. Pierce had for Enoch Marvin.

Bishop Andrew had voluntarily retired from active work, and so had Bishop Early; Bishop Soule was too feeble to attend the session, and he died in less than a twelvemonth after it closed. Paine, Kavanaugh, and himself were the only active men of the old panel. As soon as he returned to Culverton, he began at once his visitation to the churches. The district conference had been suggested and was now being introduced, and he writes of his visits to them:

"Since 9th June I have been visiting the churches, averaging one sermon a day. The mind of our people in reference to the action of the General Conference may be summed up as follows: In many cases they heartily indorse, in others passively acquiesce, and in all agree to test the changes by a fair trial.

"Let us maintain what is distinctive and peculiar, at least so far as to identify our individuality. With charity for all other churches, I frankly avow Methodism suits me best in every way, and I think it best for my children and my children's children. Let every Methodist parent give his church a lien upon his household by all legitimate means—such as baptism of his children, instructing them in Methodist theology, teaching them to reverence the ministry, to admire the simplicity of our forms, and the directness and spirituality of our worship. The defections among our people, whether they fall back into the world or go into other churches, originate largely in an imperfect, loose, superficial family religion, both as to the standard of piety and mode of training. The false ideas about antiquity and succession and sacraments, which are beguiling so many, ought to be rectified and forestalled by holy living, by teaching that

the true glory of a church is its moral power, its usefulness, its converts, its revivals, its pious, spiritual members, its holy and effective ministry.

"Disorderly members will be brought to account; dram-drinkers and dancing Methodists, without prompt confession of wrong, deep humiliation, and solemn pledges never to repeat, will be, or they ought to be, cut off. . .

He says, in conclusion:

"The Church, thank God, is neither dead nor dying. Our Elijahs who think nobody is left but themselves are mistaken. There are more than seven thousand who neither drink nor dance, nor cheat, nor lie, but still love God and keep his commandments."

Emory College had suspended during the war, and, with her endowment swept away, there seemed little hope of her beginning work again; but the Legislature passed an act to pay the tuition of Confederate soldiers who were disabled and who would teach a few years, and the college, under Rev. L. M. Smith, with Professors Orr and Stone, opened wide her doors. The bishop came with a stirring appeal for help, and from this time his labors in her behalf never knew an intermission. He began his journey to the West in September, preaching in Memphis, Des Arc, Searcy, Red Oak, Little Rock, Arkadelphia, on the steam-boat, and at Chattanooga. Here he found himself able to go home and spend a few days, when he left for North Carolina, and presided over the North Carolina Conference, and thence to Virginia, where he met the Virginia Conference at Norfolk; then home again. So ends the year 1866.

With the entry, "Culverton, December 10th," the old memorandum-book, which tells of six thousand eight hundred and thirty-two sermons preached and seventy thousand miles travelled in twenty-five years, ends. The last page is used up, and the stray leaves of other books tell the rest of the story.

During the General Conference of 1866 the delegates from the Baltimore Conference were admitted to equal represen-

tation, and this body became an integral part of the M. E. Church South. The larger part of the territory, and the larger number of the preachers, adhered South. In the city of Baltimore, however, all the property was held by the M. E. Church; Trinity Church, an Independent church with warm Southern sympathies, and Chatsworth, another Independent Methodist church, with close attachment to the South, had been built. These were not of the Baltimore Conference, but were affiliated with it; there were other churches distinctively Southern. Bishop Pierce was to preside at the

E. H. MYERS, D.D.

Conference in March. His father was invited to come with him, and did so. The visit of the most venerable and distinguished of Southern preachers and of the most eloquent of Southern bishops was an event the Southern Methodists in Baltimore desired to make the most of. The great hall of the Maryland Institute was secured. Extensive arrangements were made; a crowd of curious hearers came in, and filled the seats. He rose on a public stage, with the wind on his back, with nothing to inspire him, and *failed*. On the next Sunday, when he preached before the Conference, he preached as he was accustomed to. His presidency gave great satisfaction to the Conference, clerical and lay.

The Baltimore Conference, which came to the Southern General Conference and was first presided over by himself in the Spring of 1867, was a noble body of men, and was very dear to him. He was the guest of T. J. Magruder, a leading layman, then a member, as now, of Trinity Church. Magruder had been so true to the South, so generous, so tender, so fearless, that, apart from other reasons, these would have given him the entry into his heart; but there was an instinctive going out of the heart of the bishop toward him which drew him to him as a man and a brother. Magruder's house was his home. He loved him as he loved his friends. Not long before he died they met for the last time, and with that warm embrace which he only gave to those he loved well, he took him in his arms. He had immense admiration for the heroic spirit of this border conference, and always visited it with great pleasure. After the close of the Conference in Baltimore he returned home.

T. J. MAGRUDER.

CHAPTER XVII.

EPISCOPAL JOURNEYINGS, 1867–1870, AGED 56–59.

The Methodist Protestant Commission—Letters from North Carolina—Kentucky—Mammoth Cave—Views on the District Conference—Emory College—Plan for Relief—Louisville—Letter to his Father.

HE rested only a little while at home, and then went to Montgomery, where he presided over the commission in which the union of the Methodist Protestant Church of the South and the M. E. Church South was discussed. The proceedings were very agreeable, and, though they came to naught, the commissioners of the M. P. Church were very much drawn to the bishop, and a hearty fraternity was provided for. He had made arrangements for a visit to North Carolina and hurried from Montgomery, by Sunshine, for Thomasville, N. C., where he was to see after a district meeting in June. Of this journey he writes :

" Within eighteen days I have travelled over a thousand miles, preached twelve sermons, attended commencement at Trinity College, presided at a district meeting, and seen and heard much to encourage my heart and hopes.

" Work is wholesome, it is physic and physician in one ; the most ailments, mental or bodily, yield to practice.

" It was exceedingly pleasant to find myself in a land of plenty. The people there have not known want, and their prospects for the future are very cheering ; wheat-crops large, oats the best I ever saw.

" My congregations were large and serious and seemed to relish the word of the Lord. I felt that God was with me and I hope for fruit. I had never visited that region of the State, and thought it best to concentrate my labors, rather than

to diffuse them by merely touching points remote from each other. On our present plan, to gratify all by a visitation is simply impossible, and it is a question whether, after all, it would be better to have fewer appointments and to stay longer in one place. A bishop, in many places, is somewhat of a curiosity, and the first time he preaches there is more curiosity than devotion, frequently a strange mingling of expectation and disappointment—a state of mind alike unfriendly to preacher and hearers. The first effort dissolves the illusive charms which hover about a title; the next time, the man disappears, and his subject, his mission, challenge and secure attention. For one, I cannot preach much at best, but I cannot preach at all unless I have good hope of achieving results. I never was intellectual enough to find special pleasure in the mere operations of the mind. I want to see impressions, effects, fruits, sinners awakened, souls converted, the Church happy. Reputation, praise, are pleasant enough, but for these who would leave home, wife, and children, encounter weariness, anxiety, and a thousand discomforts? The largest currency of these is poor pay at best, and then the tax on the income. Deliver me! were it not to please my Heavenly Master, and to do good among men, I should locate at Sunshine and leave the fields to those who are content with such wages as earth could pay.

"It is a beautiful country. The forests are magnificent, the people are intelligent, hospitable, the churches strong in numbers, and all the elements of wealth, power, and prosperity abound; but that magical spirit called progress has not wandered among these hills. If he ever did, he was on the wing, for he has left no trace of his presence. The roads are shocking: a well-located railroad in this region would realize Aladdin's wonderful lamp in its effects on mind and matter, capital and enterprise.

"On Monday at twelve I had an appointment at Smith's Grove, an old camp-ground, twenty-eight miles distant. We set out early; the road was wet and rough, and weather bad, and our team, a mule and a horse, faithful

and slow. We were anxiously calculating the time and distance when Peter, the horse, broke his single-tree, and came to a full stop. We found we were not far from a shop where the mischief might be repaired. I went in to hurry the workman. He said to me, 'Do you think the old bishop will be yonder to-day, sure enough?' I told him 'I thought he would, but behind time, unless he hastened the job.' We did arrive one hour behind time, but found the congregation patiently waiting. It was a real relief to preach in the open air in good weather. I always prefer out-door preaching. The air is fresh, the voice has room, the heart gathers a sort of inspiration from nature and the cramp of conventionalities is gone.

"He left with Rev. Dr. Mann for Winston and Salem, glanced at the Moravian school and settlement, and with Rev. Dr. Ried went on to Germantown, and hurried to the Dan River. The continued rain made it indispensable to cross the Dan River that afternoon, as the stream had to be forded and was already high. In the morning we went to Madison to preach. We lay by waiting for the Mayo River to run down and allow us to press on to the District Meeting at Leaksville. The stream was wide, swollen, and rushing like a torrent. Brother W——, who was on horseback, rode over and proved there was no swimming to do. The question grew serious: 'Can a horse in harness bear up and pull his load?' Some doubted, all feared.

"Ried and I were driving a pair of mules, an animal I don't fancy on land, and have no use for in water. 'Try it, B——.' 'No, sir.' 'L——, you go ahead.' 'Well, now, let W—— try it.' I asked M—— if he thought his horse Bob could pull us both. I had ridden with Bob, and had faith in his strength and sense. In we went and made the trip in safety. 'Now for the rest of you,' we cried from the other shore. With many misgivings in they came, Ried with his mule, L—— with his old gray, and W—— with his little mare. Presently, they strike the current, the mules groan but move steadily along. L——'s horse becomes nervous,

begins to reel, and at last goes down and the rushing waters hid him from sight.

"'Come on, W——.' He obeys with a vim. If ever I saw a man in earnest to get out of a difficulty, W—— was that man. The little mare did her best, and came over safe and sound.

"In the meantime the gray, not willing to be drowned, struggled to his feet once more. 'Hold on, L——, be steady, don't be frightened.' Alas, his horse falls again; again he rises, his shafts are broken. It is plain his strength is failing; without help he is gone. We made up a purse and got a negro to go in to the rescue. As soon as the horse found himself supported his hope of life seemed to revive, and he made a manly effort to help himself; by leading him down the stream we at last got him ashore. We thanked God, spliced the shafts, and went on our way."

In September he went to Kentucky, dedicated a new church at Louisville, held the Conference at Lexington, visited Mrs. Chevis at Science Hill, and went from Louisville to Mammoth Cave. He says: "Everybody else seemed to be electrified, awe-struck; to me it seemed a tremendous hole in the ground, irregular in width, and huge frightful pits here and there, narrow pass-way occasionally, ups and downs without number; in fine, a dark labyrinth, with now and then lateral avenues equally dark, all running, nobody knows where. We walked about nine miles, went to the Spring, to the Star Chamber, the Bottomless Pit, Lake Purity, and sundry other famous places, when I pronounced myself satisfied."

At Dalton he dedicated the new church. The debt of $600 was raised with but little effort, much to the surprise of those who gave it.

The District Conference was a new experiment. He says:

"My experience of these district meetings confirm me in my original convictions of their use and value to the Church.

"I fear the Northern Methodist missionaries are either deceiving or deceived. Why do they come among us? Bring they a purer Gospel? Do they expect to glorify the Saviour

by transferring people from one communion to another? Is this the way to do good, to get sinners converted, to build up the cause of Church? No, never.

"If I had access to the Northern ear I would urge them to peace; let us alone; let us do our Master's work in peace; let us all pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

His journey to North Carolina over, he returned to Georgia. He found Emory College still struggling for life, kept in existence by the brave exertions of her heroic faculty, with Luther M. Smith at the head. He came to her rescue, and as he called for help and patronage the year before, so now he fell upon a most plausible, and to him practicable, plan, for her immediate relief. It was for five hundred persons to unite with him in giving $20 per year to provide a temporary endowment. He says in his card:

"ENDOWMENT ASSOCIATION.

"Emory College, long suspended, is living again. She has risen from the dead. Though stripped of her endowment, and now bereaved of her president, her pulse of life is strong, her heart full of hope, and her future bright with promise. I propose to be one of five hundred to pay $20 per year. Friends and brethren, if you do not rush to my side, I shall be compelled to worry you with line upon line.

"Be warned and make haste."

He wrote his father after the dedication in Louisville:

"LOUISVILLE, September 17, 1867.

"MY DEAR FATHER: Got here Friday night; received your letter Saturday. The dedication passed off pleasantly. I sent you the *Courier* and the *Journal*, containing an account of the whole thing. My performance passed with the people better than with myself. Preaching at a District Meeting, with everybody on fire, is a very different thing from one of these special occasions where all is staid convention-

ality, curiosity, and the church more anxious for a *big collection* than for conversions. I felt it very sensibly, and fell accordingly. One old brother asked me if I always drove people *into* as *close quarters* as on that day. I undertook to present my views of the Church, the sources of vitality, the true mode of extension and perpetuation, with some reasons for our inefficiencies. I hit right and left, and especially at those who resolve religion into fine houses, and fine music, and great *Sunday display*, but have no family altars, no closet for prayer, and never visit prayer-meetings. It was gratifying that the *spiritual* and the *wicked* endorsed the truth—what the *go-betweens* thought I know not. They were silent, whether from wrath or conviction I cannot say. By the way, there is a sermon in that thought. It is a fact that the *very good* and the *very wicked* will confess and approve the *same truth*, while the loose, liberal, fashionable professor, will deny, chafe, and fret. Try *your* hand on *that*.

"I go this evening to Lexington, and hope to hear from you there."

Spending a month at home, he went to Atlanta to preside over the first session of the North Georgia Conference, and to Savannah for the same work in the South Georgia, and thence to Florida, where he wound up the year 1867.

After a few weeks at home, in March he went on a visit to East Florida, taking the inland passage from Savannah to Fernandino. He says of his journey:

"The railroad gives a stranger a very unfavorable introduction into East Florida. The land is poor, flat, wet, covered with saw palmetto and dwarfish pines, with here and there a spot that might perchance repay the tiller's toil, but on the whole wild and uninviting. . . .

"We looked into every department of the work, counselled as brethren, suggested new modes of action, revived old ideas, instituted better plans of finance, and resolved upon a more exact and thorough organization in everything. Methodism worked by law is what the Church needs. Much of

our labor is bestowed upon fields unfenced, left open, and the devil and the world, to say nothing of better folks, forage upon our plantation, and we are left to glean where we ought to have reaped.

"We have great feasts, but we do not gather up the fragments. We have revivals and ingatherings, but lack in training. Our army is not composed of regulars, but of militia, unorganized, independent. I long to see our Church a compact, serried host, instinct with one spirit, every man stepping to the music of spiritual religion, living harmonious, not bigoted, but warmly denominational. More personal consecration, more family religion, more church communion in social worship; less imitation of other people, a revival of love-feasts, with the world shut out, the doors closed against all but Methodists and penitents; prayer-meetings multiplied, the preachers insisting more and more on the witness of the Spirit, all developed into an improved holiness of heart and life; these are the sources of strength, unity, and prosperity. We need them to save the Church from the schismatic plans of Northern Methodists and the subtle proselytism of the Episcopalians. These last, despairing of building up their own sect by conversions from the world, are beguiling some of our people by shallow talk about succession, confirmation, mother church, our beautiful liturgy. Our young people they are bribing with an assurance of larger liberty in worldly amusements, fasting in Lent purchasing the privilege of dancing the rest of the year.

"On these themes the sons of Wesley have been reticent too long. A stealthy foe is creeping about Zion, mining in the dark, whispering delusive tales to unsuspecting ears, proffering a jubilant welcome to all deserters. The battle with ritualism is to be fought again.

"Our religion ought to be more demonstrative. We need not only the testimony of a harmless, consistent life, but the audible prayer, the falling tear, the happy shout, the liberal hand, the readiness for every good word and work."

He went from Gainesville to Lake City, where there was

a gracious revival, though he was sadly annoyed by the Second Advent people; and then went on his way to Georgia. He reached Bainbridge and preached with power. He was never a controversialist, but the arrogance of High Churchism had stirred him, and he preached his famous sermon on Church Unity. He says:

"For once in my life I gave offence by a sermon I delivered on the true idea of Church Unity. The Episcopalians were insulted because I denied their pretentious, exclusive claims. My language was courteous, and I thought my spirit was Christian. At any rate, I do not abate one jot or one tittle of my declarations. I make no apology for uncovering the folly of High Churchism, and, God helping me, I expect to ventilate the whole subject now and then, here and there, as I judge truth and duty. Verily what means it, that Episcopalians of high and low degree can deride us and all non-Episcopal churches, and call us sects, without clergy or sacraments, and set themselves up as the Church, the only Church, no man objecting to this fustian and nonsense, this brag and bluster; and forsooth if you or I, or any other decent man beg leave to dissent, or to try by scriptural argument, by history, and fact, to show that Methodism is somewhat too, then we are ignorant, vulgar, ill-bred. Bah! On what does this ecclesiastical Cæsar feed that he hath grown so great? For one I will not bow the knee nor hail them as older, wiser, or better than our humble selves.

"I hastened home just in time to see my sister, Mrs. Wiggins, die. The grace of God was glorified in her. Just before she died she said, 'Take me, Saviour, I am ready and willing.'"

He left Louisville with Dr. McFerrin; went to a District Conference at Shelbyville, and went with him to Paris. He says of the doctor:

"Here Dr. McFerrin left me. The doctor's presence and labors were as precious and profitable to the people as his companionship was pleasant to me. I was exceeding loth

to part with him. I love the man, his devotion, his conversation, his speeches, his preaching. In our various wanderings we often meet; and as often part; but I always feel stronger with him by my side, assured as I am of his confidence, sympathy, and prayers." Coming from the bishop's grave, sixteen years later, Dr. McFerrin said, in his peculiar tone, with his eyes brimming with tears, "Never can any man, Smith, be to me what that dead man was."

The bishop says of Kentucky:

"I have travelled much, even from ocean to ocean, but never have I seen a more beautiful country than the region around Lexington. Indeed, all along, by Paris, Mulenburg, Flemingsburg, Mount Sterling, Winchester, back again to Lexington, it is charming.

"We reached Flemingsburg on Wednesday. The meeting began well, grew better, and was altogether a feast of fat things. The baptism of the Spirit upon the people, the shower of grace gently falling, all gave to the occasion a zest to my memory, at least very dear. It was a steady, gentle, soaking rain, which percolates the soil, goes down, and comes up again to moisten and nourish and mature."

He did not like organs, but he did like singing, and he says of Rand:

"We had many songs from Brother Rand, than whom our Israel boasts no sweeter singer; but for the command, 'Thou shalt not covet,' I would envy him. I wish we had more Rands and fewer organs.

"I stopped to dine with Sister Brown, who gave two thousand dollars to the Bishop's Fund in Kentucky. Before leaving I had prayer with her and an old family servant, and read from a Bible three hundred years old."

He went to Shannon to dedicate a church, and says:

"All in good taste, and everything in good order but the preacher. Ah me, I usually keep my troubles to myself, but I shall not forget the tortures of the hour. Did you ever try to preach when you had the toothache, not a little soreness, a twinge of pain, but a sharp, jumping pain, that shoots

down and shoots across till you don't know where the pain is, only you know it is everywhere? Did you?"

He went back to Flemingsburg, preached, and then to Somerset by stage.

"Farewell now, a long farewell, to smooth, rapid travelling. Henceforth it is what the people call a dirt road, which means rocks, roots, gullies, mud, hills, and hollows, all innocent of art or man's device, save on my route to-day where the army had given it a touch of what is known as corduroy.

The Presiding Elder, Brother Bosley, has a hard time, little ministerial help, and some division among the people as to North and South. The last is a sore evil. The day is not distant when they will have houses without congregations, pastors without flocks, their wicked experiment an ignominious failure, and the memory of it a sting and an enduring shame."

In his third letter he says:

"The great contest in Kentucky is not with Northern Methodism, but with Campbellism. The silence of our pulpit on this subject is betraying our people into loose notions of experimental godliness. I am no abettor of strife, or even of controversy, but I insist that ministerial fidelity demands a trumpet-voice against every theory of religion which ignores heart repentance, the new birth, the witness of the Spirit, and revivals.

"Two things surprised me very much: one, that where our people have built Methodist churches they have done so well; the other, that there are so many Union churches. This is all wrong. Good-will, fraternal fellowship, this is right; but let each one have his own house of worship. Are you weak and poor? Build a plain log-house, let it be your own. You cannot develop Methodism without it.

Be Methodists out and out. Keep up all our peculiarities; preach like Methodists; sing like Methodists; pray like Methodists. There is nothing in Methodism to be ashamed of."

He winds up his letter with a fervid appeal for a generous contribution to carry on Church work:

"Train your children in the way they should go. Teach them to love Methodism; carry them with you to the house of God, to the class-meeting, to the love-feast; keep up your Sunday-school; buy books, give work, teach, hunt up the poor and neglected, bring the outcasts in. Pray for a revival. Lord send now prosperity."

In September, after presiding over a number of District Conferences in Georgia, he began his journey to the West, presiding over the Kentucky Conference at Frankfort, and going from thence to the newly organized Illinois Conference which met in Canton. He presided over the Conference and returned home, and made ready for his Western tour, which called him to the Conferences in Arkansas. He has great love for the Arkansas Conference and the Arkansas people. He had great confidence in the future of the State; and while he deplored, what he thought was a lack of enterprise, he had great expectations of the come out. He, for the first time, found himself on a railroad in Arkansas. The train moved through a great cane brake, and just before he reached his journey's end, ran off, leaving him to make his way through the mud as best he could. He was, fortunately, near the place where he was to meet the preachers; from thence they started to Conference. There was no road —only a trail. Dr. Johnson, the portly editor of the *Western Methodist*, was with him in a buggy. In crossing a bayou, he says:

"Just in the middle we bogged, and Dora, the mare, made an honest effort to pull through and failed. We were fast. We cast anchor. Could we walk out? We concluded to lighten ship. One brother rode in leading a horse. I reshipped the Editor, who rode out and looked back very complacently at my distress. Dora, however, now responded very gratefully to my call, and I was soon on dry land.

"We were detained two days in Augusta waiting for a boat. The boat at last came, and we reached Duvall's Bluff. We set out for Pine Bluff, and both parties were bound for a certain stand upon the road, where we were to spend the

night. Just at dusk we overhauled our friends with the carriage stuck fast in the middle of a bayou; we could not cross either above or below. By the aid of a canoe the ladies had been put ashore and had footed it to the stand, fortunately near by. Brothers Field and Cobb, with the help of a youth, were vainly trying to get the carriage out. They had attached the horses to a long chain, but the horses refused to pull. The young man told us if he had Lion and Tiger they would fetch it out with a flirt; but he had turned them out into the field and he could not catch them before morning. Thus our friends were in and we could not get over. So we went back in search of lodging, found a house and begged for quarters. The old lady told us she was not used to so much company, but would take us in and do the best she could. We fared very well. In the morning we all assembled at the bayou. Lion and Tiger were on hand; were yoked and hitched; the word was given, they bowed to the task, but failed. The carriage was fast. We determined to try our mules. A gentleman in a buggy had joined. We made an experimental trip with him and succeeded. Then we took over our own hacks after many efforts. The other vehicle had settled down, and the mud was very tenacious. To start it overtaxed our faithful mules. We shouted, geed, and hawed; got them all to pull together, and thus came out of the slough of despond. All this delay and trouble for want of a bridge twenty feet long."

He spent a week at home and wound up the year by presiding over the South Georgia Conference at Albany.

He wrote to Ella and Claude and the grandchildren, as well as to his wife, on the journey. A few of his letters I give:

"STEAMER MAGENTA, MISSISSIPPI RIVER.
"November 28, 1869.

"MY DEAR ELLA: I have written to all but you and Claude. As I am gently floating down the river I will indite an epistle to my darling first-born. I have had a hard trip this time. I have been in a new, wild country—no rail-

roads, and the common roads innocent of all improvement. Much of my travel is by hired conveyances, just such as I could pick up. Weather often wet and cold. Have slept in houses wellnigh as open as the sky, and fed on the coarsest food. I have just come through the Mississippi bottom, twenty miles wide, one long bed of mud and mire. Am sore in back and bones. Took a boat this morning at two o'clock, lost a night's sleep, and am getting along very slowly. Stop at every landing to take on cotton—have now about a thousand bags aboard, and keep taking on. Expect to get to Vicksburg to-morrow sometime, next day go to Meridian. There hope to hear from you all once more. I wrote Pierce the other day. Wish I had him along. His eyes would stretch wide with the sights of this region. He missed it in his choice of the Kentucky trip.

"Have you received the crockery? I ordered it for you before I left. I hope you have it, and that it gives satisfaction. Tell Johnny that he must get well and come to see me when I get back. Hope to be at home by December 12th. Oh! how I long for it. Tell Carrie I will write to her from Meridian. I keep well, thank God. The boat shakes so, I must stop writing. Love to all. Kiss the children for me, and tell them to kiss you for me. God bless you and yours."

To his Granddaughter.

"STEAMER MAGENTA, November 28, 1869.

"MY DEAR CARRIE: The boat has stopped to take on more cotton, bound for New Orleans, and I will put your letter in with mother's. I wish you could see this steamboat. I am sitting in a saloon nearly two hundred feet long, with splendid carpet on the floor, six large chandeliers overhead, about sixty state-rooms on the two sides—two berths in each—a deck long as the boat above all, and below all the machinery, besides two thousand bales of cotton and merchandise of every kind almost. We have a barber-shop, a kitchen, coops of turkeys and chickens. Roosters are crowing as

cheerily as in your father's yard; in fact, an outfit for living. Wouldn't that be a sight for a little piney-woods girl, who has never seen anything much finer or bigger than an ox-cart? This is a cold day, but there are three stoves in this big room, and I am sitting *comfortably* at a table by myself, far from the fire, writing a letter to my little darling granddaughter. There are several families aboard, and little girls are running all about laughing and playing, like Tommy, Johnny, and Doolie of a rainy day. I shall have to stop, the waiters (black) have come in to set the table for dinner. The cooking is fine. Everything good here. When you sit down a waiter, with a bow, will hand you a piece of printed paper called a *bill of fare*. You will look over it, and tell him what you want. Away he goes, soon he comes back and puts everything down before you. You eat as long as you please. Oh me, you have no such doings down at Eureka—poor things. Well, I had rather be with you eating potatoes than on this big boat with all these fine things. I love you more than you will ever know my darling. God bless you always.

"In much love,

"GRANDFATHER."

In May he made a tour to the West. The bishops were to meet in St. Louis, and as he went he attended a District Conference in Kentucky, of which he writes:

"My first appointment was a District Meeting at Augusta, Ky. Augusta is a nice town on the Ohio River, and was once famous in the history of Kentucky Methodism as the seat of a college, representing the Church in two or three Conferences. Here Durbin, Tomlinson, and Bascom once taught. In 1844 the Church, with a single exception, 'adhered' North, and for twenty-four years the Church South has had neither name nor habitation there. Within the last year we have reorganized, built a beautiful house of worship, gathered together a respectable membership, and have the promise of prosperity. Our meeting was a gracious one. Several persons joined us, and the general effect was propitious. The

reports from the District were encouraging. Every Church interest passed in review. The preachers and delegates were in good spirits and hopeful of the future. Our Church in Kentucky is waxing stronger in numbers, more spiritual in experience, more active in zeal, and it will outlive and outgrow all damage from defection within and opposition from without.

"On Monday the 3d I returned to Cincinnati and took boat at night for Louisville. Here I had left my father, and here I had promised to meet various brethren *en route* to St. Louis. Bishop Andrew was too feeble to go on, and laid over for the night. Leaving him to come on the next day with Dr. Redford, we, with Bishops Paine, McTyeire, Drs. Green, McFerrin, and others, took the cars in the afternoon for the great city of the West. With such goodly company—over good roads—through a beautiful country, our travel was pleasant. Arriving too late for the usual breakfast hour, to save our friends from trouble we all went to the Planter's House, brushed and washed and ate, and prepared for dispersion according to programme. Soon the pastors of the several churches were on hand, and guided us to our various homes. It fell to my lot to inaugurate the services of the occasion by preaching that night. My father and myself were domiciled with Governor Polk, with whom we stayed during the General Conference of 1850. This house is one of the many pleasant homes I have found in my pilgrim wanderings, and that scripture, 'into whatsoever house ye enter there abide,' is no tax upon my taste or my affections, my convenience or my comforts. 'Peace be to this house' and its inmates evermore.

"Now what shall I say more? Time would fail me to tell of the Bishops' Meeting, the 'welcome of the churches,' the missionary services, the dedication, the laying of the corner-stone of the new Centenary Church, the Sunday-school celebration, the visit of the Northern Bishops. Besides, you have published accounts of these things. I need not repeat.

"To all that has been written I will only add that our interview with Bishops Janes and Simpson was courteous,

pleasant, and Christian. On the subject of their mission we had no verbal communication. The correspondence speaks for itself. The whole subject is before the Church—North and South. As the party addressed, your Bishops have answered deliberately, with absolute unanimity among themselves, and in doing so, feel confident that our people will approve their action. It would be indecorous in me to give an opinion now upon the phases of this subject—past, present, or to come.

"I leave it, as you and others find it, in the two communications. There are proper judicatories to discuss and decide the relationships of Northern and Southern Methodism. I hope that no one will agitate the Church by premature debate. Let us 'in patience possess our souls' and in due season the right issue will come about, whatever that may be.

"After a week of much labor we adjourned and dispersed to meet our several engagements. I came with my father and Brother Johnson to Memphis, spent the Sabbath there, preaching twice, and left on Monday to attend the Rome District Meeting at Dalton. Having a day to spare, I went down to Cartersville to see my brother James and family, and spent some hours most agreeably with them and other friends, both old and new. I returned next day to Dalton, was present at the opening sermon, preached by Brother Parks, and remained till Sabbath night, when I took the cars for home. The meeting was one of the best in all respects. Over one hundred delegates were present, and all alive and awake. I preached every day, as usual. Some bright conversions,—some at the altar and one in the closet at home. This looked like old times. The religious element was strong and active in our business meetings. On Saturday afternoon for an hour or two we were 'quite on the verge of heaven.' The Spirit did not come as a rushing mighty wind, but he did distil as a gentle dew—soft and refreshing. Our hearts warmed and mellowed and melted. The Presiding Elder, who is not very demonstrative, was transported with joyous emotion; the pastor, though no stranger to the melting mood, rained happy

tears; the Sunday-school agent 'laughed and cried;' 'the old men dreamed dreams and the young men saw visions.' Verily it was a time of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. It was a divine baptism, rich in present enjoyment and promising yet better things to come. It was a blessing which will tell on whole households, and, I trust, on generations to come. The theme of conversation was the conversion of the young, and the wonderful dealings of God's Spirit with children. Many facts and incidents illustrating the general subject were given, and all were made to feel that the 'little ones' of the country offered a field of labor 'white unto the harvest.'

"I am busy, preparing for a long service in Arkansas."

When he reached St. Louis he expected letters from home. He was anxious to hear, and when his mail came, and there was none, he was sadly disappointed. Naturally impatient, he wrote to his wife a rather sharp, querulous letter. This letter was followed by another the next mail.

"ST. LOUIS, May 10, 1864.

"MY DEAREST ANN: I have been so disappointed here that I have been ill-natured, I fear. You know my infirmity. The Lord bless you, my dear. I would not bring a tear to your eye or sadness upon your spirits for any earthly consideration. I love you and the children so much that anything like *even seeming* neglect cuts me. It is strange how my letters miscarry. Mary's was eight days on the way. Ella's came in four. I hope you get all of mine; I write every chance. My time is hurried of necessity. Business, company, keep me occupied. I steal enough to drop you all a line; it is the best I can do. Shall have a heap to tell you. Pa is improving. Bishops all here, but Early. Great time yesterday. Love to all and most of all to you."

His own modest account of his sermon is in striking contrast with that of one of the brightest men of his time, Dr. Alexander Clark.

"It was our privilege to hear Bishop Pierce, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in St. Louis, on Sabbath, October 13th, morning and evening. Seldom, if ever, have we been permitted to hear so much pure Gospel compacted into single sermons. He is one of the plainest and yet most eloquent of men. There is no effort, no affectation, no waste of breath or word; but from the first utterance to the last, the simplest Anglo-Saxon language, the clearest logic, the richest imagery, and the most earnest spirit. His sermons are rather suggestive than exhaustive. He sends his hearers away with new texts ringing in their mind and soul, and ordains them all preachers to themselves. In the morning, so like an outline his discourse, and so anxious were we to hear certain thoughts more fully elaborated, that we were impatient with him for closing such a winning gospel scene and story in a meagre fifteen minutes; but when we consulted our watch, lo, he had spoken fifty minutes. That was preaching. We shall not attempt any analysis of such a sermon.

"In the evening we were still more pleased and profited. In the splendid Centenary Church, of which our friend, Brother Linn is pastor, we again listened to Bishop Pierce. His theme was 'The Bread of Life.' How he fed that immense congregation! He seemed to handle the very kernels of the Gospel. How sweet they were to the taste. For elegance of diction, naturalness of tone and manner, and grace of presence, we have seldom heard the equal of Bishop Pierce. In defining faith, for instance, he said, 'Faith is not an act, but a course of action; not a paroxysm, but a habit.' He explained justification by faith in new terms, and gave the doctrine such depth and breadth and *continuance of power* as to magnify it more and more. This central theme is the very bread of the Gospel. It blesses day by day. It is the secret and source of the Christian life.

"Bishop Pierce is sixty-one years of age and resides in Georgia. His father, Lovick Pierce, now eighty-eight, is also a distinguished minister of the South, and occasionally preaches with almost apostolic power."

He returned to Georgia, and after a little while at home he made his way to Arkansas and held a district meeting, of which he gives an account. To reach Jacksonport, where it was held, he took a route he graphically describes:

"Long years ago, when this was a Territory, the government cut a path through this boundless contiguity of State, and in reverence of the powers that be, it has been loyally let alone; no man hath touched it, either to mend or mar. But few have travelled it, and these never will repeat it, if they can help it. Along here a man feels lonely, even with a companion. The immense forest, the unbroken solitude, the voice of the wind, wailing in mournful cadence, the stagnant ponds, the wide lagoons, the everlasting shadows become oppressive in their dreariness; one feels lost, forsaken, forgotten.

"All was silence and desolation. One lone grave brought a deeper sadness over my thoughts and feelings. Who sleeps there? Perhaps God only knows."

After this hard ride he preached at night, and again the next morning, and left for Batesville.

Then to Batesville, then Fair View, on the way to which they reached an angry stream, which, he says, "We swam the team and cooned a pole, and crossed." Weary he came to Searcy, and preached; thence to Red Oak, and thence homeward.

When he reached home he wrote of his journey:

"I have just finished my tour in Arkansas, and am now returning to my home in Georgia. In my plan the district meeting was to begin on the night of the 23d of June, but the presiding elder misunderstood the time, and began in the morning. So, on my arrival in the afternoon, I found the meeting under full headway. There was a fair attendance of delegates, and our services were deeply spiritual and profitable. The church was a very small one, and so the neighbors resorted to the old device of a bush arbor. The weather was warm, and this out-door worship was pleasant to the congregation, but the wind was strong, and this made hard

work for the preacher. Nevertheless I preached every day, and felt no damage.

"After dinner, and much talk of the olden times, we resumed our journey. Such a road! I shall not attempt to describe it—I cannot do justice to the subject. There is one consolation about it. One or two more heavy rains will wind up its history as a road. The people must stay at home or cut out another way. I and my companions are among the last who will ever travel this one. I passed over it thirteen years ago with some ease and comfort, but the wear and tear of time, and use, and rain have reduced it to roots and gullies and holes. It defies amendment. It is done, 'gone up.'

"We reached El Dorado about night, and were assigned to Brother Smith, in whose house I found a home, and no little kindness. To himself and wife I am debtor for much polite attention. They gave more than 'a cup of cold water.' The Lord reward them. The district meeting was not so well attended as I had hoped. It was a busy time with the farmers —the very crisis of the crop; but we had a good, useful time. Some brethren came to see what sort of a thing a district meeting was, having a vague idea that it was one of the *innovations* which had crept in to mar old Methodism. But, on acquaintance, they gave it the right hand of fellowship, and took it into full connection. One brother said he found that, except the preaching, it was nothing but a district class-meeting, and he enjoyed it very much, and expected to attend it every time.

"From this point I had to retrace my steps by Camden and Little Rock. It was the same thing over again, except that I started with the hack, and wound up with the coach this time. The only incident on the way was, that we found one creek swimming, and the driver declared it impassable. At any rate, the mail must run no risk of a wetting. The passengers were all as anxious as I to get on. So, after consultation, the four men who were along determined to wade in to a log, one of them carrying the mail-bag, and so got

over. I persuaded the driver that with the empty hack we could swim the stream in safety. I got on the box with him, and we put in; the horses bore up well against the current, and when their feet touched bottom they made haste to pull us out, and we all reached 'the other side.' We had a rainy day, a heavy drive, and did not reach Little Rock till near ten at night. Stopped at the Anthony House, went to bed at once, slept soundly, rose early, ate breakfast, crossed the river, now much swollen, and once more took my seat in a railroad train. What a transition! How delightful to a weary pilgrim! Reached Duvall's Bluff in good time, found the Natoma waiting, went on board, got a berth, lay down, rested well till next morning."

In August he began his journey to the West, with Pierce, Ella's son, as his companion. He writes:

"ST. LOUIS, August 31, 1869.

"MY DEAREST ANN: Well, my dear, I left you with more reluctance than usual this time, and yet with a feeling of confidence that all will be well with us. I shall have a long, hard trip, but I can bear *more* hardship with *less* inconvenience than any one I know. I can stand it all, if I can be useful. Your patient, quiet submission to the trials to which my office subjects you, elevates, dignifies, and endears you to me above measure. What would I do with a feeble complaining wife? You are a blessing to me. The Church ought to honor you as well as I. Indeed your praise is in all the churches. The preachers often tell me: 'Bishop, you are very fortunate in your wife.' They do not know it as well as I do. God bless you and keep you. Hope you got my letter from Odin, Ill. I long to hear from you all. I shall expect a letter by Thursday. Love to all, and to you, my darling. Kiss the girls, *married* and *single*, and all the little *posterities*."

"ST. LOUIS, September 3, 1869.

"MY DEAR ELLA: Your letter came to-day. Thank you. Sorry for George, but if the arm is *well* set, he will soon

be well. A child's bones knit very readily. I will write to Claude. I thank you for letting Pierce come with me. He is a great comfort to me. Behaves well and is very observant of things and men. I thank God Carrie has come into the Church. Do right, my dear daughter, and God will give you all your children to go with you. Pierce was touched deeply when I read to him about Carrie and Doolie. He was deeply affected at the camp-meeting in Illinois. I will write to Carrie as soon as I can. Oh! that I may hear again this week from home and all of you. The weather is pleasant here, nights cool. I have some notion of going to Utah. Ask mother how she will like for me to bring back two or *three more wives?* I may not get as far either in distance or matrimony I certainly do not want to be overmuch married. Pierce and I keep well. I may send a box by express. I have too many clothes along. No room for anything. Love to all. Kiss the children. God bless you all. In haste."

"September 13, 1869.

"MY DEAR ANN: Preached here yesterday morning. Went to Westport, four miles distant, to preach; at night came back in a storm of wind and rain. Had a restless night, slept but little. Was to have left this morning for St. Joseph. The omnibus failed to come for me and so I am detained till the next train. Have an appointment to-night at St. Joseph; expect to get there in time. As I am here, I will write to my beloved. Time mellows my affection and makes separation more painful. It is my happiness to make you happy. If my ability were equal to my will, you should have no want unsupplied, no shadow should mar the brightness of your spirit, your home should be an Eden, and your life a song, cheerful as a sunbeam. But I cannot do as I would. And sometimes I fear I do not do as well as I might. If I fail in anything you must forgive, for I always, at heart mean well. No man living is more devoted to his family than I. My office cuts me off from intercourse and communion, but my heart is always warm, and my thoughts always busy with the

interests of those I love so much. The present trip is a heavy tax on my feelings, yet I am cheerful, always busy, as I hope, doing some good. The preachers say if *I* would take charge of this Conference for the next four years the Church would rise and shine. My style of preaching seems to be brand new to them. Lord help me to do my duty! I have the prospect of a very pleasant arrangement for my trip to the Indian Nation. We are making up a team and propose to camp out. Pierce is delighted with the prospect. We are cut out of our jaunt on the Plains. Sorry on his account. But we have a travel of several hundred miles ahead, through Kansas and the Indian Territory. He is keeping a journal; a rare production. I think he will be happy when we turn our faces homeward. He is a great comfort to me; sticks close to me all the time."

"KANSAS CITY, September 13, 1869.

"MY DEAR CLAUDE: I have been intending to write to you particularly ever since I heard of George's accident. But the next letter assured me he was doing as well as could be expected, and so I was not hurried to address you a *word of comfort*. Only be careful he does not hurt his arm, and he will be well in a month. I have sent him a nice suit for winter. I hope they will fit him. It was a guess as to size. Trust they will strike his fancy and serve him well.

"Human life has many shadows, and they are projected sometimes very suddenly across our path. You may look for them, not by way of anticipation, but as the incidents of trial and discipline. Let them come, but do not fret or repine. Remedy promptly what you can—endure patiently what you must. *Indulge no feeling which makes you unhappy.* Adopt no opinion which excites, irritates, or depresses. It is our duty to be as happy as we can. If there be a *shadow*, there must be *light* somewhere. The one implies the other. Do not linger. Make haste into the sunshine. 'Let the dead bury their dead.' It is sad work anyhow. There are always other duties to occupy us. Devote yourself to them,

and in occupancy of time and thought forget the trouble that would make you wretched. Accept all the appointments of Providence. In the line of the Divine will there is always more enjoyment than could be found in any imaginary state of things. You have a good, kind husband, lovely children, are too poor to be luxurious and vain, too rich to suffer serious want, and on the whole have a fine chance for happiness. Pure religion and enough of it will fill up *all* the *chinks*. How much your father loves you perhaps you will never know. Whatever he can do to make you good, happy, blest, will always be done.

"Write me a long letter in about two weeks to Little Rock, Ark. The rest will write to the intervening places.

"I have sent little Claude her cup in the box. It was the best I could do. Hope she will like it. Tell her I have a pair of bracelets for her too. Do not let her forget Grandfather."

At Chillicothe, the place at which the Missouri Conference had its session, he was taken with a chill, and was quite sick for several days. He, however, rallied, and made his way to Baxter Springs, in the Nation, which place he reached in good time. His successive letters give a very satisfactory account of his long and weary journey. The journals of Asbury and McKendree have in them few passages which tell a story of more heroic endurance than this feeble, worn-sick man of fifty-eight years, going through the wilds of the Far West.

Coming to Northwestern Arkansas through the Nation, he writes:

"BAXTER SPRINGS, September 25, 1869.

"MY DEAR ANN: If any letters informing you of my sickness have come to hand, I fear you will be uneasy. I am glad to say, although I risked a good deal in travelling so soon, I have continued to improve. To-day I feel pretty strong, but suffer with *neuralgia* in my limbs. I struck a tri-weekly line of stages at this point and have had to lie here all day and two nights before I can start again. This

is a *smart* prairie town, but I think as ungodly a set of people as I ever saw. I stay in my room in order to shut out from my ears the oaths and blasphemies that abound in every company. The wickedness of the earth is great. I wonder Heaven does not destroy it.

"I am sad to think how long it is before I can hear from you. But there is no help. My disappointment at C—— was great, but cannot think you were to blame. You must have made some mistake in the directions, or put off writing too long. No use to complain, the milk is spilt, the sauce is gone. I trust you all keep well. The box, too, I hope, has come and the contents distributed to the delight of the children. Bless their little souls, how I would like to see them! Kiss them all for grandfather.

"Pierce saw some Indians yesterday, and to-day has been much excited. He follows them about the street from store to store. He will be tired of them before the end of next week.

"Tell Isham to *fatten the hogs*. Give them some copperas, sulphur, ashes, and salt once a week, for a time or two. He must feed them high. Change their food by cooking, or soaking, or grinding. Give them some charcoal. We have but few—we must make the most of them."

"September 27th.

"After a long, hard, unpleasant trip I reached this place (Fort Gibson) yesterday afternoon—preached last night and again to-day. I am not well, but better. I have an attack of neuralgia in my legs, which for three days and nights allowed me no rest. I suffered much, but, thank God, I am easy to-day. Rested well last night. To-morrow we start, with two or three whites and six or seven Indians, for Ocmulgee. Have to camp out one night. Oh, that I had told you to write to this place! The mails here are as regular as in the States. God bless you all. Write to Little Rock after October 10th till November 15th.

"I hope the children all got their presents in the box.

How does Johnny like his cup? Write to Fayetteville, Ark. Give me all the news. I long to see you all. Heaven bless you and all the rest.

"FORT GIBSON, September 28, 1869.

"MY DEAR CARRIE: I have written to you but once, and I will not have a chance again very soon, so I write now. Pierce is in high glee with the Indians and the ponies. He has found one to his fancy, but the man will not sell him.

"We are now in the midst of the Cherokees. In the morning we start for the Creek Nation. Then we shall see them by the hundred. They will be at the Conference and at the council, as they call their legislature. We shall see them civilized, semi-civilized, and wild.

"We have had a heap of hard travel. Pierce stands it very well. The cooking does not suit him very well. An old Indian woman told him to-day she would take him for a Cherokee boy. He blushed. I have been sick, but am getting well again. Keep moving.

"Tell mother I have a *nice present* for her. She may guess what it is till I come. She will miss every guess, I reckon. You and Doolie can guess too. Pierce is writing a journal; you will be interested in reading it. He grows and fattens."

"OCMULGEE, October 2, 1869.

"MY DEAREST ANN: Here I am in the midst of the Creek Indians. They are here by the hundred—men, women, and children. It is Saturday night. The Conference adjourned this evening. Preach to-day; expect to preach in the morning, and next day to start for Arkansas. I long for the white settlements. The cooking here does not suit me. I am losing flesh every day. I have come down to one hundred and fifty pounds. It is still two weeks and more before I can hear from home. I fear another disappointment at Fayetteville. It is an out-of-the-way place. All this is hard to bear. I never was more anxious to hear. Pierce and I write from every place we stop at. Hope you have bet-

ter luck than we. I have written to every member of the family except Robert; will write to him soon. I have written to you eight or ten times. I have had no more chills, but legs feel worn out with neuralgia. The pain is gone, but the exhaustion remains. I work as usual and feel no bad effects. I shall expect a pile of letters at Little Rock. I want to know everything about Sunshine and the family Has George got well? Stir up Claude to write to me. Ella has done pretty well; Doc is lazy. Well, good-night. God bless you all. Kiss everybody.

"P S. Got back to Fort Gibson this morning. All safe. Just drank some of the best coffee I ever saw. Feel better. Now I turn my face south, the way home. Two months ahead. Let us learn to wait."

He at last reached Fayetteville, and writes to his grandson:

"FAYETTEVILLE, October, 1869.

"MY DEAR TOMMIE: Grandfather and brother got to this place in good time. We have travelled a long ways, and have seen a heap of things. Big rivers, high mountains, land without any trees, and ever so many Indians. One Sunday grandfather preached to a thousand. The Indians were camped out under the trees with bed-quilts hung on poles. They brought all their ponies and dogs and children. It was a sight. Pierce was all eyes. I wish you could have seen them too. Up here in these mountains there are more *big red* apples than you could eat in a life-time. Buddie eats three or four every day. He has not got his pony yet. Both of us want to see you very much. I hope you will be a good boy; you must not laugh at school. Study hard—never miss a lesson. Try to be the smartest and best boy at Culverton. We will come back as soon as we can.

"Your affectionate

"GRANDFATHER."

"FAYETTEVILLE, ARK., October 19, 1869.

"MY DEAR ANN: We reached this place safely, sound

in body, happy in spirit, yesterday evening. This morning received your letter, the first since I left home.

"Sorry you have been unhappy about me. I was very sick for three days, but have had no symptoms of a chill or fever since. My travel has been long, hard, rough; have preached daily and yet improved. I have lost flesh, but feel well. Pierce and I will have many things to tell when we get back. The trip has been an advantage to him in many ways. He is fat, almost as thick as Lovick.

"Tell Mary I think she had better fix on December 14th. The 9th might do. I expect to get home on the 8th, but may fail. It is a long road, and many connections have to be made. Glad to hear that she is so happy. I trust it is all for the best. I am content. Glad the children were pleased with their little presents. Tell Ella I have a little present for her. I will explain when we meet. It was a curious circumstance. Sorry my cotton is not doing better. My finances will run low this winter; but we shall live, I trust. I cannot do all I intended, I fear. Keep Isham busy about the hogs; they must be made fat. Do not kill till I get back. We are very comfortably fixed up here. Nice room, spring bed, good eating, pleasant family. The hardest part of our trip is behind us. Some long rides yet ahead. Conference opens in the morning. To-day is cloudy and cold up in these mountains. Much work is laid out for me all along the way By divine help I shall bear up very well. Hope I have done some good on this trip.

"About fifty days of absence yet. It is hard to bear, and yet I am busy and cheerful. Let us all be patient. Time flies apace. I will write to the girls from here. Kiss them and all the dear little grandchildren for me. I don't think I ever loved you so much, or wanted to see you so *longingly*. Pray for me as I do for you and all the precious ones at home."

He writes to Claude:

"I have seen much this trip of life in a new country. Not much temptation to move in it all. I have seen some of the

finest land I ever saw. It can be bought very low; almost nothing when compared with its intrinsic value. A man offers me a thousand acres if I will have it settled. Do you offer? *Beautiful, rich*, and *not very healthy*—can you stand it? If we were all there together I would like it, as a *man*, but it does not suit *me* as a preacher, still less as a *bishop*. I will tell you all about it face to face.

"I have been in the woods and know nothing of the world or its doings for the last three weeks. Picked up a paper to-day which tells me that the Ku Klux have killed *two thousand negroes* in Warren County, Ga. ! ! ! The Ku Klux are growing savage, very; I suppose Warren will have to *import* labor next year. Try to keep them out of Hancock till I can make another crop. As Falstaff said, this world is mightily given to lying.—*President Grant!* 'Let us have peace'—Amen. We shall see what we shall see. I have heard some good things of Grant lately. He has the best chance to be *the great man* of history of any now upon the stage. 'What will he do with it?' The future will answer, to his glory or to his shame.

"Tell George he must quit having chills. I want to see him fat and rosy when I get back. Tell Claude grand fardie will bring her a present. She must be good and sweet.

"Go to see 'mother,' as often and stay as long as you can. Cheer up the *dear old soul*. I trust I shall reach Sunshine by the 12th of December at least, perhaps a day earlier. Be sure I shall not tarry willingly at any point. 'Days of absence sad and dreary,' that's my song now.

"God bless you all. No family ever had a more loving head.

"Peace and every blessing be yours, my darling daughter.

"Kiss the dear children for me. Love to Henry too."

The Fayetteville district meeting met at Pea Ridge. He came by Bentonville, where he preached in an open unfinished house to a congregation shivering in the cold wind. The people wept, and we may be sure the preacher too. He

made his way to Huntsville, and on the way stopped at Dr. Dailey's, who he says had found Cowper's Lodge in some vast wilderness, a boundless contiguity of shade. His route lay along the hills of the White River, on the borders of precipices, through gorges and chasms. He reached Huntsville and went out to Ratskin to preach, walked nearly a mile, a great many people were out to hear him, too many to give him room in the pulpit, but he stood on the floor face to face with his hearers. He had journeyed over hills and rocks and mountains for three weeks. He was among the mountains of N. W. Arkansas. He says here they raised the finest apples in the world. They were sent to the Indian Nation and to Texas, and sold for ten cents a piece. He reached Dardanelle by the 4th, and Little Rock by the 18th November, and writes to his wife and Claude:

"DARDANELLE, November 4, 1869.

"MY DEAR ANN: I finished a trip of one hundred and sixty miles in a private conveyance this evening, just before sundown. Tired and stiff, but well. I am thankful to my Heavenly Father. Here I got your letter and one from Carrie. Glad to hear that all are so well. So may it be to the end.

"Hope you went to the fair and enjoyed it. I have had a cold enough ride for a week past. Have been among the mountains all the time. Real *Arkansas fare* all the time. I have enjoyed myself very well. Have had no money for two or three weeks, and happily have had no call for any. Here I shall begin to fill up again and hope to be full handed once more. The Lord bless you and the children. Tell them all to write to me. You, Ella, and Carrie have written, that is the total of my receipts. This is the ninth I have written. Every blessing to you. Love to all."

"LITTLE ROCK, November 18, 1869.

"MY DEAR CLAUDE: You are last in correspondence but not the least in my thoughts and affections. I have

written to all the rest. I intended to follow the order of nature and taken you all according to *birth*, but Ann was in trouble about the death of her child, and I changed my programme, and thus the *middle* one got to be the last. Well, better thus than not at all. Supposing you have heard from me up to date, I need not refer to the past.

"I finished White River Conference by reading out the appointments Sunday night. Yesterday I came to this place, and here I rest till Saturday. If I had known the schedule upon the roads out here I might have saved a week and got home that much earlier. But the water is spilt and cannot be gathered up again. It is eighteen days before I can reach home.

"I have had a good time all along the line of travel. No drawback on my enjoyment, save the sometimes unpleasant duties of my office. I have had some tax on my feelings in disposing of some brethren, and they are hurt with me I know. But I am right, and am sustained by the people and the Conference. With a clear conscience I can stand some fault-finding.

"I hope to get a letter from you yet; if not here, at Camden. Every spare moment I look in upon you all and find myself planning for your comfort. When the picture is all finished bright and beautiful the sad conviction that I *cannot* do as I *would* mars wellnigh all of it. I *will* do what I can to help along; so be cheerful, hope to the end.

"Kiss all the children for me. The Lord bless you and yours ever more."

In good time he reached Sunshine, and a few days after Mollie was married to Dr Dudley Alfriend.

Bishop Pierce was no longer a young man, but to those of us who had known him all our lives he never grew old. He was so bright, so vivacious, so springy, he worked so unceasingly that he always seemed young even to the end. His father was by his side, still vigorous in mind and wonderfully elastic in body. The old doctor, as he was now commonly called, was the oldest effective Methodist preacher in the world.

He had an appointment among his South Georgia brethren as Sunday-school agent, and still led their delegation in the General Conference. He lived now with his son George, as he always called the bishop; they differed in many points of opinion, but their differences were always harmless. The doctor was counted among the progressives in Church economy, but was exceedingly conservative with reference to theological formulas. The bishop cared little for exactness of theological definition, provided the great practical truths of the Bible were regarded. He had little say on subjects controverted among evangelical Christians, but held himself to the great primal truths, which were accepted alike by all. When the Augusta Presbytery met in his village he was called upon to preach every day, and he gave his daughter, without hesitancy, to a good Baptist. His father grew more theological as he grew older, and delighted in profound speculation and careful discussion. The bishop abjured it all. The General Conference was to meet in Memphis in May. It gave Bishop Pierce no little concern. The lay-delegate feature he did not like, he was in doubt as to what would be the result. The Church had shown its feeling toward the eliminating of the suffix South, and had refused to do it. The bishop in California in 1860 was disposed to lop it off, the bishop in Georgia in 1880 had no such desire. The course of the M. E. Church in making a sweeping invasion of the South, and in troubling Israel, had led him to the decided opinion that geography should control church movements now as it had done always in the past, and he could see no reason why the North should let Canada alone, and come to Georgia, nor why the Southern Church should be more concerned about the sinners of Ohio, than she was about the sinners of Nova Scotia. He did not have much confidence in, nor much concern for, formal fraternity. Personally, he had a very kindly feeling for the members of the M. E. Church, but he was decided in his opinion that they knew not what spirit they were of when they sought to disintegrate and absorb the Southern Church.

The removal of time limit would come up again. He knew that the leading stationed preachers were many of them, perhaps most of them, anxious for its removal, and were not at all willing to leave the matter still, and the course that the laymen would take was still a question; but when it came to the test it was found the laymen were more conservative than the preachers. The time limit was not removed, and the decisive rebuke the friends of the measure received has quieted agitation from that day to this. The Northern Church sent two honored Bishops to ask for a restoration of fraternal relations. For true fraternity Bishop Pierce had a great longing. He was willing to go as far and do as much as any man for that. So the movement met his approval.

His old friend, Bishop Andrew, in a speech of inimitable pathos, bade his brethren farewell, and, turning to the Bishop, said: "God bless you, George; I rejoice at your triumph, and pray that you may live long." At this Conference his heart was made glad by the election of his young friend Haygood to the new office of Sunday-school secretary. While Haygood was a young student he had known him in college. He had been his father's colleague, and the pastor of his family, and his son's classmate in college, and his chaplain in the army. The Bishop had tried him in very important places, and he had met all his demands. He was a very proud, brainy, young Georgian; he expected much from him, and he was glad that the Conference recognized his true worth, and placed him in so responsible a position. The Bishop was never obstinate; and when he found that the lay delegation had come like a sea-wall, as a breakwater against dangerous innovation, he was not less gratified that some of its friends were disappointed. At this Conference Dr. Jno C. Keener was elected a Bishop.

He wrote home regularly, but we have only a fragment to Claude:

"MEMPHIS, TENN., May 11, 1870.

"MY DEAR CLAUDE: Oh, if my power were equal to my will and my affection, I would wrap your fortune

in sunshine, and the currents of life should all make music as they run. May your soul prosper in faith and peace and every good thing.

"Write to me. This is a poor letter, but shows a willing mind and loving heart. God bless you all."

In the early part of 1870 his old friend Wesley Arnold died. They had moved side by side for over forty years. Arnold was not a great man, as men count greatness, but he had a royal soul. For years he had a large property for a Methodist preacher, and lived in his own home, and under his roof his old presiding elder found a glad shelter. He was withal a simple, unambitious, earnest soul-winner. He fell at his post. The Bishop says in his memorial note:

"These bereavements are a terrible reduction from the sources of our earthly happiness, but the transfer of our friends vastly endears the hope of heaven and reunion. The shadows are stealing over us, and the struggling light of life grows dim; but there is a world where the sky wears no cloud, and the day never darkens into night. I hope to shake hands with my friend again, and renew, under the tree of life, the communion which for a season death has dissolved."

He returned from the General Conference deeply impressed with the responsibilities now resting upon him as virtually the Senior Bishop of the Church. He could not but see that great changes were passing over the Church as well as the country. His visits to the districts, his close investigation into Church affairs, had revealed to him the fact that many things he had valued as all important were being lost sight of, and the churches were making innovations which he did not think were improvements. This state of things troubled him, and he tried earnestly to correct it. It will not be denied that the Bishop made few new sermons at this period of his life, and that his preaching was rather practical and didactic than brilliant or declamatory was true. He certainly did not aim at display at any time; his brilliance was native to his youth. Nor do I think he especially curbed himself

now. His plainer style was the demand of his growing years. His English was pure, his thoughts well expressed, his delivery impressive, and he rarely preached without unction. Now and then the old fire would burst out and would blaze with the brilliance of other days. During the year 1870 he was continually on the wing, rarely at home, always at work. In the early part of this year he sold Sunshine to Judge Turner, his son-in-law, and removed his home to Brightside, as he called his new place, three miles away from Sunshine, and near a mile from Sparta. Mollie was now married to Dr. Alfriend, and lived near by. Ann was married to James A. Harley, a promising young lawyer and the son of a Baptist preacher, and a Baptist himself. George was the leading young lawyer of the county and a member of the Legislature, and was giving promise of great distinction. Lovick was a prosperous merchant in Sparta. The old doctor lived with the Bishop; Ella and Claude lived near by. On the third of February of each year he had the whole tribe, as he called them, to a birthday dinner. Every year the number was greater, but with him the more the merrier. It was a royal feast. Friends from afar came to these birthday dinners, and Christian merriment ruled the hour. Fond of his pipe, the Bishop and his father and the visiting brother sought the study and smoked the pipe of peace, while the children romped and the good mistress of ceremonies with her benevolent face beaming looked on it all. The meeting always wound up with the baptism of the babies and prayer by the venerable grandfather. The farm being given up, all the power of the man was thrown into the one work of overseeing the Church. He never seemed to tire. He would not spare himself; he travelled by night, but would not take a sleeper, and sat bolt upright and slept as he sat. He never allowed anything to deter him, anything to discourage, anything to impede, anything to depress him.

Sunshine had been a happy home, he had planted all the trees with his own hand, the granite hot-house he had had built from granite quarried on the place. The scuppernong

arbor had grown from the vine he had planted years before, but it was to be the home of his first-born, and he was not to be far away.

In April he visited Broad River Circuit, in Wilkes County, to dedicate the new church built at Independence. This church was in his first district, and again in his second, and was in one of the best neighborhoods in the State. His young friend John W Hiedt, now chancellor of the Southwestern University, was on the circuit. He had but a short time before this left his law office for the pulpit. He had been doing very hard and very useful work.

The Bishop says:

"To do Brother Hiedt justice he may be a great preacher, I do not know, I never heard him; but he is great in the only sense that is of much value to the Church. He is doing good, leading men to repentance and a new life, and adding them to the hosts of Zion. What of all preaching that falls short of this? Oh what?

"I will only add, we had good old Methodist singing; it was refreshing. I have seen many a sermon beat in its moral effect by a song. The sermon was droughty, but the song was a shower; but under the new ways I have never seen a congregation subdued, melted, or happy, and I never expect to. I have heard and seen a good deal of mental phrenzy about the alto, and the basso, and the soprano, but I never saw any penitential tears. I am not old enough or fool enough to be a fogy, but I am afraid I shall outlive some things that are vital to aggressive Methodism."

After he returned home he prepared for a journey to the northeastern section of the State, a section he had never as yet visited. The Rev. John H. Grogan, at that time a local preacher, though he had been for years in the active work, met him at the railroad, and took him in his buggy for a long tour. He began his journey proper in the County of Elbert, in which Bishop Andrew was born, and at the old Bethlehem Church where Bishop Asbury used to preach; he says of it:

"The house was old, somewhat out of joint, and the pulpit a nondescript thing, hard to get in or out of, a close fit for a large man."

He noticed a stove sitting in the aisle, and asked why it was there. They told him they had not yet decided to bring it in, nor where to put it. He, however, gave these good people a lecture on a new church, which has long since borne its fruit, for there are few better country churches than Bethlehem is now. Going to Hartwell, and stopping at the base of the Curahee, with a clever host, he made his way through the hills of Habersham. He reached a country church where he preached by the dim light of two tallow candles. He did not specially complain of Ebenezer, but writes to the churches a homily on providing light:

"Preaching is not the work of darkness, our churches ought to shine. Trim the lamps, snuff the candles, get more of them; light is a means of grace, a symbol of truth."

He went from Ebenezer to Tallulah Falls. He says he was disappointed; it was not what he expected to see. This, however, was not the fault of this wondrous spectacle. He had simply a wrong idea of what it was. His description of it, however, as it is, is one of the finest which has fallen from his pen. He says:

"The scene is weird and terrible. The walls of rock on either side the stream, the altitude when you look up from below, and the abysmal depths when you gaze downward, the roar and foam of the tumbling waters, the awful solitude, all combine to make the place worth visiting. In peril of life and limb you must go down the precipitous side of the yawning chasm, stand awhile amid its mist and spray, as the firm rock hurls back the current as it comes, charging like a Mameluke, and then crawl back with panting breath, and, when wearied and exhausted you reach the top, you will feel like you have been somewhere and seen something."

Leaving Tallulah he rode along the wild banks of Tiger-tail Creek, and over the hills which separate the valleys, into the beautiful little valley in which the small village of Clay-

ton is located. Here he found the crowd so great that no church could hold them, and he preached under an oak. After preaching he was requested to make an address at the laying of a corner-stone of a Masonic lodge. He found himself, for the first time perhaps in his life, entirely out of material for a speech. He, however, mounted the rock which was to be his rostrum, when a sudden shower relieved the embarrassment, and the speech was not made. They told him the Tallulah could not be crossed, but he rode on and crossed it on horseback ; and after making quite a detour they crossed an angry creek, and he reached his preaching-place. He heard some one preaching. It was a Baptist preacher, who had ridden twenty-five miles to see and hear the Bishop. "We marched in," said the Bishop, "four of us. The brother in the pulpit, like Zachariah when he had seen a vision, made haste to come down. I went into the pulpit, and for the first time in my life, without singing or prayer, began to preach. There was a good time, shaking hands and shouts of victory. I went home with Brother Robertson, but the rain continued to fall. It rained and rained."

As soon as the clouds lifted he went to Nacoochee, and preached in this charming and beautiful valley ; then came by Clarkesville and Carnesville, past the historic Salem Church, in which the family of William J. Parks used to worship. He says, as suggested by something which occurred in one of these country churches,

"Preachers are corrupted, churches ruined, by big sermons, which accomplish nothing. I want the bolt that strikes and rends and burns. What of grace, style, and elocution, if penitence sheds no tears, and faith feels no rapture. The sermon which bears fruit will do very well, while the grandest intellectual effort which leaves a congregation without conviction is a failure, splendid perhaps, but a failure still."

He had now almost completed his circuit, and from Brother Sander's, near Danielsville, a ride of twenty miles over rough roads would bring him to the railway in time for the morning train. So rising at one o'clock he made his

way to Athens. To one who has never travelled over these roads and known something of these streams, the story of the Bishop's journey, as told by him, will give but a faint impression of the labor undergone and the privation endured.

He made a visit to South Carolina, and returned by Augusta, where his brother-in-law, Dr. Mann, was in charge of the church. He stopped with him a few days and preached. The great crowds who used to throng the church in his early and later ministry were missing now, and he says :

"The four years' rule and the organized choir have well nigh ruined one of the finest churches in the State." After a little while at home he visited his old friend, Ferdinand Phinizy, and went with him to an appointment at Prospect, in Clarke County, a church in which he had preached in 1830 before he entered the Conference, when Prospect was an appointment on the Appalachee Circuit. He went up to the church in which John W Glenn's family used to worship, and preached there and at Homer, a small hamlet in Banks.

In August he went over to the camp-meeting at Lincoln, John Knight was there. The bishop says of him: "As David said by Goliah's sword, 'There is none like that, give it to me:' oh! if John P Duncan had been here. Fill a man with the love of God, thrill him with the hope of heaven, let the Spirit bear witness with his spirit, there will be shouts and tears. The secret will out, the tongue of fire is never dumb, the electric cloud will flame and flash ; ay, and thunder too.

"So here we are. They cried, they shouted, they shook hands, they exhorted ; so will it ever be, when the Church comes out of her vassalage to respectability. The fear of man which bringeth a snare has driven religion into a corner, a hiding-place, as unfriendly to growth as shade is to vegetation. Organs, choirs, and promiscuous sittings have pretty well petrified Methodism in our cities and large towns. Oh, that Methodists were content to be a peculiar people. As we assimilate, our hold on the masses relaxes."

At Madison he found a home in the family of a Baptist preacher, his old friend Irvin. He says : "I stayed with my old friend Irvin, Baptist. Judah did not vex Ephraim, nor

Ephraim Judah. All was love, kindness, and peace. Religion is religion, whether it abides on the land or goes down into the water."

Thus the year sped on, and early in November he began his tour of the Conferences, by going to the Virginia Conference at Lynchburg. I was at that time stationed in Western Virginia, and came to Lynchburg to see him and be with him during a part of the session. I found him, as always, delightfully genial, and especially so as we were from the same heather, and I spent much time with him in his room. The bishop was largely interviewed, and many a tale of private grief came to his ears, but they were never closed to anyone, however humble. His presidency was the perfection of simple grace and ease.

His sermon in Lynchburg produced a great sensation, and was the cause of some expressions not only of praise but of mild censure. The arrogance of the pretentious High Churchmen of the section in which he lived is in painful contrast with the broad liberality of the only really liberal diocese in America, and as the Virginia Churchmen had opened the church to the Conference, it was somewhat painful to hear from his lips such burning satire as was levelled, not at them, but at those who were associated with them. The next day a few words of kindly explanation calmed all again. He wrote his daughter of a compliment paid him, but added, "I send this merely because I think it will gratify you. *I am sated with praise.*"

He wrote to his wife and to Claude from Lynchburg.

"LYNCHBURG, November 14, 1870.

"Got Dud's letter last night. How thankful I am to hear of your well-doing. May Providence continue his blessing to us all. I have been very well. I have been divinely helped in my duties. I preached with more ease Sunday than usual, and received, from preachers and laymen, a thousand thanks. I paid my respects to 'the Church,' and ruffled the *feathers* of a few. I have a good deal of trouble in making the appointments. Expect to be found fault with by some. This is

the tax upon my office. Separation from you is more and more a burden to my heart. The wife of a man's youth grows very dear to him in the lapse of years. What pleasures we have had. How few our real sorrows. We ought to be thankful, loving, and cheerful. Our blessings are numerous. I see more of this than you. Let us thank God, and rejoice in home and children and friends. Tell *Wash* to keep moving as I directed. Have the painting done, if possible, and get Shivers to put up the fence. I wrote Doc all about it. Kiss my children, one and all. God bless them and you."

"LYNCHBURG, November 17, 1870.

"MY DEAR CLAUDE: I wish you to write me at Greensboro, N. C., and so I bring you under obligations to me, by writing to you.

"I have nothing special to say except to tell you I had a pleasant trip. Have been very cordially received and kindly treated. My health is good. My labors are heavy. The care of all the churches is no small burden. Sacrifices, as people call them, I can make cheerfully—mere labor is no burden to me, I enjoy an active life—but the main duty of an Annual Conference is a tax on brain and heart very oppressive. But this is my lot, and I must stand in it to the end of my days. I cannot tell, my child, how dear you are to me. Your happiness I pray for constantly. I sympathize with you in your troubles you have had this year. A better time, I trust, is coming. The day is not distant, I hope, when I shall be able to give you a practical proof of my affection and interest. This concerns me much. God bless you and yours abundantly. Be sure to write me at Greensboro, N C. Kiss the children for me, and tell them not to forget grandfather."

He went on to Greensboro, and filled his place there.

The feebleness of Bishop Paine was too great for him to reach the Conference in Georgia, and so Bishop Pierce presided in his stead in Augusta; but before the adjournment of the Conference he left for Charleston, where he presided over the South Carolina Conference, and closed his heavy labors for 1870.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EPISCOPAL JOURNEYINGS, 1871–1872, AGED 60.

Baltimore Conference at Salem—Letters—Through North Carolina to Eastern Virginia—Letters—Emory College—Through the Valley of Virginia—Down the Ohio in a Barge—West Virginia—Return—The Snake in the Car—Address at laying Corner Stone of the Publishing House—Views on Theological Education—West Virginia Again—Raising Collections—Letters—Western Conference—Letter on Training Children.

HE was to preside at the Baltimore Conference, which met at Salem, Va., in March. He did not usually begin his year's work till after his birthday and the yearly reunion of the tribe. Soon after this event he went to the Conference session. The following hasty note is so characteristic that I am not willing to withhold it:

"March 8, 1871.

"MY DEAR ANN: Got here safely. Conference is full; am in the chair; write a word while the secretary calls the roll. Did you get my note from Atlanta? Tell Wash to wet the meal for the horses. Weather pleasant here. I am well fixed. Buckwheat, good coffee, good bed. Will write again."

"SALEM, VA., March 9, 1871.

"MY DEAR ANN: A line from you is a solace to me, and I deal with you as I like to be done by. I am getting along first rate so far, but there are troubles ahead of me. I can see the shadows as they advance to meet me. I am bracing myself to deal with them. There is nothing more than usual on such occasions. We have just had a dash of wind and rain, but lo, the sun is shining again. I am very glad to find

the weather here very pleasant. It is a little colder than down your way, but still very mild.

"Hope Lovick and Wash are ploughing the earth, during these good days. Tell them to 'speed the plough.' Get ready for me to plant corn when I get back."

"SALEM, VA., March 13, 1871.

"My dearly beloved and longed for; my joy and crown: Oh, how disappointed I am to-day. No letter from you or Doc, or any home-body. Surely you have written to me. But I will neither scold nor complain. I am well. Hope to get home Thursday or Friday. Send for me. I am in trouble about my appointments. I shall get through somehow.

"P S.—Hope you have ordered the carpets, as I directed in one of my letters. I want to see you fixed up inside of the house anyhow. The outside I must attend to when I get back and we are all moved in. Let us pray, believe, and hope on. Time is flying. December will come. Kiss the whole tribe for me, and tell them all to kiss you in my behalf. God bless, preserve, and comfort you and bring us again face to face."

He had now sold Brightside and added two rooms to the old home at Sunshine, and was preparing to remove to it. His heart always turned toward the old place, to the shadow of the cedars and elms of his own planting. On the adjournment of the Conference he hastened to Brightside, where he remained till the time he had set apart for his district-meetings. He says of himself:

"It may be some protection to my good name to say I have not been idle. My views of ministerial obligation do not allow me to hybernate or seek mountains and springs and ocean breezes when the Summer sun is burning."

In May he went to North Carolina, from which he writes:

"On my journey from home to Kinston, the first appointment, nothing occurred of special interest. I was very

glad to find the railroads from Augusta to Weldon in fine order —making good time with comfortable cars ; but I am sorry to add, that passengers were few and far between.

"The Newbern District Conference met at Kinston. The meeting was a full one, the discussions profitable, the religious services impressive. The ploughing and the sowing were thoroughly done. The harvest will come in due season.

"Returned to Goldsboro on Sunday night, and on Monday morning went round to the church and baptized nine children. It was an interesting scene. There is quite an awakening on the dedication, by baptism, of children to God. It ought to be commensurate with our church membership.

"On my way to Edenton, I had engaged to preach at Rehoboth, on the Southampton circuit, Virginia Conference. Brother McSparren met me at Garysburg. We spent a pleasant night at Mr. Gray's, and next morning went to the place of preaching. The crowd was so great that we had to abandon the house and take to the shade of the trees. I was weary—the wind was blowing very strong, and I found preaching hard work, but got through without damage. I am strongly inclined to make out my own programme hereafter, and to visit the churches, preaching day by day, leaving out the district-meetings except as they come in my way. The present plan brings the episcopacy in contact with the representatives of the churches, the other would enable us to touch the churches themselves, the people, the masses. Which is the better way ? There is something in this for us all to think about.

"After preaching I went home with Brother Grant, and next morning, he, McSparren and I, having doubled our team, rose early—travelled fast to intercept the steamboat at Winton, on Chowan River. We finished the trip triumphantly—making thirty-five miles in five hours. The whole country from Kinston to Edenton is level—soil good—crops fine, and this year the season is at least two weeks ahead. The people seem cheerful and hopeful of better days.

"The boat passage was delightful. The winding river,

the fresh breeze, the congenial company, the pleasant conversation on many topics beguiled the hours, and in due time we were safe at the desired haven. Edenton is an old town, looking out on Albemarle Sound, and was once a place of considerable traffic and some wealth. The mutations of trade have curtailed its business, and the war its wealth. It is, however, a nice snug little place, with pleasant society, and as a retreat for retirement and repose, very attractive. With the presiding elder, I was quartered with the Misses Bond, four maiden sisters, who occupy the old family mansion. The house is one hundred and thirteen years old, the material and style English, and all the arrangements in striking contrast with modern fashion. In all my wanderings I have not found a more pleasant home. The kindness of the good ladies was constant, unwearied, minute. With pleasure I take them into the circle of my large aquaintance as cultivated, pious, devoted Methodists. May grace and peace abound to them evermore.

"The District Conference was pleasant, but necessarily hurried. The only way of access is by water, the boat is triweekly, the farm business was pressing, and the brethren generally had to leave on Friday night. So we condensed and adjourned as to the ordinary business in time for the steamer. I remained over with some of the preachers and filled out Saturday and Sabbath with religious services. As I could not get off till night I went down twelve miles to Hertford and preached on Monday at 11 A. M. The full house, the eagerness to see and hear, made me glad that I consented to this extra effort. As to the sermon, I have nothing to say, except that as I was coming out I was introduced to a *Quaker* who said, 'Glad to see thee, I like the ring of thy doctrine.'

"Returned and went forward to Norfolk. Took dinner with my good friend A. G. Brown, the presiding elder of Norfolk district, who always provides good things, both for hospitality and the palate's sake. It does him good to enjoy and to divide.

"At 6 P.M. quite a crowd of us, preachers and delegates,

took the steamer Sue for Crisfield. We had a pleasant run across the Chesapeake Bay and arrived in time at the destined point. The steamer went on her way to Baltimore and we reshipped on board the Maggie for Onancock. Temperanceville, the seat of the Conference, was several miles distant from any boat landing. Some landed at one place and some at another I was beseeched to get off at Onancock and preach. I consented on condition that I was carried forward twenty miles by nine o'clock in the morning. The bargain was struck, the appointment made, and I threw in another extra sermon. Dined and spent another night with Brother Bledsoe, the preacher on the Pongotuege Circuit. Everything here, the house, the table, the beds, betokened a preacher beloved by his people, and a people liberal to their preacher.

"By early rising and fast travelling I was in time next morning. On these peninsular roads an ordinary horse can make comfortably eight miles an hour. They are level and firm. In this region, but two things are lacking to make it overwhelmingly attractive—good health and good water. This tongue of land, with the ocean on one side and the bay on the other, either way accessible, fertile soil too level to wash and highly susceptible of improvement, a daily market for everything that can be raised, is well populated, and the people seem thrifty and well to do. They all live by *trucking*. They raise all kinds of vegetables; but the potato is the staple crop, the Irish in the spring and summer, and the sweet in the fall and winter. There is always something to sell, and money, at least, in small amounts, always on hand. With the land and sea to draw from, it is a good place to live.

"So we held our love-feast out of doors, in the presence of a thousand people. Verily, it was a feast. Our meeting all along was a very useful one; not much excitement, only a conversion or two, but there was spiritual power and divine influence at every service. We were all greatly encouraged. The reports in this district were decidedly the best I have

heard anywhere. The work was well organized. Every department is kept up. The old type of Methodism prevails. In many places on this trip I was impressed with the fact that the men and women all keep up a habit, once common among us, but now nearly extinct, of kneeling down to pray before they take their seats in the house of God. I like this. It is right. It looks thoughtful, serious, devotional. It impresses others. It strengthens the preacher. These praying people are good listeners. They are earnest, independent, not afraid of the remarks of silly people. They come to worship, not to see and be seen. Come back, brethren and sisters; this is the way, walk in it.

"Our old friend Rowzie and I went home with a good brother Sunday evening, and next morning I preached again at Onancock. After dinner, with Brother Bledsoe, we all went aboard the Maggie for Crisfield once more. The day was stormy, wind and rain, and we expected a rough passage. Just before we set out, the wind lulled, the clouds passed away, the sun shined, and all was bright, beautiful, and calm. How often, both in providence and grace, is God better to us than our fears allow us to hope. We spent the night at Crisfield, and, on the arrival of the Sue, went on to Norfolk; dined with Brother Peterson; preached for him at night; crossed the river to Portsmouth; took lodgings with Brother Judkins. Next morning left for Enfield to hold another District Conference."

During this visit, we have one letter to his wife:

"GOLDSBORO, May 29th.

"I came back here last night to baptize some children this morning. We had a good meeting at Kinston. Preached yesterday, ordained a deacon—administered the sacrament, talked half an hour to the negroes, and then rode twenty-seven miles. A good day's work. Go on to-day. Health good. Hope to get through pleasantly. Old Brother Mann wants to see you; I told him I would invite you to meet me at his house on Monday, June 19th. You can

leave home in the morning, get there by 2 o'clock, and stay next day until 12, and I will meet you Monday night or Tuesday morning. Do just as you think best. I am anxious to hear from you all. Write to Norfolk. Love to all."

He was now constantly engaged at his work of raising money to keep Emory College afloat. The college buildings, never well constructed, had become unsafe, and he was now trying to build new houses. He wanted to raise thirty thousand dollars for the work, and was trying to pay as he went. In September his tour of the Conferences was to commence, and the first of these was the West Virginia. It met in Charleston, in September, but as he had already promised a presiding elder of the Baltimore Conference that he would make a tour through the Virginia part of that Conference, he began his journey to Charleston by attending a District Conference in the Roanoke District in Virginia. He gives quite a sprightly account of an interesting journey to the Charleston Conference, and of how he got away from it.

"My first appointment was at Cave Spring, Roanoke District, Baltimore Conference. A very gracious influence rested upon the congregation, and I learn that a very general revival has followed in all the region round about. From this meeting I was taken by Brother Busey, the presiding elder, in his buggy, through the famous valley of Virginia, by way of Lexington, Staunton, and Harrisonburg, on the way to Woodstock, in the Rockingham District. We made our stages at convenient distances, both for our own comfort and the accommodation of 'Charlie,' our steed. It is a great advantage to travel with a man who knows the country and the people. On this journey I was thus favored, and learned much of the character and habits of the population. We were to pass the *Natural Bridge*, one of the wonders of the American continent—a curiosity I had long desired to see. We were earnestly engaged in conversation, when, to my surprise, Brother Busey said, 'You are on the bridge;' and,

pausing, we looked down into the fearful depths on either side. Driving down to the hotel to have 'Charlie' cared for, we soon returned on foot, to examine the far-famed marvel. I shall not essay a description, and a mere statement in figures of height and breadth would fail to idealize the wonderful object to any mind. It must be seen with the accompaniments of stream, and rocky walls, and arched span, to be appreciated! If it were accessible by rail, thousands from Europe, as well as our own country, would visit it, and on beholding it, every reverent mind would feel and say, 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty.'

"We reached Lexington after nightfall, and left early next morning, and, of course, had no time for observation. So also at Staunton. On reaching Harrisonburg, I was importuned to preach at night, but persistently refused—first because I was weary with a long travel, and next, because I learned that many were going to Woodstock during the district meeting. Here I struck the railroad once more, and was soon at my destination. The Conference was well attended, and all the interests of the Church were canvassed pretty thoroughly, and we all parted in hope of better times. On Sunday afternoon I went on to Strasburg, twelve miles distant, to preach at night, and to take an early train for Harper's Ferry. I had but two days in which to reach Charleston, the seat of West Virginia Conference, and the reports of navigation on the Ohio River were very discouraging. I made all the connections through to Grafton. There I was detained for many hours, and reached Parkersburg just too late for the only boat that could have carried me through in time. Several preachers and others beside myself were left to wait and hope for another chance. I determined to go round by the cars through Ohio, but the train was hours behind, and could not make connections. I went to the livery stable—resolving to go by land across the country—the proprietor said the road was bad, and he could not drive the eighty miles in less than two days and a half. This was intolerable. What next? On returning to the hotel I

spied a little craft pushing a barge (what *we* call a *flat*) ahead of her, loaded with barrels. When she came to the wharf-float some of us called for the *captain* and drove a bargain with him. He agreed, if we would make up a company of twenty-five, to take us down for one hundred dollars. The number was soon found, and we arranged for a departure. We got plank for a new bottom, to keep our feet out of the water, and laid one or two across for seats, and about 5 P.M. the whistle blew, and we were floating down *la belle Rivière*. Two miles below the city we stopped to *coal*. We were tied to a large log, which reached to the bank, and thus gave us firm moorings. This was well. Suddenly there came up a furious storm of wind, hail, and rain, which would have *swamped* us if we had been out in the river. We were not wrecked, but fearfully drenched. We had no shelter; several ladies were along, and the pilot's house was resigned to them. The sun went down before the tempest passed, and the sky grew dark and threatened another squall, and a majority were for returning to the city and making a fresh start in the morning. The captain was obstinate, and determined to go on. About half of the ship's company went ashore and footed it back. The remainder abode by the craft. It was very dark. Neither sun nor moon, nor star appeared. We floated silently and slowly along. Presently the wind rose. The air grew cold and colder yet. Our clothing was wet, and, of course, our condition was very unpleasant. Under the circumstances we were periling health, if not life, to go on. So, after a twenty miles' run, we reached a little town on the Virginia side, and resolved to lie by till morning. The inhabitants were all asleep, and we had some delay in finding quarters. I slept with damp clothes on, and found myself, on waking, with a bad cold.

"Next day was cloudy and black, but we resumed our journey. Our little craft was nothing but a *barge with an engine in it*, pushing another barge along. The steersman was elevated in a small covered box, and on its side was painted, in large letters, 'Darling.' She was built to run on

some of the small streams which run into the Ohio, and was engaged in neighborhood transportation. This was her first trip *down the river with passengers.* Every settlement, town, and landing, at the sound of our whistle, would pour out its people, and their merriment, as they shouted and laughed and waved us on, was refreshing. At one place the boys were just let loose from school, and their mirth was unbounded, as they poured their jokes upon 'my little darling.' The fun and jests of the shore people helped to beguile a weary day. On a low, hard seat, without anything to lean against, I sought forgetfulness of my discomfort in the *Southern Review.*

"About 9 P.M. we came to Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Kanawha, and laid by till 3 A.M., when the mail boat came along. The Ohio was too low for any ordinary boats to run at all. This often happens in the early fall, but the Kanawha is always navigable. It was yet sixty miles to Charleston, and this was Thursday, the second day of the Conference. On my arrival at night, I was glad to find that the brethren, knowing the cause of my delay, had met, organized, and adjourned. So, on Friday morning, we entered fairly on business. The session was pleasant and brief, winding up Monday afternoon.

"On reaching Gallipolis the general report of low water, sand bars, and slow progress, determined us to seek a land route. So, Brother Haygood and myself, with Mr. Hardwick, a Baptist minister, hired a hack and set out for Hampden, our nearest railroad point. We made the connection, and rejoiced to bid farewell to boats and hacks, and slow motion. We reached Cincinnati about one o'clock at night, and spent one hour or more hunting lodgings. The 'Exposition' was on hand, the hotels were overflowing, and 'no room' was the universal answer. Finally, we concluded to cross the river and try Covington. Here every house was full; after wandering round and about, we struck a sort of a restaurant inn, and by an urgent appeal obtained the privilege of a chair by the fire till morning. The condition might have

been turned into comfort, but for the blasphemy of a drunken fool and the obscenity of a couple of young men, who seemed to be bigger fools than the drunken one. Poor humanity—how low it can fall! How the vices of civilization can degrade it! Deny 'the fall' of human nature? Why, it is falling yet; and, ahead of their kind, these fast youngsters seemed to me to have struck the bottom of depravity. If there be 'a lower deep,' I think they are in a fair way to find it.

"We were glad to leave next morning for Paris—the seat of the Kentucky Conference. What strange contrasts I meet with in my wanderings. Last night, by the accident of travel, side by side with 'human nature sunk in shame' and mining downward; to-day, with the refined and the good—a company of preachers, working for the elevation and salvation of their race!

"I found Bishop Wightman in the chair, with a full Conference and a crowded house before him. This was the second day, and I soon found that by the magnetism of manner, of talent, of piety, of adaptation to his work, he had won all hearts. Every visit I make to Kentucky gratifies me. The outcome—the upward growth—the onward march of Methodism is inspiring. The development in the last five years in the tone, spirit, enterprise, and hopes of the Church is remarkable. In no other field is the improvement more visible. For a long time the preachers were timid, over-prudent, *ultra-liberal*, and they quietly gave the possession of the country to *Campbellism*. By timely counsel they have been aroused to the duty of 'banishing all erroneous and strange doctrines, contrary to God's word,' and the God of truth has vindicated their testimony against error, by revivals, conversions, and healthy growth. Let them hold fast to 'the form of sound words'—stand up for Methodism and spiritual regeneration against all the modern theories of tactual grace and salvation by water.

"I remained but a day, having an appointment in Tennessee to dedicate a church on the following Sabbath. With

Haygood for my travelling companion (wish I had him all the time) I left for Lexington, Louisville, and Nashville. With a few hours to spare, went home with Haygood, and in the afternoon left him with his wife and children, under promise of joining me once more at Lebanon. On arriving at Lebanon I was met by Brother Plummer and turned over to Colonel Stokes, with whom I was to stay during Conference. Next morning the Colonel took me in his buggy over a fair turnpike to Jacob's Hill, where the church was to be dedicated. We went through the usual services, collection included, and set apart the house by a solemn prayer for the worship of God. What an improvement our people are making in church-building! The impulse is general. I find it everywhere. It is becoming a prominent item in statistics. The preacher who has had no revivals feels redeemed from censure if he can say that he has built several churches. Well, it is a good work; and I hope will go on till the whole land is well supplied; but let us beware we do not substitute it for better things.

"In the evening returned with my friend and host to Lebanon. In this interesting family I enjoyed two days of rest, and during the Conference felt as much at home as is possible away from home. Very much like and close akin to Eden is a Christian household.

"Without contrivance or pressure in this, the largest, perhaps, of all the Conferences since Georgia divided, we had a brief session, winding up Monday afternoon. Gaining two days upon my calculations, and learning that some of my family were sick, I concluded to run down home for a hasty visit. Left Nashville at 9 P.M., in company with several preachers. The last one got off at Murfreesboro' I got two seats and made my arrangements for sleeping; very soon I was asleep and presently felt some one shake me, and soon became conscious that he was calling upon me in an excited tone. Reluctant to change my position, I inquired, 'What is the matter?' 'Get up; there is a snake under you.' I rose and sent for the conductor to come with his lamp. On

examination we found, just under my seat, a spotted snake three feet long. I never saw just such an one. We made haste to kill and eject him. There was some excitement among the passengers—the great question being, 'How did he get in?' As he was *out*, I was not much interested in the debate and lay down to sleep again. One nervous, excitable man was much exercised. He said we were going to have bad luck—the cars would run off—somebody would be killed, sure—*that snake* was a *bad* sign. Another tried to relieve him by declaring that the omen *was* bad; but as we had *killed* the snake, we should have good luck; at least so he had always heard. I slept while they continued the discussion; but in the watches of the night my nervous friend might be heard talking about *that* snake and signs. He was uneasy. His imagination was full of snakes, and the last thing heard from him at Chattanooga was, '*That* snake in the car was a curious circumstance.'

"I spent two days at home, and returned to fill an appointment in Chattanooga. A new church was to be dedicated, though not quite finished. The interior was ready, and the work done—paid for. So we had a service morning and night, without the trouble of a collection. The house is a good one—well located—big enough, even for that growing city, and does honor to the enterprise of the preacher and the liberality of the people.

"Monday went on to Cleveland, where I held my first Conference in 1854; preached at night to a good congregation, considering the weather. It had rained all day—the streets were very muddy and the night very dark. I hope good seed fell on good ground. Next day left for Morristown, where Holston Conference was to be held—preached at night what is called the opening sermon, and the signs for good matured in the progress of the Conference into a gracious revival. We had a good time generally—good Sunday-school meeting—good missionary anniversary—good love-feast—good Conference—good weather—good fare. I enjoyed the occasion, officially, socially, and religiously. Shall

be glad to visit the Holston brethren again. We adjourned Monday at noon. I remained and preached at night, before taking the train for Georgia.

"They have got up a furor for *education* among the preachers in Holston. Some single men, after reaching deacon's orders, locate and go to college for a time. Some married men have caught the fever. I was threatened with great embarrassment in manning the work, by the untimely withdrawal of preachers. I was obliged to put on the brakes. Education is very desirable; but there is a time for, and a fitness in, things. The sentiment in Holston, I think, is unsound, unwholesome, and will work detriment to the men and the work. The want in the Church cannot be supplied by quitting the work to go to school. We cannot inaugurate a reform by beginning in the middle or at the end of a man's career. Take the thing in time. Begin at the right place. Do not license or admit on trial prematurely. So develop the work *financially* as that the educated men will not leave in search of better support. As a rule, make it the interest of a man of culture to abide in the Conference he joins. Read, meditate, pray, work; improvement will follow about as fast as is safe for most men. A flashy reputation is no blessing—not a thing to be desired. After all, our *average* preacher is the man for large results. Good sense, deep piety, fidelity to duty will achieve the great ends of gospel preaching. I have no use for lazy, *unimproving* men, especially if they be young; but I do not sympathize, as much as might be judged, with the rage for an educated ministry. I want the Conference mixed—some of all grades, save the lowest stratum; for we have every grade of work to do, and our system is one of adaptation. Present plans, faithfully worked out, will supply the wants of the Church and the times. The very considerations which are keeping educated young men, called of God to preach, out of the ministry, would disqualify them for effective itinerancy if they were to come in. *These* must have more of the self-denying element in their religion, or the Church must forestall the necessity

for it by a more liberal policy in the general work. In a strict Gospel view both parties are censurable. The Church, in that she furnishes a pretext by illiberal arrangements; and those who decline service, by conferring with flesh and blood, instead of yielding a prompt and self-sacrificing obedience to the heavenly vision.

"By the failure of two appointments for dedication of churches, because the houses were not finished, I have secured the privilege of being at home for ten days. This is so unusual as to seem unnatural."

It has been charged that he was opposed to an educated ministry. The above will show what were his opinions, and they were never changed.

He presided over the North Albama Conference at Florence, November 15th, and the Alabama, at Mobile, on the 29th. He had, as I have said before, sold Brightside, and made an addition to Sunshine, in which Judge Turner lived, and he moved to Sunshine again in December of 1871. The early part of the year 1872 he seems to have spent at home, but in May he went to the bishops' meeting in Nashville, where the corner-stone of the new publishing house was to be laid. His throat was out of order and he was hoarse, but he was called on for a speech, and the report says:

"Bishop Pierce then said: 'Christian friends—I am not only hoarse, but I am in other respects too unwell to fill my part of the programme of the present service. But rather than subject another to the annoyance and embarrassment of a sudden call to take my place I will try and stand in my lot for a few moments.

"'The heavens above us, all radiant with sunshine, are not brighter than the prospects of Southern Methodism on this auspicious occasion. Christian hope leans over her in the light of hallowed prophecy, and the shadows of the past but constitute a background from which stand out the bolder relief of assurance and encouragement which cheer her on to future and more glorious triumphs. The publishing house may well say it is good for me that I have been afflicted.

[Sensation.] And although she has no reason to quote in application to herself the remaining clause of the text, "for before I was afflicted I went astray," yet she may add: "I have been embarrassed with the burden of a debt entailed upon me by the distress of war. I have been embarrassed by the division of the public mind on the question of my location. I have been embarrassed by an ill-shapen, inconvenient, unattractive habitation. But misfortune has rallied around me the sympathies of the country. The generous response of the Church and her friends has not only repaired my losses, but endowed me with capacity for enlargement, improvement, and the better adaptation of means to ends. The question of location has been settled beyond the possible contingencies of the future, and now I lay the corner-stone of the structure which is to loom in grandeur and glory, polished after the similitude of a palace; and glad am I to escape from the ashes and débris of that place where I have been crowded (confined) and well nigh smothered."

"'The history of this concern, as it was, but illustrates another fact in the history of most people, and especially of the good. Apparent evils are but blessings in disguise, and clouds, which deepen and darken along the sky and cast on us their ominous shadows, are yet rich in mercies and break in blessings on our heads. It is a consoling thought that no evil spirit has anything to do with the government of the world. It is ruled by the God of Love. [Voice, "Amen."] Our sharpest pangs, our severest anguish, our most dreadful calamities are not the infliction of a malignant principle. Nor are they blown upon us by the winds of chance, nor borne down by the torrent of an unintelligent destiny, but they are meted out by infinite wisdom and infinite love, without which not a sparrow falleth to the ground nor a single hair from the head of man. I know it is the practice in some quarters to ignore Methodism—its existence, its progress, its influence, its power. Persecution cast her out in the days of her infancy. Ignorance and prejudice and jealousy have slandered and reproached her all along. But she has survived it all and pros-

pered in spite of all. [Voice, "That is good."] Faithful to her mission, she has outlived the rancor of her enemies. Faithful to her calling in the future she will yet command the homage and admiration of the world. Indeed, a great revolution is going on in the minds of Europe and America. The name of our immortal founder is emerging, in brightness and glory, from the mists of his own time; and the shadows that lingered around it are dissolving in the light of the new revelation, and the time will come when the world will subscribe to him the sentiment that "he is without a parallel in the annals of mankind." [Voice, "Amen."] I know that reproach is sometimes cast upon us as a people. The changes have been rung upon this till some of Methodism's oldest friends are disposed to admit that she is behind the times; recreant to her duty and destiny and losing her *prestige* in the world. Methodism has always been the friend and patron and ally of education and knowledge, and I take it on me to say, to-day, that there is no Church, no organization, which has contributed more to the general intelligence of the American people than Methodism through her instrumentalities and her institutions. We have always believed in the sentiment that a taste for religious knowledge was an essential element of Christian character. We have recognized it, encouraged it and approved of it. To Wesley the world is indebted for cheap religious literature. He was the very first man to throw it into popular form and bring it within the means of the lower classes of society, and immediately after the organization of the Church in this country, an enterprise was projected which, in the lapse of years, has developed into the mammoth Book Concern on the other side of the line of separation; and adhering to her convictions and policy this great interest has been committed to the talents of the Church, great names in our ecclesiastical history dotting the line of its progress all along, Dickens, Cooper, Bangs, Soule, Emory, Waugh, Carlton, and on the other side of the line of separation we have Stevenson, Owen, and McFerrin, names not unknown to fame. Indeed, over the river, a citizen of Arkansas, electrified, enthused,

transported by the force and vigor of one of the sermons of the last-named brother, rushing from among the audience, said that man is the mudsill of Methodism, and, he said, "Talk about bishops and your agents and your editors, when that man dies Methodism will go up." We all recognize his great services and we know his power over and the facility which he possesses for transferring to others his thoughts and sentiments, but Methodism will survive him. The publishing house, Sunday-schools, and the ministry will outlive him, but when he dies he will leave behind him a monument of his labors, influence, and love. And last, but not least in my judgment, the wisdom of the Church, in one direction in particular, culminated in the appointment of Alfred H. Redford. [Voice, "Put him in the corner-stone." Laughter.] He took command of the ship when she was rocking among the breakers and thumping upon the bottom, when her friends upon the shore verily believed she was destined to go to pieces. But by God's blessing he has worked her out of danger and into deep water, and he has made his annual voyages and brought back a good report, and to-day she stands secure, trim in her sails and destined to sail on, freighted with blessings for millions yet unborn.

"'Yea, let this building rise. Lay its foundation deep. Make its walls thick and strong. Invoke the highest architectural taste to its aid. Let judgment arrange its interior. Provide an elegant room for the *Advocate*, and line the walls with books [turning and looking toward Dr. Summers], and sit this venerable man upon its throne of power, and let him write the words of truth, soberness, and wisdom. Provide a room for missions where the honored Secretary of the Board may meet in council and plan for the universal empire of the Son of God. And, sir [looking at Dr. Haygood], provide for my young friend, the Sunday-school Secretary, and let nothing be lacking for the children who will hereafter be born. Secure all conveniences, and let Methodism mark this day in its calendar as white, and while you and I live that

our children may realize the hope which this project inspires. [Voice, "Go on."] I cannot do it, sir.'"

Bishop Pierce was a conservative in his views. He had very decided opinions, which were fearlessly expressed, on many subjects about which there were decided differences among his brethren. He was not an autocrat nor a dictator, but still less was he disposed to be ruled by others. There was a very large and a very intelligent body of the preachers and laymen who were anxious for a distinctively theological school. The English Wesleyans had two, the M. E. Church had several. The Baptists and Presbyterians and Episcopalians had them, North and South. Many thought we should fall into line. He thought it would not be wise, and said so.

On his return to Sunshine from Nashville he read the plan of the Central University It was projected on a huge scale, and was to have, as one of its departments, an out and out theological school. This feature was greatly against his will, and he wrote very sharply in opposition to it, and Bishop McTyiere replied, and he replied to him:

"It is my opinion that every dollar invested in a theological school will be a damage to Methodism. Had I a million, I would not give a dime for such an object. That is plain. So I advise.

"I think the Methodist ministry, just as it is, *taken as a whole*, is the best in the world. And the best, because it has not been manipulated and *denaturalized* by procrustean canons, and because it achieves on a larger scale than any other the great ends of gospel preaching.

"I think the social *status* of Methodism is very fine; and, although we do go into 'rude settlements,' and among 'common people,' we can and do keep company, without embarrassment, with the 'cultivated and refined.' God's house is a house of prayer for all people, and Christ's Gospel is for every creature; and, as Methodists, we accept 'this condition,' and work according to this line of things. We have no *castes* like the Hindoos among our preachers or people, except here and there in some of our city congregations,

and the little of it which has crept in, like the devil in Paradise, is a curse and a snare.

"1. Now let me say—I hope for the last time—I am not 'unkind or thoughtless enough' to appeal to 'prejudice or party feeling.' Not I. I am writing right out my heart.

"2. I cannot 'conscientiously help forward the work' of providing a theological school, and *therefore* I 'feel obliged to hinder it,' if I can fairly. I am against it—head and heart, tongue and pen—'now and forever, one and indivisible.'

"3. I pray most sincerely that the theological scheme may go down to the shades of oblivion.

"To define my position strongly and truly, I am a 'Hardshell Methodist,' just foolish enough to believe that our economy is the wisest, best, and most effective the world ever saw, and exceedingly jealous of all tinkerings with it.

"I had some experience in this line. My colleague broke down the third month, and left me alone on a circuit to preach twenty-four times every twenty-eight days, and I would not exchange what I learned in those nine months by myself for three years' training under tutors, and lectures, and libraries. Next year I was with James O. Andrew. We began our work the first of February. He left in April for the General Conference, where he was made a bishop, and I was left alone again. So much the better for me. I was relieved of the paralysis of his presence and superior ability. I studied, and prayed, and worked, and learned for myself and by myself. Set it down to vanity if you will (the Lord knoweth), I never felt the need of any other training. With the Bible and the Discipline in my hands, I trained myself, as any honest, earnest young man can do and will do. Pardon this digression.

"Out of this old plan, with all its hard work, and with few books, mingling all the while with the uncultivated, came the men who shook heaven, earth, and hell. Now, I take it, the young preacher of to-day has a much better opportunity Circuits are small, appointments all filled on Saturday and Sunday, a settled home, plenty of books, old preachers always

accessible if he needs advice, five days in the week at his disposal, time, stimulus, every convenience for study; what more does he want? Perhaps, too, he is already a graduate; at any rate, a fair English education to begin with; his duties all defined, a plan of work laid down by law and usage, to go by; there is no preacher in a man with such a chance if the work of itinerancy does not bring him out.

"My record in the past makes it expletive for me to say I am the friend of education. I have devoted time, money, and labor to it. If an ignorant youth in his teens were to tell me he was called to preach, I would advise him to go to school; ay, I would send him to college, educate him as thoroughly as time and means would allow. Nay, I would have a Biblical Chair in all our colleges, but it should be open to all the students alike. There should be nothing exclusive, technical, professional, about it. I would teach the farmers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, preachers, that are to be, all alike. I am *Hardshell* enough to believe that God will call all the educated men he wants.

"If a man who has reached his majority and over, and has been preaching as a travelling preacher, were to come and ask me if I would advise him to stop and go to school, I would tell him no. I should urge him to study hard and preach on; gaining knowledge is a good thing—saving souls is better. Now, let the Church ponder this remark—our greatest preachers, intellectually considered, are not our most useful men. We are beginning, I fear, to deify talent, and talk too much about the 'age,' and 'progress,' and the demands of the times, for the simplicity of our faith, or the safety of the Church. Not by might or power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.

"I do not believe that we are a bit behind the best, except in pompous pretensions. The Episcopalians, I know, claim to have all the gentility of the land, and bribe silly people with the complacent fancy that in joining the Church they are brought into *society*. All *sensible* people understand *that*.

"The Presbyterians claim an educated ministry, and they have always been the friends of learning. But they have not all the learning. Take any State you please, and, man for man, the Methodist ministry will compare favorably in scholarship and usefulness. I know the Methodists and the Baptists are regarded by 'certain' as a plebeian set, but to these common people the whole country is largely indebted for the Gospel. The Episcopal sect is too *delicate* for country fare. It must dwell in town. The Presbyterian training is too slow and stiff to meet the urgent and diversified calls of a promiscuous population. The Methodists and the Baptists have a ministry right out from the people—understanding their thoughts, feelings, and language; and however despised and berated, they are the instruments which God has honored for the evangelization of the people. Saying no more of our Baptist brethren—they can defend themselves—the secret of our strength and progress, of popular approval and almost universal acceptance under God, has been our mode of inducting men into the ministry. Let God call, the Church indorse, the Conference receive, and the bishop send forth—urging them to read, study, pray, preach, work, and let these men be faithful, and they will be an honor to their race, and a blessing to the world. Through more than a century they have been, they now are, and they will yet be, if not spoiled by artificial, arbitrary, stereotyped 'training.' Training by 'tutors, lectures, and library,' the professor himself, perhaps, never led a class, or travelled a circuit, or conducted a revival, and knows as little of the details of an itinerant's life and duty, as these *book men* who, in counsel with their own peculiar tastes and habitudes, advise my colleague of the wants of the Church! Such training will mar, but never make a preacher. The simple agitation of this question—the fact that some have regarded this *fossil institution* as possible among us, and a *few* as even desirable—and the coincident stress laid upon ministerial education, have already wrought harm among us, by restraining young men from applying for admission into the Conferences. Go

on with this theological training idea, and without any expressed statute to bar their entrance into the ministry, all, well nigh, who cannot avail themselves of this kind of preparation, will smother their convictions, and thus imperil their souls and bereave the Church. Is the Episcopal ministry equal to ours in talent, in force, in results? Is the Presbyterian ministry, conceding all their excellences (and I have the highest respect for them), doing more good than we? Do we need any better preachers than McTyiere and Haygood, and Myers, and Reid, and Andrews, and Winfield, and Rivers? And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Tudor, and Matthews, and Linn, and Munsey, and Key, and Potter, and Harrison, and Duncan, and Granberry, and a host of others who are serving their generation by the will of God, honorably and usefully. Better preachers than these are scarce in any communion. The best preachers I ever heard had never been to college at all —hardly to school. What do brethren want? Metaphysics? Logic? Rhetoric? Eloquence? Evangelical power? O no; we have all these. What then? Hear it, ye Methodists, and stand amazed! We want '*critics*' for Bible revision! I thank God the Methodist Episcopal Church South, is not represented in a work—in my judgment little short of sacrilege—a-tampering with the text of our good old Saxon Bible.

"Methodism does not occupy 'an inferior place.' She never did. If she will stick to her own ways and quit aping and imitation, she never will. I, too, 'claim for Methodism a mission to all classes.' But I do not mean to cut her off from sympathy with the mass and multitude of mankind; or a scholastic isolation of her ministry. I believe in gifts as well as grace, and would have every preacher to speak 'justly, readily, clearly,' but to declare the same simple gospel to the rich and the poor, the wise and the unwise. The preaching that is fixed up for the 'cultivated and the refined' is very poor preaching. I have heard it *ad nauseam.* Solomon says: 'Great men are not always wise,' and my observation

is that very scholarly men, deeply devoted to abstruse studies, are the poorest judges of fitness, and the least capable of adaptation. This *training* of a man for a special class—'a select few,' is a positive disqualification for the general work of the ministry. 'I think,' 'it is my opinion,' I do believe a soul is a soul, and as 'all souls are mine, saith the Lord'—*that*, in the most important sense, is the best preaching which saves the most of them. Give me the evangelist and the revival, rather than the erudite brother who goes into the pulpit to reconcile Moses with modern science, instead of preaching repentance and faith, or goes so deep into geology as to show that *Adam* was not the first man—that the deluge was a little local affair—'not much of a shower'—and that the unity of the race is not a cardinal fact in Christian theology. 'I do think' breaking hearts with the hammer of the word, is better employment than splitting hairs with metaphysical acumen. 'I do think' evangelical sermons better than *critical* lectures."

When the Central University was established, and became the Vanderbilt, he had no longer a word to say in opposition to it. I am sure his views on technical theological education never changed; but what his brethren were disposed to do, in their own province, he was not disposed to censure or oppose. I have not felt at liberty to publish one side of a controversy, and I have tried therefore to eliminate all that partakes of the controversial feature. But I have felt it to be my duty to give an accurate exhibit of his views on this subject, and why he entertained them. He did not attack a school in existence, but a system of training in vogue in other churches. Whether the school projected, when established, was open to his censures, is not a question for me to discuss. The discussion was in good temper and very able. Bishop McTyiere held his pen well in hand, and presented his side of the question with that clearness and force which marks all his writing, and many of the ablest and most conservative men of the Church stood by him. Bishop Pierce did not tarry long at home, and his letters tell us what he did:

"After the annual meeting of the Bishops and Missionary Board in May, I visited Rome, spent a Sabbath, and then came down to the Savannah District Conference in Waynesborough. This meeting was precious to me, not only because of its religious privileges, but on account of intercourse and fellowship with the friends of other days. It was a hallowed pleasure to see the old, familiar faces, and to declare to them once more the steadfast, unchangeable love of our Heavenly Father. Alas! many of the friends of my early life and service sleep in the dust. Some survive, and I was happy to find them on the way to Zion. The meeting was good in all respects—a blessing to the town and circuit.

"My next appointment was at Emory and Henry College, in Virginia. I had promised the President and the young men of the College to deliver the annual address, and reached there just in time to keep my word and perform the service. Next day I went on to the Wytheville District Conference, at Marion. Here, too, the occasion was pleasant and profitable. And now, for the sake of a railroad, I go two or three hundred miles out of my way to reach the next appointment, at Clarksburg, West Virginia. My route carried me to Baltimore, where I tarried for a night. Next morning I took the Baltimore and Ohio road for my destination, and arrived in due time, but not in good order. Having rode a day and night with wet shoes on my feet, I took cold, and for two days was very unwell. I record this imprudence and its result for warning to others.

"We had a thin attendance of preachers and delegates. The farmers were in the midst of harvest, and the seasons were out of joint generally, imposing unexpected duties upon the people just at this time. Nevertheless, we went through and have good hope of good results. Went forward and spent two pleasant days and nights at Parkersburg with the pastor, Brother Carroll, preached for him, and the following day we took a boat and went down the Ohio to Ravenswood; landed, supped with the preacher, and then rode a few miles to find lodging near the next day's appointment. The whole

arrangement for this meeting was a failure. The place was inaccessible, the house too small, and the time too short. Nevertheless, I found the people clever, hospitable, and pious, and made the most I could out of the two days allowed me in the plan. The meeting was continuing while I went across hill and dale in a buggy with Brother Mallory to Ripley and Buffalo. At the latter place I was to dedicate a church on Sunday morning. A few ladies conceived the project of building a new and better house of worship, and had planned and worked and hoarded for years, and finally built the house. 'Help those women who labored with me in the gospel,' would have been a good text for the occasion, as more money was needed to pay the bills, but I took another and yet raised the money, greatly to the delight of the sisterhood, and indeed of all the community. Took the regular packet on Monday for Charleston, the capital of the State. Preached the next day to a small congregation, which came together in spite of the falling rain. In the morning, I took the train for the Falls of Kanawha, the present terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. I spent the night in a crowd all huddled together in a small habitation. The proprietor showed me, however, ' no little kindness.' The stage to Fayetteville was tri-weekly, and I missed the right day, and so had to lie over or provide for myself some other way. The other preachers determined to *foot* it and left me alone. *Walking* is not in my line, and I resolved to take the chances of some other style of locomotion. Toward noon I found a wagon going over, and I engaged my passage. Our route was *up* Cotton Mountain, the load was heavy, the day was hot, the driver careful of his horses, and we made *four* miles in *four* hours. This rate of progress worked upon my nerves till walking itself seemed a relief. I dismounted and set out, slow but sure, meditating gravely on the lights and shadows of itinerancy. My thoughts took a curious turn, and at another time I may give the *Advocate* the benefit of them. I had not exhausted myself or the subject of my meditations, when I met Brother Claughton, who had made the trip, and was re-

turning with a horse for me. This was a thoughtful kindness that I shall remember long. The Conference was better attended than either of the others and was in many respects a blessing to the people. Our church had been destroyed during the war, and we were constrained to use the Court House. I took advantage of the inconveniences to start a subscription for a house of worship. Hope to preach in it some of these days. The country which I have passed in West Virginia is picturesque, often beautiful, much of it fertile, though broken. A land of corn and wheat and grass, fine for folks and cattle. I wish I could turn a few preachers up that way. The Conference is needing men, and with a full supply of workmen the Church would wax strong in numbers, influence, and general prosperity From this meeting I returned to Georgia by a very circuitous route as the quickest and cheapest."

Rev. S. T Mallory has kindly given us a further account of the bishop's visit to the district in West Virginia and his dedication sermon. The place at which the Conference met was Sandyville, thirty miles from Buffalo. The route to Buffalo was very rough, and "during the night," said Mr. Mallory, "I ventured to tell of the difficulties in the way. His only reply was a humorous remark, 'I have seen the elephant before.' At the first very bad piece of road, I ventured to suggest to the bishop that perhaps he had better get out and walk. 'No,' said he, 'I have a horse to take me over these roads, and I shall not walk.' He kept up a lively conversation, and his own history furnished the principal part of the narrative. This day's association with the noble Pierce developed to me some peculiar views held by him, which I have found in few other men. Said he: 'I do not believe in the severance of family ties, for merely mercenary and selfish ends. Members of the same family, unless for the glory of God, should stick as close together as practicable, even at the sacrifice of the world's goods.'

"The next day a great crowd assembled. The bishop preached one of his best sermons, and the collection was tak-

en." Perhaps no man ever lived in the Methodist Church in America who took up more collections and did it more skilfully than Bishop Pierce. He told me his plan was always to get at least half of what he wanted in large subscriptions; a hat collection or one on cards never amounted to much. He always asked for definite sums. He pursued this plan in the congregation in Buffalo. "He wanted," says Brother Mallory, "six hundred dollars. He called for ten persons to give him twenty dollars each: then twenty to give him ten dollars; then forty to give him five dollars. He succeeded in each call. After he had rested, and had his coffee and his cigars, he preached again. I handed him a small sum of money, which I told him was to help to defray his expenses. 'I don't want much,' he said. At about eleven A.M. I walked with him to the boat-landing, and bade him farewell for the last time."

During this visit he received the news of the death of Lovick's little boy, and writes to him from Clarksburg:

"CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA.

"By a letter from Ella I hear that your little boy is dead. Well, this is better than a life of suffering and physical feebleness. Christ has provided for these little ones. He gave, and He hath taken away. His will be done. It is wise and good. So I hope you feel it to be. Let the bereavement bind you and Sallie more closely to God, and duty. Someone has said, it is dangerous to lose a blessing, it is *terrible* to lose an affliction. Accept, then, this chastening and improve it to a deeper consecration. God bless you and yours. Kiss the children for me.

"I am here, but very unwell, a violent cold, disordered bowels, and great prostration. Preached yesterday, but became deathly sick and had to sit down. To-day I stayed in and hope to recruit. I am much out of sorts. It is temporary. Expect to preach in the morning. Wish I were at home just now. This is a heavy campaign. Hard rides, much labor every way. Hope to get through and back by the fourth or fifth of July.

"Kiss mother and let her lack for nothing. I will write to her from this point. Love to Sallie and tell her not to pine. Everything is best, just as it is."

In September he went to the West and writes:

"My recent visit to the Western Conference was very pleasant. To Nebraska City, the seat of the Conference, the distance by rail is a little over twelve hundred miles. Dr. McFerrin joined me at Nashville, and with him and my nephew, Thomas R. Pierce, a transfer to Colorado, the loneliness and fatigue of so long a ride were wonderfully relieved. At St. Louis we parted asunder, not because of a sharp contention, as in the case of Paul and Barnabas, but for the sake of serving the Church at two points rather than one. The doctor went to a camp-meeting near Wright City, and I to Atchison, Kan., to dedicate a church. He has reported for himself in the *Nashville Advocate*, and now I give *you* a brief letter. Our church at A—— is not strong, but slowly improving. One or two valuable accessions while I was there. The house was dedicated, money enough having been raised to pay all indebtedness. I preached morning and night, besides attending the Sabbath-school and giving the children a talk. With the arrangement made for the station this year I look for increased prosperity.

"On Monday I went fifteen miles through the rain to dedicate a church in Bolton circuit. When I began the service the congregation was small, but before I ended the house was pretty well filled. At this place there was a strong religious feeling, and several had been added to the Church. Went with Brother O'Howell to his father-in-law's to dinner, and found Brother Rush, of Missouri, who had been preaching for the people for the last two days. Not knowing my habit to go when the time comes, and supposing the appointment a failure, because of the clouds and the wind, he cleaved to his shelter. In the afternoon we returned to Atchison, and Brother Rush preached at night. In the morning, with several accessions to our number, we took the road for Ne-

braska City. On the way Dr. McFerrin fell into line again, and we all reached our destination in good time and found comfortable quarters.

"I was much gratified with the progress and healthy growth of this young Conference. It promises to rival in development its namesake of a former day. The increase of membership was over six hundred, and the Conference was greatly strengthened by transfers. I indulged pretty freely in that line. About sixty preachers were appointed to work, and ten places were left to be supplied. I have procured two more men and yet need eight to fill up the programme. Hope to find them soon. The next General Conference will doubtless set up a Conference in Colorado, and yet another in Montana. Besides the reasons intrinsic to the policy, it will be a necessity growing out of distance, expense, and population.

"The session was short and the last two days interrupted by rain. The services were all well attended, and the religious impression decided. On Monday morning gave Tom the parting hand, and felt that the benediction of faith and hope and love was upon him.

"I went down to St. Joseph on Monday, preached at night to a good audience, and left next day for Mexico, where the Missouri Conference was to meet. Arrived at a very unseasonable hour, but found 'mine host' on hand and was promptly conveyed to his hospitable house. Here we had a most delightful Conference. The religious element was prominent from beginning to end. Bishop Marvin, Dr. McFerrin, and Dr. Haygood were with me, and their presence was a blessing, to say nothing of their services. This is a noble Conference of earnest, consecrated men, and the people seem as devoted to Methodism as the preachers. They all seem to confide in church officers and church order, calmly, without impatience or distrust, and accept results without criticism or fault-finding. I was not bored with 'peculiar cases,' 'special requests,' or 'very necessitous circumstances,' but pleasantly left to do my duty as best I could. Of course I worked in

good spirits, slept sweetly, and enjoyed myself socially, religiously, and officially. The Conference at Mexico will be remembered as a benediction. About the close I received letters from home informing me of sickness in my family, and contrary to my plan I returned to Georgia. On my arrival I found the sick doing well and all likely to be well again ere long. I am glad I came, on many accounts, and thank God for his mercies to me and mine. My father has been confined to his bed again, but to-day he is up and is busy with the church papers and ready to comment on all the *points* he finds.

"I leave for Missouri in the morning—have two Conferences to hold, and will return the last week in October. Then you shall hear from me a little more in detail."

He then went to the West St. Louis, at Nevada, and to the St. Louis, at Arcadia, from which point we have a letter to Mollie, who was the happy mother of a beautiful boy. The letter tells in a few words of his own method of family government.

"ARCADIA, October 18, 1872.

"MY DEAR MOLLIE: Though last you are not the least. I have delayed my answer for no special reason, but have intended every day to respond to you.

You ought to be thankful to God who has given to you a son so well formed, so bright, so smart. I do not wonder that you are so proud of him. He *is* a very promising child. But with him comes a very heavy responsibility. To train him right is a grave task and will require patience, judgment, and resolution. The main thing is, have a steady plan, be uniform. Exact a prompt obedience, but be careful about your commands. Do not *allow him to tease you about anything.* Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay Never give up your authority. Do not use the rod much, only in extreme cases. Let your rules be few and simple. Explain your commands. Give reason for duty. Do not govern by force of authority. Furnish right notions—proper principles—and let the child learn to govern himself. God bless you, husband, and child.

Kiss Hugh for grandfather and tell him to be a good boy Love to all.

"Affectionately,

"G. F. PIERCE."

His episcopal district included the Louisiana Conference, which was to meet in January, and the Baltimore, which met in March, so that he had a few weeks' rest after the close of the St. Louis Conference. He was able to meet Bishop Marvin at Atlanta and to go with him to the South Georgia at Thomasville.

CHAPTER XIX.

EPISCOPAL JOURNEYINGS, 1873–1874, AGED 62–63.

Louisiana — Baltimore — Colored Conference — District Conference—Views on Oregon's Charms, etc.—Indian Mission Conference—Voyage by Bateau—General Conference at Louisville—Salt Lake—Talk with Brigham Young—California—Oregon—Return Home.

HE writes to the *Advocate* and gives his own account of his work in the early part of the year 1873. He says:

"The labors of the year began with the Louisiana Conference, in New Orleans, on the 8th of January. We had a short and pleasant session. Bishop Keener was with me. Then and there the Mexican mission was inaugurated, with a missionary collection and the strong endorsement of the Conference and the Church. Our people are expected to respond favorably—not merely by verbal approval, but by large contributions. This enterprise ought to stimulate our missionary zeal. It is our field; near to us; the door is open. Providence has furnished a native preacher to begin with; others are in training. Say not, 'There are yet four months and then cometh harvest.' Let the Church lift up her eyes and see all things are ready. I expect to hold Conference in Mexico, perhaps in the halls of the Montezumas.

"It was my purpose to be present at the Baltimore Conference for a time, but the sickness of Bishop Paine made it necessary for me to hold it for him. I was glad to serve the brethren and oblige the bishop. Bishop Doggett was present, also, and added greatly by his presence and labors to the interest of the occasion. The session was more than pleasant. It was delightful, socially and religiously The great Head of the Church was near unto us. It was my privilege to

dedicate the Bond-street Church, on the Sunday before Conference, and thus I was in the city altogether about two weeks. From all I saw and heard I am hopeful of the future in Baltimore. In the territory of the Conference the Church has more than doubled its membership in seven years. All this under many discouragements, hindrances, and disabilities. The vital force is strong and enduring, and now, relieved of the pressure under which it has struggled, I look for increasing prosperity. The reports to me since Conference are very cheering. The Lord grant a large ingathering as well as an effective organization in every department of labor.

"A day or two at home and I went to Augusta to attend the General Conference of the Colored M. E. Church in America. Eleven years of my ministerial life, as station preacher and presiding elder, were spent in and around Augusta, and I love to go there still. It is a dear old place to me. This visit was fortunate as to time and attending circumstances. A very glorious work was in progress in Brother Evans' charge (St. James'), and I was allowed to help him without stint. My old friend Evans and myself have been yoke fellows a long time, and it was a pleasure to relieve him and rejoice with him. What a boon to a preacher is a revival of religion! how refreshing! how strengthening! How a man can live without one I never knew. The three preachers in Augusta are a unit. They work together. They have planned a regular campaign, and are going from victory to victory. Already hundreds have been gathered in. The Lord add unto them a thousandfold.

"The Colored Conference was a called one, assembled for a specific purpose. The death of Bishop Vanderhorst and the growth of the Church made it necessary to strengthen the episcopacy. After conferring together with great unanimity, they elected three bishops. As to the future fortune of this organization, I am hopeful. They have made great progress. The signs of improvement are obvious. It is commanding public confidence and respect. Free, independent, conservative, if the preachers are faithful to their principles and

policy, this Church will be a blessing to the colored race and to the country. If ambitious bad men, 'grievous wolves, do not enter in to corrupt them by divisions and factions, the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America will be strong and useful and enduring."

After the meeting of the College of Bishops in May, he wrote again to the *Advocate :*

" What I consider my regular work for the year began the first week in April, at Bainbridge, the seat of the District Conference. On the way down I stopped and preached at Albany, and next day dedicated a house of worship at Camilla.

" The meeting at Bainbridge was pleasant and profitable. It was continued with good results, I hear. I left on Monday with Brother Hayes, to go across the country on a visit to Blakely and Fort Gaines. These lower counties of Georgia have been wellnigh inundated, and travel was difficult. On the way we got lost, and journeyed many miles without sight of house or man. At last we came to a habitation, and learned from the proprietor that we had fallen upon the only practicable route, could not have made the trip any other way. Was this an accident or a providence ? Philosophy may study the doctrine of chances, and make out a mere coincidence. I prefer to believe that God directed our steps. We reached Blakely about sundown, after a fifty miles' ride, much to the surprise of the citizens, who, familiar with the road and streams, had concluded that we could not reach the zigzag path along which providence had guided our progress. The sermon, I hope, will yield good fruit. The next day went on to Fort Gaines, and preached at night. This was my first visit to these lower counties, and I was greatly interested. The lands are fine, the general topography of the country beautiful. The pine forests are magnificent, and some of the streams, with their rush and roar, their high bluffs and receding hills, contrast strangely with the general features of the landscape. As the preachers often say, in reporting from a new field of labor, 'I was well received—kindly entertained,' and hope for good results from this hasty visit to the brethren.

"One day at home, and then away to Orangeburg, S. C.

"I spent a night in Charleston, and left by the Northeastern Railroad, to meet an appointment at Marion. Preached at night to a large house, lodged with my good friend and Brother, Kelly, and next morning, as we were about to start for Georgetown, received the intelligence that the Rev. Charles Betts had left for heaven. His death was sudden, but he died well. When I was a little boy, he was junior preacher on the Appalachee circuit, in which I lived, and he was often at my father's house. I learned to love him then, and the judgment of maturer years confirmed the affections of childhood. He was warm, genial, hearty, a steadfast friend, a veteran minister, useful in his effective days; in his superannuation ripe and ready for his departure.

"The presiding elder had chartered a steamboat for the trip, and on Wednesday morning a goodly number of preachers and delegates took their places on the Halcyon, for old Georgetown. We were crowded, but congenial company and a common interest in the work to be done, made the descent of the Pedee not merely tolerable but pleasant, a time to be remembered. It was the more interesting to me because I was passing through my father's first appointment, the circuit he travelled *sixty-seven years ago*. The thoughts and feelings, the hopes and fears suggested by the association I will not weary your readers to tell. We reached Georgetown next day, and proceeded at once to the Conference and got to work. We went through with all the usual details, had preaching morning and night, and on the Sabbath added a love-feast and a Sunday-school meeting. It was one of the most impressive I have attended. On Monday, by the same route, but by another and better boat, we left for a church dedication at Bennettsville. We arrived about 9 P.M. on Tuesday, and slept sweetly at the parsonage. Brother Porter, the pastor, and the good people of Bennettsville, have magnified themselves and the Gospel by erecting a beautiful house of worship. It is a gem of its kind. To my great delight the debt was paid, and there was no *begging* to do. In consideration

of this relief I preached again at 3 P.M., and then rode twelve miles to Society Hill, to spend the night with Brother Townsend. Next morning I took the train for Florence, to meet another District Conference. Before I pass on, let me say that the region through which I have been passing is, to my eye, the most beautiful section of the State. Sorry to see so much of it devoted to cotton, so little to corn. When will the Southern people learn the common-sense economy of life?

"We had a good meeting at Florence. If the grand old State could be relieved of its oppressions, could shake off the vampires that are draining her blood, and the people would reform their agricultural plans, Florence might become a very considerable place. It is well located, four railroads converge there, the health is good, and the surrounding country well suited to farming. Strange to say, the people are hopeful of the future. I left on Monday, 9 A.M., and reached home at 11 P.M., two hundred and forty miles distant. So much for railroads.

"Three days at home, and I left for Nashville, to attend the Annual Meeting of the Bishops and the Board of Missions.

"Now let me say to all and singular, it is no use to write to me about going here or there, to district meetings or otherwise. My work is laid out till the first of Noevmber, and cannot be changed. Every day is provided for. I cannot make time, and my work is equal to my utmost capacity. Some places and some presiding elders will be disappointed. I cannot help it. 'If the Lord will,' I will get around in time. I know that *each* place is more important than any *other* place, but I cannot get to all, and must needs exercise my own judgment a *little*."

He was still, in addition to his heavy labors, agent for Emory College. He was fruitful in resources. Week after week he sent out his bulletins through the *Southern Christian Advocate*. He preached, visited, begged, borrowed, and kept the workmen at their places, and the bills promptly paid. To do this he had to give constant thought to the work of

financiering, for which he had no taste, but much more aptness than men who knew his generous noble nature gave him credit for. The people of Georgia, the friends of Emory College, can never know the anxiety and the toil that his unpaid work cost him. He had been so unceasingly at work and worked so hard that it began to tell upon him, and his friends remonstrated with him. He was impelled to enter upon his own defence. He says:

"My brethren are rebuking me for what they call overdoing—wearing out before my time. Is it not written: 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up?' Was this charged as a fault? I trow not. If I had no higher motive I should go on my way for example's sake. The tendency, even among preachers, is in the opposite direction. These vacations and visits to the springs and mountains and to the North have an ugly look to me. I am afraid of them. My ideas of ministerial fidelity do not allow it in my case. But I judge no man. I only suggest that all movements in the direction of *self-indulgence* will bear watching. In the grass of these green pastures, where the flesh seeks rest, there is a *snake*, and his name is *Satan*.

"No, brethren, I am not overdoing. My health is good, my strength is firm. The commission says: 'Go.' How dare I stay at home and rest? I see the men of the world busy; they rise early, sit up late, eat the bread of carefulness, tax brain, muscle, time, work, work, work, and I hear no complaint. No blame attaches. They do it to obtain corruptible things—silver and gold. Shall not an incorruptible inheritance stimulate us to superior diligence? It ought, and, by the grace of God, for myself it shall.

"The spring and summer work, and observations made, have all been suggestive. I have seen some things to cheer and encourage; many to bewail and deplore. I am more and more satisfied that the introduction of organs and choirs, like 'Alexander the coppersmith, have done us much evil.' In many cases they have been the occasion of division, discord, variance, hate, heart-burnings in the churches. This is

all wrong, I grant. Yet it is as fair and just to lay the blame on those who gave the 'offence,' as upon those who 'offended.'

"I find churches which paid thousands for an organ and only gave hundreds for missions. Another—straining, the people say, to support a preacher, yet raising from $1,200 to $1,800 to buy an organ. But they have not only absorbed money, they have put Methodist worship into a straight jacket. All freedom is gone. Nothing is left, in many places, but a petrified respectability. Singing to the praise of God is substituted by music, so called. The whole thing is so incongruous, so out of harmony with genuine spiritual Methodism, that praying and preaching are both hampered by it. The very atmosphere of the house, when these performances come off, is infected. It is like an east wind on the nervous system. No will or resolution can resist it. On this more anon.

"The pew system has been tried by five Methodist churches (perhaps more) in Georgia. It worked something akin to death in them all. The only chance for a continued life was to abandon the policy. The plan of renting or selling pews in the house of God is an abomination, a downright wickedness. It is largely responsible for the fact that but a small fraction of our city populations, either North or South, attend the ministry of the word. As far as I know, in Georgia we are clear of this body of death. But we are falling into another custom not much better. I mean the *promiscuous seating of our congregations.* The time has come for a note of warning on this subject. I will not discuss the subject now, but may hereafter. In the meantime I avow myself in favor of the old rule. '*Let the men and the women sit apart in all our congregations.*' It may be pleasant and convenient for families to occupy the same pew, but pleasure and convenience ought to be given up for the sake of religious interest. This family arrangement cannot be allowed without conceding the privilege to other parties and to all. And here is the evil. Young gentlemen and ladies, as I

have seen, come in groups and march along the aisles, and with bows and ceremonies and graceful joining of hands pass to their places in pairs, and, seated side by side, whisper and giggle and fan, and indulge in all the amenities of private life. Now what I say is, all these things are out of place in the house of God. The church is not a parlor, where people meet to exchange civilities, and brandish the graces of dress or form or manner. Sobriety, reverence, awe, are demanded. 'God is in his holy temple.' Now remembering that our congregations are largely made up of young people—gay, festive, buoyant, thoughtless, ay, and carnal too—everybody knows that this commingling is unfriendly to serious thought, to the impression of the word, and to religious action, even if the heart should be touched. In this arrangement the devil has the advantage of the preacher and people.

"The Discipline still insists on free seats, but we cannot have them, in fact, without the separation of the sexes. Without this there are barriers and delicacies and fears of intrusion which embarrass the feelings and virtually limit the privilege of the incomer. In my judgment a congregation of people gathered together for the worship of God ought, in its order and arrangement of manners, to be discriminated from all other public assemblies. Everything which tends to commonize the occasion and assimilate it in order and likeness to the political or social gatherings of the people ought, as far as possible, to be avoided. Oh that Methodism would maintain her individuality, her uniqueness, her independence! Mr. Wesley was a wise man, and there is a profound philosophy in the system he wrought out, even in what people less wise consider little things. Our Church has lost power and prestige by every surrender of what was distinctive, and every approximation to the customs of other people. There is religion as well as history in the account of the sling and the stone.

"I have found love-feasts much neglected, and when held greatly impaired in their value by sitting with open doors and letting in a promiscuous crowd. This is all wrong—the

offspring of a silly, mawkish liberality. Every church has a right to hold its meetings in its own way. Our book of law, in regard to love-feasts, prescribes the mode, specifies who may attend, and limits the time. No preacher has a right to change any item of this arrangement. Let every brother conform to the rule. None but a Methodist has any right in the premises, and the courtesy which admits others has its legal boundaries. No one has any right to complain that he was not invited. A love-feast is a *private Methodist meeting* —a family gathering, where all the children are expected to speak in the freedom of mutual confidence and affection, unembarrassed by the presence of strangers. Let us return to the old paths."

He found the tide had set against him and those of his kind. The Methodists had apparently resolved to be like other people. A hundred years' of experiment with their Wesleyan peculiarities seems to have well satisfied many of the leading men among them that they were impracticable, and quietly, but persistently and rapidly, changes were being made which were robbing the Church of all her distinct features. To make a permanent pastorate, to have more elegance in architecture, to pay less attention to the subjective in religion, to have more artistic music, to wipe out the general rules, to open wide the door of the Church to all comers, to soften the severe doctrines of orthodoxy, to allow everywhere promiscuous sittings, to give up the mourners' bench, to sit or stand at prayer, to introduce a ritual, to observe days, to decorate churches as heathen temples were decorated before Christ came, and as Catholic churches had been decorated for over a thousand years ; he found all these things allowed, endorsed, and advocated by some Methodist preachers, and his heart was sad. His warning voice was clear, and though he may have sounded the note in vain, he sounded it loud. Revolutions never go backward, and, alas ! history too sadly repeats itself. The wisdom, or unwisdom, of his utterances will be manifest in our history even while these pages are read, and it may be found that his foreboding

fear may have been needless, or it may be found that the man was a seer, and that even now we may hear the roar of the breakers, and turn the wheel and steer away from danger ere it is too late.

He visited a District Conference in Albany, Ga. He found a thrifty, enterprising, hospitable little city, in which there was too much coldness and formality for his taste, and, as is usual with him, he threw into his account of his visit judicious reflections. He says:

"Regeneration is better than the succession, a holy life is of more worth than baptism, the indwelling Spirit of God more to be desired than architecture, or music, or the mummeries of ritualism."

The Church in Brunswick was making an earnest struggle to pay a debt over its parsonage, and Rev. Mr. Fulwood, the pastor, had, as a measure of relief, decided to have made a photograph of the famous Wesley Oak, under which Charles Wesley preached on St. Simon's Island, and Bishop Pierce and his father, and Bishop Wightman were to stand under its shade. This was done and the picture made.

In September he went his way to the Indian Mission Conference, in company with Dr. McFerrin and Dr. Sargeant. Of this he says:

"As I am snugly laid by at Brother Ewing's house and home, on this very cold day, I obey your editorial behest, and send you a brief letter.

"The Indian Mission Conference met on the 23d inst., at Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee Nation. The town is small—having no importance except as the head-quarters of the Government. The house in which are the Senate-chamber, Council-room, and Executive Department, with other offices, is a substantial, well-arranged brick structure. Near by is the Cherokee Orphan Asylum, a noble charity, supported by the nation. Ninety boys and girls are now receiving instruction there. It is proposed to make it industrial as well as academic. This enterprise is a monument to missions and Christianity. Five miles distant is the Female

Seminary. We had our Sunday Conference services at the Asylum. The day was rainy, cold, and gloomy, but the congregation was large, and seemed deeply interested. The Missionary Secretary* was there—a patriarch in the midst of *three generations*. I never knew till now how antique and venerable my old friend was. I was present when gray-haired Indian men and women would tell how they heard him when they were boys and girls, and describe scenes and incidents that would make his face glow and his eye moisten. Services rendered *forty-five years* ago, the fruit of which still appears, entitle him to esteem and veneration, which he would not claim on the score of age. Verily he had a rich time out here with his old friends and their descendants—rich in memories, hopes, and prospects.

"The Conference was pleasant in all respects. The hospitality of the people was open-handed and hearty, the religious services well attended, and the general impression favorable to our interest. We closed early on Monday morning. I came out and preached at the Seminary at night. Drs. McFerrin and Sargeant and Brother Blair left me, and went their way to Texas, all well and happy in what they had seen and heard and done. Dr. Sargeant preached twice, and left a very pleasant savor personally and ministerially. But he has been taking 'notes,' and I expect will 'print 'em.' I was sorry to part with him.

More men and more money are needed to occupy the whole field. We want robust, fearless, self-denying men. The dainty, the timid, have no business here. The rides are long, the work hard, the fare plain—exposure in wind and weather very great, often severe—pay scanty, and nothing earthly to invite but Nature in the majesty of her mountains, the verdure of her plains and rolling prairies—her bright, beautiful waters, and the blue heavens overhead. Who will volunteer? Let him speak or write to me. On the spiritual side, there is religion to be enjoyed, souls to be

* Dr. McFerrin.

saved, and the great Master's smile of approval now, all along, and then forever and ever.

"I love to come here—to get away from the artificial, and look upon the natural—to see the Gospel moving about on its mission of love and mercy, a benediction to the aged and the young. I heard the Cherokees sing a song last Sunday in their own language. I did not understand a word, but the tune, with its associations and memories, melted my heart—my wings grew, and heaven felt very near."

He went to the Little Rock Conference, and thence to Arkadelphia, of which journey he writes:

"Having an appointment at Arkadelphia, Dr. Haygood and myself left Saturday morning on the Cairo and Fulton Road. By the way, the smoothest new road I ever rode upon, and the most striking illustration of the power of a well-located road to develop a country—to divert trade from its old channels—to build towns, and stimulate enterprise.

"Soon after our arrival at our destination the rain began to fall, and by Monday morning the country was flooded. Despite the weather we had a fair congregation on Sunday at eleven o'clock, but no service in the afternoon or night.

"How shall we get to Camden? became a serious question. After much debate and many suggested routes, it was determined to try the river in a two-oared boat. This mode of travel for a hundred miles, with uncertain weather and a set of land-lubbers, necessitated an outfit in the way of food and cooking utensils. Brother Crouch, a lay delegate, who was to be pilot and steersman, undertook to make all the necessary arrangements, and well did he perform his task.

"When all was ready, we marched, a goodly company, to the river. The baggage all safely stored, we took our respective places—Crouch at the stern, Mr. Williams, the oarsman, next, then Haygood and myself about midship, Hearn and Wells in front. The word was given and we pushed off from the shore. The river was up, the current strong, and our headway was very satisfactory. Presently the clouds began to break, the sun to shine, and when we contrasted our

smooth, gentle and yet rapid motion, with the slow progress and rough jolting we should have experienced on land, we congratulated each other and rejoiced together.

"During the first twenty miles, it became apparent that Mr. Williams would break down—give out unless relieved by some means. So, reaching a farm-house on the bank, we landed, and by consent, indeed at the suggestion of the good lady of the house, we improvised a couple of paddles from the palings about the yard. They were assigned to Haygood and myself; Hearn and Wells were to spell W Now, fully equipped, and the whole crew assigned to duty, our progress was wonderful. We made the whole distance (one hundred miles) in twelve hours. How we camped at night, and made coffee and broiled bacon, and ate abundantly, and had prayers, and slept sweetly, and arose early, and went on our way, waking all the echoes along shore (and some of the people too), have they not all been chronicled by my *fellow-paddler?*

"Well, we all arrived in good time at the Camden wharf, and were hailed as the 'Arkadelphia Packet.' As the strength and toughness of my arm have been commended and bepraised, I shall say nothing about how *stiff* and *sore* it was for a day or two. Let that pass. I made the trip in good order and good time, and shall always take a boat in default of a railroad; especially if the river is high, and the current in my favor.

"When we came to talk with the preachers about their troubles by roads and floods, bogging here and swimming there, loss of baggage and peril of life, we were more than ever satisfied that our novel mode of getting to Conference was wisely chosen. Indeed, many of the brethren did not get in for several days, being constrained to tack about, heading streams, and hunting bridges."

Of this notable voyage down the Ouchita, his travelling companion, Dr. Haygood, says in his funeral sermon:

"I recall a scene in the autumn of 1873, in the swamps of Arkansas. He had spent the Sunday in Arkadelphia; on

A. G. HAYGOOD, D. D.

the following Wednesday he was to open the annual session of the Little Rock Conference, in Camden, a hundred miles down the Ouchita River. There were no steamboats at Arkadelphia, and there was no railroad between the towns. A two days' rain had made the stage routes impassable, but the faithful bishop felt that he must keep his appointment. With two or three friends he embarked upon the swollen river in a little row-boat that was found at Arkadelphia. A beautiful trait in his character came out during that hundred miles down the river. Finding the oarsman they had hired wearied with his over-full boat, the good bishop, who was every inch a man, improvised two rude oars, and taking one in his own hands, made stroke for stroke with the oarsman to the end of his journey. Sixty miles down the river the little party camped for the night. Attracted by the camp-fire, a company of men, rough and wild-looking fellows they were, came out of the dark woods to see what it meant. They spent an hour at the camp, hearing and asking him questions. Before they left the bishop proposed that they join in the devotions of the evening. I can see and hear him now, as he read and expounded a portion of the word of God, and then kneeling upon the ground, asked the blessing of heaven upon us all. It was all after the example and in the spirit of Him, who, weary with his journey, sat resting by Jacob's well and yet preached a sermon to one lone woman of the Samaritans."

The bishop continues:

"About one o'clock A.M., Monday, we (the boat's company) left in a hack for the railroad. We had a rough ride, made slow time, but made connection. Once more in a car, we felt that the troubles of travel were past. We went through Little Rock in the night, crossed the Arkansas River, and took the train for Memphis, where we arrived according to schedule, for breakfast. Resting a few hours and comparing distances and time, Brother Haygood and I found it necessary to shake hands and part—one for Georgia and the other for Nashville. On this trip I verified Solomon's words, 'two are better than one.' My good friend and brother Haygood,

beguiled many a weary hour. One feels safer and stronger with a helper by his side. *This* companionship was a blessing indeed. The interchange of views on Church economy, mutual comments on passing events, common sympathies and common interests, refreshed me on my journey, and cheered me in my rest. I trust he fared as well and enjoyed as much. If the Lord will, I hope to repeat oftentimes our communion of travel and talk, of labor and rest.

"From several points, since my return, I have had cheering reports of the work and the workmen. An Annual Conference is a blessing to the preachers. The itinerancy could not survive if they were stricken out. How they revive and renew a preacher's spirit! How they quicken and tone his resolution! How they inspire him to hold on and do better! What community of hearts and hopes, of sympathies and interests! There is nothing like these Conferences of Methodist preachers. They are always new. Coming but once a year, they are always fresh, each one a festival, a feast of fat things for the soul and the body, the preachers and the people.

"It was my privilege to be at both the Georgia Conferences. I was at home in more senses than one, and there was no official responsibility to burden my thoughts or check the flow of enjoyment. The presence of our senior bishop was a joy to us all. His preaching was a blessing. His Conference talks were wise, well timed, and greatly appreciated, and I doubt if he ever presided in any Conference with more satisfaction to the preachers, or left a more hallowed savor than at Newnan and Macon. My presence in Georgia amounts to nothing, but the advent of Bishop Keener at Macon was an event of interest. Many of the brethren had never heard him or seen him, and his visit gratified their curiosity, and made them long for a more intimate acquaintance. They hope he will come again and come often.

"After a few days' rest at home, I wound up my year's campaign at the Florida Conference. On the way I dedicated a church at Live Oak, and preached one night at Lake

City. Dr. McFerrin was with me. We had a good time among the oranges."

The beginning of the year 1874 was a time of needed rest. He had given up farming, and now gave himself entirely to his ministerial work. In April he sends the following hastily-written note to his dear Ann:

"April 3, 1874.

"MY DEAR ANN: I beg a thousand pardons. I believe I left you to-day without a parting kiss. You know it was not indifference or neglect. Bless your darling old soul, I would not hurt your feelings for every thing earthly. I thought I went all around, but believe I missed you, the chiefest of all.

"Claude is better, is up and cheerful. God bless you and keep you."

The General Conference met in Louisville, and again his father was a member. He and Haygood and his father had their quarters at an excellent hotel. The bishop was worn with his work, but he allowed no evidence of it to appear. He wrote regularly home.

"May 5, 1874.

"MY DEAR ANN: Received your letter yesterday. Glad to hear from you. Everybody sorry you did not come. I am pleasantly situated. Pa keeps up. Is a wonder to all.

"Read my address yesterday. Was well received. Had many compliments. I am worried with the desire to hear me preach. I am trying to get off. Have no heart to preach when I am expected to show off. I am going to the country.

"It is cold, cloudy and wet. Am pretty well. Take care of yourself. Love to all."

To his Grand-daughter.

"May 9, 1874.

"MY DEAR CARRIE: Here I am on the platform, in the presence of the Conference and a crowd of spectators, writing to you. Not much to say. Not one of you writes to me

except Grandmother. I thought you promised. So did Mother and Duly. But you have all forgotten me. I have a right to complain. I ought to get a letter every day. So many of you. None of you are busier than I am. I write, so can you. I have written to Mother, Pierce, 'Aunt C., and three or four times to Grandmother. I mean to try you all and *quit.* So lookout. Do better or I am done. I promised in your Mother's letter to put in a bill of fare (but forgot it), that you might all compare *your* table with *mine.* Unless you have improved since I left, I beat you badly. Hope as spring opens you will do better. How about the strawberries? Plenty of them, I hope. None here. It is warm to-day for the first. Trust you have some sunshine now in more than name. We are getting along slowly. Have much to do, time of adjournment uncertain."

To his Wife.

"May 14, 1874.

"A thousand blessings on your dear old head for your last letter. I have no time to write this morning, but drop a line to keep up the connection. Conference is moving slowly. Hope to get through next week. We keep well. You see by the *Advocate* what is going on. Sorry Doc did not come. Hope to see him yet. I have written to all but Ann. Take her next. I long to see you. My heart warms when I think of you. Love me, pray for me. God bless you. Love to all."

To his Grand-daughter.

"May 16, 1874.

"MY DEAR DULY: I have written to all but you. Perhaps you do not deserve a letter, for *you* have not written to me. But I will not stand on ceremony with my little Duly. I think of you all daily, hourly, and I like to be thought of by those I love so much. Well, I reckon you do think of me sometimes, perhaps speak of me now and then. How is this? Hope the sun is shining on you at last. Tell mother to keep

the garden growing. I want to see everything flourishing--corn, wheat, oats, cotton, water-melons, everything. Don't eat all the strawberries before I get back, I want some. I am living high every day. Fatten a little. Room for more flesh on my bones yet. But I am willing to give up the *fat* if I could go home. I had rather *kiss* you than stay here and eat the good things of Kentucky. Georgia fare suits me, seasoned by the presence of those I love. I long to see you all. Hope Uncle Doc will be here to-night, and I will hear by word of mouth what I fail to hear by letter.

"Well, I suppose you are busy with school. I must excuse you. The Lord bless you with every good thing for soul and body, make you pious and happy. Pray for me.

"God bless you."

To his Wife.

"May 16, 1874.

"I have written to every one of the family now; to you several times. Trust that you get my epistles. They are not much, but they serve to keep you posted, and show that I have you in my thoughts and heart. The Conference is full of talk. Doing very little. Not much of importance on hand. The body is conservative. No radical changes are proposed. The bishops have not arranged their work yet. Waiting to see if the Conference will elect any new bishops. This is doubtful. The committee report against electing any more. The Conference will likely take up the subject to-day. I think I shall go to California or Texas. Do not know how things will turn out. Does not make much difference anyway. Absence and work are my portion anyhow. We must make up our minds to bear our lot. I shall be disappointed in my money matters here, but hope I shall be able to square up at the end of the year. Love to all. Kiss the children."

"May 28, 1874.

"MY DEAR ELLA: Yours of the 12th is at hand. Very glad to hear from you. You take the premium from all but

mother. She has written several times, you twice; thank you. I rejoice in the report from the wheat, corn, and cotton. May they go on to prosper. Happy to hear that the garden is clean and fruitful. Hope to be with you next week. Cannot set a day. Sorry to hear of little Ella's sickness. Tell her to get well and I will bring her a present. So to Annie. Tell them both grandfather wants to see them, because he loves them. They must be good. I got a letter from Pierce asking for *shoes* and *money*. He has written a very good letter to pa. The old gentleman was pleased very much. Tell Doolie she has disappointed me, I expected a letter from her. I wrote to her. Am I to have no answer? Stir her up quick. Conference is slow—very. Doc is here, is enjoying the occasion. He is staying with us. Is pleased with his quarters. It is cool up here, nay, cold. I have my overcoat on to-day. I long for soft, warm weather. I have a bad cold, in other respects very well. Tell Wash and mother to keep my crop clean and growing. Love to all, and to you."

The General Conference at Louisiana had among its members Lovick Pierce, George F. Pierce, and Lovick Pierce, Jr., three generations of the same family. The pastoral address was written by Bishop Pierce, and was, by order of the General Conference, placed in the Discipline, as the expressed sentiment of the whole body. The Conference was comparatively unimportant, except as to the reception of fraternal delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church, the first who had come from the North. As he intimated, he was selected by the College of Bishops for the Pacific slope, and began his last journey to California and Oregon in the early fall.

His first letter is from Denver to his wife:

"DENVER, COL., August 27, 1874.

"I wrote you a brief note on my arrival last night. Now I give you a letter to let you feel that you are in my heart. Well, there are one thousand six hundred and seventy miles between us, but still we are one *flesh* and one *spirit*.

"I had a dry, dusty ride; in all other respects pleasant. From home to this place the country is ruined by drought. I never saw such desolation as there is in Kansas. The grasshoppers have devoured the crops. It is awful; not much left here. The air is in motion with them. Noons hot, nights cold. Thick clothes are not a burden. I can tell you all many things when I get back.

"Tom is well. Looks as sober as Sam Anthony. Is pleased with the country. Means to stay.

"Conference business starts off very well. I shall have to hurry up to get through in time. Two or three thousand miles ahead of me yet. Railroads are fine; travelling easy, yet tiresome. Am well, cheerful, trying to do my duty. Write, write, write. Heaven bless you all."

He now left Denver for San Francisco. He says:

"To describe the ever-shifting scenery of this long route would be wearisome, unprofitable. Everything is unique; the broad base of the mountains, their cloud-piercing altitudes, snow-crowned summits, the precipices, cañons, the winding rivers, the plain stretching away to the horizon, an ever-unrolling panorama, picturesque, fantastic, beautiful, terrible, sublime, awful."

At Laramie City he had fine fare and says: "The female crusaders who are clamoring for suffrage and office and rights in general had better colonize here. Already in a criminal case a female jury has been empanelled, and bravely did they stand up to the responsibilities of their new position."

He writes again from Salt Lake to the *Advocate:*

"On our way down, at a little station, the cars were invaded by a crowd of young people, all 'merry as a marriage bell.' In the scramble for seats an old lady located by Dr. McFerrin and myself, and seemed quite disposed to make herself agreeable. I asked 'what all these people were about?' She answered that 'they came in the morning from the city, for a little jollification, and were now returning.' 'How have

you spent the day?' 'Mostly in dancing.' 'What, do you Mormons dance?' 'Yes, sir; but we always open and close with *prayer*, and we *behave* ourselves.' 'Do you let the Gentiles dance with you?' 'Yes, if they behave well.' 'Are you Mormons all polygamists?' 'No, we believe in it, think it right, but do not require a man to have more than one wife; we can do as we please about that. I came here eleven years ago, from England; I was a widow then, and I am a widow yet.' So we chatted on, and I picked up many scraps of information about this strange people.

"On our arrival we went to a hotel and found it a first-class house. Early in the morning we went forth to see, and make our observations. The town is regularly laid out, the streets are at right angles with each other, and by the curb-stones on either side there runs a beautiful stream of clear, cold water. Along the sidewalks trees have been planted; on every open lot fruit-trees abound, and the trees and the water give to the whole place a peculiar charm—an air of coolness, comfort, and repose. The public buildings are imposing, as to size and style, some beautiful private residences; but the common habitations of the people are of a very humble description.

"'The Tabernacle' is a wonderful structure—a model auditorium. An ellipse, with an egg-shaped roof, doors of entrance at each end and on either side, two hundred and fifty feet in length, one hundred and fifty feet in width, a wide gallery nearly around the entire circuit; two pulpits, the first on a low, narrow platform; the second, two steps higher, of more elaborate workmanship; in the rear of it an organ, made of Utah material and by Utah artisans, at a cost of *one hundred thousand* dollars; on the right and left, numerous seats for the choir. The whole building will comfortably seat thirteen thousand people. Dr. McFerrin stood in the pulpit, and I went back to the last pew, and we carried on a conversation in a common colloquial tone, each hearing distinctly. The breastwork of the gallery is panelled, and on each panel there is a motto. These mottoes are a fair ex-

ponent of the Mormon religion, a curious amalgam of heaven and earth, of truth and error, the divine and the human. I give you a few of them:

"'Obedience is better than sacrifice.'

"'Brigham, our leader and friend.'

"'The kingdom of God or nothing.'

"'Honor thy father and thy mother.'

"'Utah's best crop—children.'

"'Our crucified Saviour.'

"'Our martyred Prophet.'

"Quotations from the Bible, American maxims, Mormon ideas, all strangely mingled.

"The Sabbath morning is devoted to the Sunday-school, the afternoon to public service. The Tabernacle is closed at night. The city is divided into four wards, and over each a bishop presides; and he, with his subordinate officers, holds religious meetings on Sunday night, and sometimes during the week. The officers of these Latter-day Saints are Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Evangelists, and Priests; their rank, relations, and functions I did not learn.

"We called on Brigham Young, and were courteously received. He is a nice, clean, good-looking, well-dressed man, seventy-four years of age. He looked fresh and strong, erect and active. He lives in royal style as to the forms and etiquette with which he surrounds himself. He has his hours and his porter, and his reception-room, and is approached through many formalities. Once in his presence, however, he is affable, easy in manner, intelligent in conversation. I take him to be a man of moderate mind, pretty well posted by reading and contact with strangers, and in the current facts of State and of the churches. His position is largely an *accident*, and his influence the sequence of the ignorance and superstition of his people, investing him with a sacred character. He has been shrewd enough to make a good thing, *financially*, out of his prophetic office. Fabulous statements are made as to his personal fortune. I know nothing; I judge by what is visible. All his buildings are

plain, and, all things considered, humble. When he located here they were doubtless accounted fine in contrast with the rest about him; but the town has improved, and superior structures *outshine* him. He has forty acres enclosed with a high stone-wall (concrete), and within he has his printing-office, apartments for himself and his employés, and *several* private residences, gardens, orchards, and vineyards—a right royal domain. On the opposite side of the street he is erecting (now about complete) an elegant mansion for his favorite wife. The story is that the house and the outfit are to exceed any private arrangement on the continent. Such a retreat will be very pleasant for an old man, burdened with *nineteen* wives and *forty-nine children*, especially as the intended occupant will stand to him in closer celestial affinity than any houri of all the harem.

"The Temple is on the same lot with the Tabernacle. It is not finished, and possibly never will be. The design is grand. It is to be built of the finest granite—two hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide—three stories high. It is for the ceremonies, the arcana of the Church, and is not to be open for the public. I asked the gentleman who very politely showed us the buildings, 'How do you and your people get money for such a magnificent structure as this?' 'Oh, very easily,' he said; 'our treasury is never empty.' 'Well, how do you manage that?' 'Every Mormon,' he replied, 'pays the tenth of his income to the Church. If he makes one hundred bushels of wheat, the Church gets ten. Unless Providence and the seasons, and the earth, all fail, our treasury will never be empty.' Let Gentile Christians ponder that statement. This Mormon fact rebukes our Methodism. How our missions would multiply, our colleges flourish, our orphans rejoice, if the Church could command the tenth of the income of her people!

"Salt Lake City contains a population of about twenty thousand. In walking the streets it is easy to identify the Mormons, both men and women, especially the latter. They all have a sad, downcast, hopeless look about them. Their

gait, dress, and manners indicate dependence, servitude, oppression. The heart is *dead*, or suffering an agony which none but a woman can know or feel, and all effort is prompted by physical want or goaded on by the exacting selfishness of a human brute who claims to be her husband. It is doubtless some relief to these poor women, called wives, that they are not doomed to live together. If the husband is able, he furnishes a home to each, far apart, if in town, or some in different portions of the city, and some in the country, one on this ranch, another on that, and they never mingle. Many of these scoundrel 'saints' multiply their *wives* to increase their income, accumulated by the wages of these women, hired and compelled to menial service. There never was such a social and religious monstrosity since the world began. I picked up this item. One of the leading men, meeting an acquaintance of other days, dilated largely on the glory of Mormonism, especially the domestic features—the household harmony and bliss—and invited his friend to dine with him. He went, and at the table, in his simplicity, congratulated the lady upon the happiness of her lot. But, alas for the husband! she dashed the glowing picture by the bold, outspoken declaration: 'If there be a hell in the universe worse than *this*, I don't want to go there.'

"I am happy to say that, in my judgment, 'the Church of the Latter-day Saints' is on its last legs. It cannot live in contact with Christian civilization. It may, perhaps will, survive the death of Brigham, but not long. The struggle for the succession, combined with other causes, will hasten its downfall. The work of disintegration has already begun. Apostasies are open and frequent. The system has the dry-rot, gradually sapping its life. Active hostile agencies are undermining it. The word from Brigham's mouth has lost its potent spell. On the train a lady said to me: 'Once, if Brigham Young said to a Mormon, Go, *he walked*, but now we think if a man has a head on his shoulders he should do some thinking and willing for himself.' The last experiment of the old *prophet* and *leader* upon the credulity and obsequi-

ousness of his people culminated while I was there, and was a failure, a complete back down. To keep out the Gentiles he instituted what is called 'The Order of Enoch,' and called upon the faithful to join. One of the articles required every member to *transfer* the *title* of his land to the Church. *One* object was to prevent the sale of land to the Gentiles, and thus stay the tide which threatens to overwhelm their institutions; and *another* to increase the power of the Church to compel obedience to the lordly will of the Prophet. But the people rebelled, and the sceptre departed from the hand palsied by this first defeat. The decree was withdrawn. To have urged it would have *precipitated* the explosion which is bound to come."

He left Ogden for Sacramento, and passed over the Central Pacific Railroad. The magnificence of the scenery has been so often described that I do not find it necessary to publish his account of it here. Dr. McFerrin was with him. They were both sixty-four years old and might have been called old men, but they turned their faces toward Oregon, and for sixty hours rocked on the stage to the terminus of the road. He says:

"Dr. McFerrin and myself were waylaid by a set of preachers and laymen, and were carried off to a camp-meeting before we could wash away the dust of the desert.

"He preached at night and I the next morning, and one bright conversion inaugurated our service in that far-off land. We accepted it as a token for good, the promise and pledge of the Divine presence.

"On Monday we met and started for Oregon. On Tuesday night, about 1 A.M., we took the stage, crammed with mail-bags and passengers. For sixty hours we were tossed and tumbled and jolted and jarred through mountain gorges, over mountains, down mountains, through the grandest forests in the world; over rivers, along the brink of precipices, on the edge of yawning chasms, amid scenes of grandeur and gloom. Such a ride—such a ride; my old friend stood it like a hero. It was a good time when we entered the cars

and felt the soft, gliding motion. We smiled our gratification. Neither of us could do justice to the subject.

"Our road runs through the famous Willamette Valley. This is a wonderful country; forests, streams, fruits, soils, climate, all marvellous.

"The Conference was held on a camp-ground, twelve miles from Salem. We had a pleasant time. Here the Doctor and I planned a preaching campaign, which took us to every important point. We began at Portland; while there, an opportunity offered for a trip up the Columbia River, as high as the Cascades. I never enjoyed a jaunt as I did this. The weather was beautiful, the boat was fine, the scenery awe-inspiring, the river the grandest on the continent. When I was a boy I read Irving's 'Astoria,' and it seemed like a legend of so far-off mythical regions, where nature dwelt alone, with her birds, and fish, and furred animals; and now, as the illusions of fancy fled away, and I, a pilgrim from the East, stood in the presence of this river and these mountains, I was hardly conscious of my own identity.

"With the memory of that stage ride in our hearts, and with its fear before our eyes, how we should get back was a question. The Doctor was inclined to the boat and the ocean, I favored the stage. We advised with every newcomer; if he came by steamer, he said, take the stage, and if by stage, take the steamer. So we took the stage, and stopped to preach. The last night I shall never forget. It was raining, the heavens were black as ink, the air dense with fog and darkness, the road the most perilous of the whole trip; but on we go, with six large horses, two feeble lamps to light our way, sweeping at a gallop, in curves, around mountain summits, whirling, whizzing on the very edge of abysmal depths. The Doctor was solemn, I kept silence, and we slept. About two hours after midnight we landed at Redding, the terminus of the railroad.

"I was near Mount Shasta, going and coming, and the sight was and is an inspiration. From base to top it is 14,450 feet high; his head is heavy with perpetual snow, and the atmos-

phere for thirty miles around attests his dominion. On our return, as we stopped at his foot to change horses, his head and breast were wrapped in dense clouds, rolling in fearful convolutions, but as we started the clouds were lifted by a gust of wind, the sun beamed full on his white locks, and his shining face, all unveiled, was turned upon us like a benediction. At a turn in the road the Doctor got another glorious glimpse, and was wrapt in poetic frenzy. He begged me to look; I declined, telling him the image of my last view was photographed in my mind, and that I wished it to remain unmarred and unmixed forever. It remains yet a glory and a blessing."

He writes from Salem:

"SALEM, September 10, 1874.

"MY DEAR ANN: I have just arrived in safety and health. Thank God for his goodness to me. Verily it is a hard trip to Oregon. The fact that I got your letter to-day, dated 28th August relieves me very much. The first *time* since I left. Got pa's letter also. Did not hear from you at Denver. I have travelled since I left you three thousand seven hundred and sixty-two miles, and must go a thousand or two more before I get away from California. Hope to make the whole trip in safety. Glad to hear that all are well, but you say nothing about the crop, the weather, and so on. Rejoiced to hear of Mullally's conversion. Hope the good work will spread over the town. Oh, how I would like to be there and help; but my duty is here, so I must be content. I write short, for I am tired, dirty, and must seek water and rest. Love to all. You are all very dear to me; you live in my heart."

"DIXIE CAMP GROUND, September 12, 1874.

"MY DEAR ANN: I have written to everybody nearly, but never feel satisfied until I have written to you. It is Saturday night, everybody has gone to preaching, and I am alone. Have just finished my minutes and parchments. The weather is wet and chilly. I have taken cold. Preached to-day; am hoarse and stayed indoors to-night. Now, before I

lie down I will commune a little with my *old bride*, the wife of my youth, the companion of my riper years, the solace of advancing age. Verily, my beloved, I am a long way off from you; many a weary stretch lies between us; many a time yet our hearts will ache and yearn before we shake hands and kiss again. But while I travel and toil and feel the care of the Church and the burden of the Conferences, I thank God you have a pleasant resting place. Oh, home, sweet, sweet home, I trust you enjoy it. I do not like to think of you as sad and pining. I hope you are cheerful with the children, enjoy the meeting and visiting around, now with Doc, then with Claude, then with Ann, and then at home with Ella and Mollie with you sometimes. You ought to be happy despite my absence. Poor me! Here *alone* on the very edge of the continent, a stranger. Well, I am glad I am only a sojourner out here. I keep up by going and working. If I get through I shall be glad of the trip. Expect to wind up the Conference on Monday, then I go to Portland; will visit the Columbia River. I wish to see all of this country that I can, for I never expect to come again. In the regular order I shall be too old for such work as this when my time comes round again. So hope on, pray on; by God's blessing we shall meet again, and I shall work a little nearer home the rest of my days. God bless you, old lady. Love to the children, a kiss for each and all. Good night."

Three days later, from

"PORTLAND, September 15, 1874.

"MY DEAR ANN: I am as far from you as I can well get on this continent. Conference adjourned last night; had a good time; several conversions. Great lack of preachers in this country. I ran up here to-day; in the morning take boat and go down to the famous Cascades on the Columbia River, return and preach in the North Methodist church. On Thursday I turn my face toward California. Two months more of absence and labor, then home. I hope to *sup* with you on the night of the 15th November. But oh, the weary miles and hard work, the heart-longings between now and

then. Well, the Lord is with me. My preaching seems to do good. The people are very kind. But one letter from you yet; three weeks before I can hear now. In the Lord's hands I trust you all."

"SALEM, ORE., September 17, 1874.

"MY DEAR CLAUDE: I have just returned from Portland. Preached there last night in the *M. E. C.* Yesterday took a boat ride of near seventy miles up the Columbia River. The scenery is grand beyond my power to describe. The river is magnificent, the mountains sublime in their altitude, the waterfalls beautiful, exceedingly. I was enchanted. How I wished that you were with me. You never saw anything but *Lookout*, I believe. Nature out here is unmarred. We see her in all her wild luxuriance of forest and flower, mountain, valley, and rivers. This is a grand country in every view of it. If we were all *well* settled here, it might be well for us, very certainly better for the children, as to this life, but I guess we are local. Well, God has done great things for us where we are. Our family condition in many respects is far better than is common. Near to each other, no jars, mutual love, fair prospects, all trying to do right; this, with all our straits, is better than separation, wranglings, hate, and strife, even with enlarged finances. Herbs with love is better than a stalled ox with contention. The women here do all the housework and the cooking. I have not seen a servant in any private house but one. They seem to get along easily. Every man waits on himself. It is a free and easy country to live in. *Three months'* labor on the farm supports the family and makes money. There is much to admire and but few offsets in Oregon. I like it much. I keep well on work and travel.

"Well, how are you and the children? I hope none of them have broken their necks yet. The Lord preserve you all. Tell the children grandfather loves them much and thinks of them very often, wishes them all to be good and happy.

"In the morning I turn my face toward California. I have an appointment every day till the 29th. As you go, preach,

is the command I am trying to obey. Shall not hear from home before the 7th or 8th October. This is heavy. Shall look for your LETTERS at San F.

"Grace and peace. Love to all."

"CORALLIS, ORE., September 21, 1874.

"DEAR EL: I have turned my face Eastward at last. I feel better on that account. For the last four weeks every step has taken me toward the setting sun, farther and farther from home. I have been to the 'Ultima Thule.' Now I turn. Day by day stop to preach, going slowly toward California. Long, hard ride ahead of me. Hope to get through safely. Keep wonderfully well. Preached twice yesterday, and begged seven hundred dollars to pay a church out of debt. Hard job. Stay here to-day, to look after the Methodist College. Dr. McF., whom I left a day or two ago, is to rejoin me here. He preaches to-night. He is a great comfort to me. I should be a sparrow on the house-top without him. I am greatly pleased with this country It is beautiful. The weather now is like the last half of October with us. The ways of the people are curious. They live well, however. Houses all small. The people live in *a heap*. The women do all the housework. Very Yankee in their style of living. Cold bread and pies, but the beef is first-rate. Coffee good. Milk rich. If we were here, *we* could live gloriously as *to food*. But Sunshine will *do*, a little *more money* would help. How are you all getting along? How is cotton? Quantity and price? My '*crop*' will not break down the ginhouse, I hope. Has the coal come? I sit by the fire morning and evening. Have had to buy me a *blanket* to keep warm among the *snow*-clad mountains. Oh for tidings from you all! Alas, it is eighteen days yet before I can hear. I have written to everybody, you, Claude, Doc, Mollie, Ann, Pierce, Carrie, Doolie, mother. To some of you twice and to mother ten times. I hope to get a *pile* at San Francisco. Heaven bless you all, with all good things, temporal and spiritual. Love to all."

To his Grandson, George Middlebrooks.

"ROSEBURG, September 26, 1874.

"MY DEAR GEORGE: I am now in a little town in Oregon, surrounded by mountains. In the hills are elk with great horns, and deer of two kinds, the red deer and the black-tailed deer. They are very pretty. There are very few birds in this country. They have squirrels here that live in holes in the ground. I have seen a great many things that I must tell you about when I get back. I hope you are a good boy—kind and obedient to your mother, trying to do right in everything. Pray for me as I do for you. I think of you every day, and wonder how you are getting along. Do not take the horses by the *tail*, nor run the calves, nor rock the pigs, nor break up the hen nests, nor make any noise. Stand up straight, walk softly, eat moderately, sleep enough, but get up soon and do right all day long.

"God bless you, make you good and happy.

"Your affectionate GRANDFATHER."

"ROSEBURG, September 26, 1874.

"MY DEAR LITTLE CLAUDE: I would be so glad to see you and kiss you this morning. If you were here how you would eat the *pears* and plums and grapes and apples. You never saw so many. I never did. Yesterday I got some flower seed. The most beautiful fuchsia I ever saw. I will bring them home and give you one. A great many new flowers up here. Wish you could see them. This is a fine country for many things. The nights are cold—I sleep under *blankets* all the time, while you get so hot you kick off the sheet.

"Well, I hope you are the same sweet little girl I left. I am far from you, but I think of you, pray for you, and love you very much. I hope you love me. Do you love Jesus yet? I hope you do, and always will. Kiss Blanche for me. Tell her about Grandfather. Say to Waldron, Pierce, and

Marion that I long to see them, and hope they will not break their necks or their limbs.

"Now I must go and preach. Kiss mother, and tell her to kiss you for me.

"Your loving GRANDFATHER."

"ASHLAND, ORE., September 30, 1874.

"MY DEAR ANN: I am on my way to California. Stopped here last night to preach to-day. Go on to-night by stage. Hope to reach the railroad by Friday morning. Then my hard travel is over. The rest of my journey will be by steamboat and railroad. I have preached from one *end* of Oregon to the other, a distance of over four hundred miles. I keep well and hearty—eat, sleep, and work well. I think of you, dream of you, and long to see you. I feel like I have been away a whole year.

"This is Wednesday, the last day of September. Next Tuesday I hope to get my letters from home. What a treat to my loving heart! I trust to hear good news from all. Tell Doc to give me all the Georgia news, local and political.

"Let me know how my cotton turns out. Tell Swinson and Wash to keep up with the opening, and try to get it all out clean. Do not mix it. I want to save the seed of the lot by the stable. Tell Wash to do his best on my Alderney calf. I want to see him *fat*, and the horses too. Hope the coal has come, and is all put away. We have fire up here every day. Reckon you are warm yet awhile.

"A kiss and a blessing to all, and upon you all."

"CHICO, October 2, 1874.

"MY DEAR ANN: I reached this place this morning after such a ride as I never took before in all my life. I want you and all to help me praise and bless the Lord for his wonderful goodness to me. My soul doth magnify his name. I have travelled two hundred and seventy-five miles through mountains, over narrow roads, on the brink of *precipices*—

the route twisting and turning right and left, up and down, where an accident would have plunged me a thousand feet below into the river. Last night was the worst of all—the most dangerous road—the blackest night—the most furious driving with *six horses* to the stage, and yet here I am safe and sound in health. Thank God for his care of me. As you may judge, I am tired. Oh! the jolts and shocks on a hard, narrow seat. I am dirty from head to foot, but before I wash and change my shirt, I sit down to write to my dear wife—all the dearer perhaps because, being mine, she is left alone so much. Yet she sticks to me, and I hope does not feel like giving me up yet. Well, humanly speaking, all the hardships and dangers of my trip are behind me. I have a heap of work to do, but while I keep well work is nothing. The only thing I dreaded is over and gone; gone, too, without hurt or damage.

"In a few days now I expect to hear from you all. The Lord send me good news. This added to all his other mercies will fill my cup. May his mercy never fail us.

"Strange to say, it began to rain yesterday and is raining yet. I never saw a drop in California before. It has taken the country by surprise, and will injure much wheat. Mud—mud everywhere to-day. I go in the morning to Princeton, twenty-eight miles, to dedicate a church on Sunday. Then to Stockton. Preach here to-night. No rest you see. Well, that is my lot and duty. Pray for me. Love to all. Take as much as *you* want."

"SACRAMENTO, October 6, 1874.

"MY DEAR ANN: I reached this place last night. Found an appointment waiting for me, filled it and went to bed, slept well, and feel bright this morning. Shall start for Stockton presently. Have ordered my letters there, and hope to hear from home once more. I have no letter later than the 8th of September. Of course I am anxious to hear. I am doing hard work. Have been on this coast just one month. Have travelled thirteen hundred miles—held a Conference, preached twenty-four times, made several speeches,

and am in good condition. One more month of work, and I turn my face homeward. Two Conferences to hold, much riding and preaching to do, but by the divine blessing I shall get through. When I get my letters I will write again. This note I send just to let you know how and where I am. Love to all."

"STOCKTON, CAL., October 12, 1874.

"MY DEAR ANN: I never have been so tired and worried in my life. A day or two ago I wrote Doc a sharp complaining letter. Not a line from any one of you for more than a month. I was hurt, mortified, disturbed. I felt like I was forgotten. Strange to say, last night I received fourteen letters all in a pile. How they lodged on the way and all got together, I know not. Tell Doc I take back all my hard sayings. Yesterday was a great day. I preached with liberty, and begged the church out of debt—nearly four thousand dollars. The people were happy. The Conference is pleasant. Will adjourn to-day. Shall go to San Francisco in the morning. Will write from there. Am well, happy to say. Feel once more like you all love me. This is balmy. One more month and I hope to be at home with you all. Thank God for all his mercies. Heaven bless us still."

"MERCED, CAL., October 16, 1874.

"MY DEAR CLAUDE: This is my third letter *to* you. I have received but one *from* you. Well—I excuse you. I know your cares and troubles. They are many in the very nature of things. Do not magnify them by brooding. To worry by anticipation or pine when they come, only makes matters worse. Firstly, we overrate them; secondly, we disqualify ourselves to deal with them and often entangle and increase them. A calm acceptance of the ills of life, a wise and deliberate handling of them, take off half the burden of them. Christ meant a great deal by the following sayings, 'In patience possess your souls,' 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Every day has its own trials. Wait for it, not by forecasting and dreading it, but by occupying your-

self with the present and not taking thought for the morrow. Do not borrow from the future nor add up the past. Live by faith. Cherish hope; look to God; trust. Providence is very kind. We are of more value than many sparrows.

"Well, time is rushing on. In sixteen days I expect to start home. Oh, how I long to see you all! I hope George and Claude got my letter.

"I am on my way to Los Angeles; stopped here to preach to-night. Go on, after preaching, to Visalia; preach there on Sunday. I am working day and night. Keep up finely. No sickness at all. God has been very good to me."

"CARPENTARIA, CAL., October 29, 1874.

"MY DEAR ANN: Yours of 12th and Ella's of 13th both received this evening. Many, many thanks to both. Bless your old soul, how I wish to see you! Well, in three days more I start for home. I am restless, eager; can hardly contain myself. The thought is blissful. But this is an out-of-the-way place, and unless a steamer comes along Monday morning I may be one day longer getting back. I shall take the water-route if I can save a day. I am here, right on the ocean shore, lulled to sleep every night by the roar of the surf of the great Pacific.

"Tell Ira I got his letter, and sent him a postal card to-day. I was out of envelopes and paper too.

"Sorry the cotton does not turn out better. As you say, I shall need it. But I shall get along without some serious misfortune. Tell Wash I am glad to hear he is doing well. Tell him to hold on, take care of my Alderneys, both of them. Tell Ella to buy a lot of *turkeys* from German or somebody. I am surfeited with chickens.

"I shall have a heap to tell you all, though the trip has been strangely *barren* of incident. I cannot bring much in the way of presents to the children or grandchildren. They are *too many* for my *purse*. *Hugs* and *kisses* to them all, and tell them to make your old bones crack for me.

"Grace and peace."

"CARPENTARIA, October 25, 1874,

"MY DEAR ELLA: This is the last letter I shall write on this trip. Wrote to mother last night.

"This is a feeble Conference, very small in numbers and yet is giving me more trouble than all the rest. My patience is tried. I hope to wind up to-morrow. Preach Sunday and start for Sunshine on Monday. Oh, the happy day! But the miles are long and weary. I may get back by the 14th *perhaps*. If not, do not be uneasy. I will come as fast and as *soon* as I can, D. V Be sure to buy a good lot of turkeys. I will pay for them. I want to have the *tribe* all at a *feast* at old Sunshine soon after my return.

"Pierce has sent me two letters, Carrie one, Doolie one. They ought to have done better. Glad Doolie has gone to Macon. The judge ought not to despond. Things will jog on, even if crops fall short. Hope on—hope ever. If there was no sun in the sky, there would be no shadows, but the shadows never extinguish the sun. He will shine on. Tell him to trust and not be afraid. We all have too much to be thankful for to pine about anything. God bless us and keep us evermore. Love without measure to you all."

"NASHVILLE, TENN., May 5,

"MY DEAR ETHEL: I received your little letter and was glad to hear from you. I think of you very often and love you more than you will ever know. I have a beautiful dress for you. Hope you will like it. It is very pretty. I have the lining and the buttons and the thread—everything.

"Wish I had been at home to eat your perch. You must catch another for me. Tell grandmother to send for me next Tuesday evening. I stay over here to dedicate a church to-morrow. I am very well, and hope to *kiss you* soon. Love to all."

He presided over the session of the Florida Conference, and then at the North Georgia, in Gainesville. He preached with great unction on the baptism of the Holy Ghost. John

Knight and John P Duncan were there; as yet Caleb Key was still able to work, and Jimmy Evans, as he called him, was in his vigor. He was in happy frame; he preached with power. The preachers rejoiced, the congregation joined with them. He left the pulpit, came down, shook hands, praised the Lord, and when some one said. "The ordination is to come," "Never mind," he said, "that will come all right."

CHAPTER XX.

EPISCOPAL JOURNEYINGS, 1875-1878, AGED 64-67.

District Conference in the Wire Grass—Indian Mission Conference—Texas—Upper Georgia—Views on Common School Education.

THE life of Bishop Pierce was full of incident, because he was always in motion, and he kept his eyes open and saw a great deal, and as a general thing he wrote about what he saw. During the first part of the year 1875 he travelled mainly over the State of Georgia, visiting District Conferences, and still pressing the work of improvement at Emory College. Dr. Haygood had now returned to Georgia, and was in charge of the college, and its fortunes were growing brighter The bishop was still living at Sunshine, and his grandchildren were growing old enough to write to him, and to be his companions when at home. The cars passed by his door, and the conductors had orders to allow him to get on and off at Sunshine, although it was no station. He would not rest, and the people would not let him rest. They loved him well, but they had no dream that the strong man was breaking down, and that that magnificent throat was at last yielding to the immense labors of now over forty years of constant preaching. His colleagues in the Episcopal College would have spared him, but yielding to his own wishes they permitted him to take the work he chose, and he preferred the West. His brethren in Georgia called for his services at the District Conferences, and when he was at them he preached every day. His children were all about him, and no man was ever more loved or honored by his family than he was. His grandchildren clung to him with the most tender attachment, and grandfather was never great to them,

but only living cheerful and thoughtful. He luxuriated in the simple love of his home, but he never allowed it to hold him from his work. He has not left a full itinerary of the first of this year, 1875, and the files of the *Advocate*, which I have drawn on so largely, are broken just here. In the early spring, however, he made a visit to that part of Georgia known as the wire grass, and again he tells the story for himself:

"My last trip was to the Altamaha District. I went down the Central Railroad, intending to stop at No. 5, where the brethren were to meet me. I requested the conductor to notify me when we reached the place, and so I gave myself to reading. On went the train, when the conductor came to me in haste and confusion, and announced that he had carried me *fifteen miles* beyond my station. He expressed great sorrow for his forgetfulness, and doubtless felt it, but my dilemma was unrelieved. Now I must go five miles farther to find a stopping-place, and wait for the night train to return. So I got off at Whitesville, took supper with Brother Davant, and at half-past eleven landed at No. 5, in darkness and doubt as to all my movements. I went up to a house, the only one I could see, and knocked for admission. Rousing an old gentleman at last, he informed me that he had company and could not take me in. He advised me to go down to the store, and try for lodgings there. I went, and failed—the sleeper defied all the fuss I could make. I returned to the house and told my discomfiture, and was admitted to share a bed with the proprietor. Rising early I went out to find the means of getting away. Very soon I found my only chance was to hire from a negro who owned a horse and buggy. He lived a good way off. I despatched a messenger to him. After long delay he came *on foot*, prepared, however, to drive a bargain—good for him, but dear to me. We contracted, and away he went to make ready. I waited and waited till patience was exhausted. At last a negro boy rode up on horseback, and said, 'Daddy says the buggy is broke, and he can't go.' 'What am I to do, then?' '*He*

says you can ride the horse, and I will go with you and bring him back,' was the answer. Mine host (Mr. Moses) said to me, 'Bishop, I would not go.' Said I, 'My promise to attend the meeting has been given, and when I have done my best to reach the place, even if I fail, I shall feel better.' Mr. Moses, who treated me very kindly, and who sympathized with me in my troubles, admitted the force of my reason. My plan was to get into the neighborhood of the brethren who came for me the evening before, and if they could send me on, to go forward—if not, to return. My new acquaintance kindly offered to entertain me, if I should be driven back.

"So now, behold the Episcopacy on horseback once more. This was Asbury's style, but I improved on him. He never rode with a negro boy behind him. I did, and thus added one more variety to my many modes of conveyance. I rode five or six miles in this way, and came to a house and made inquiry as to my route, when, to my great delight, I was informed that Brother Ware, the preacher on Bulloch Circuit, was right there, waiting for me. All right once more.

"A stranger in these wire-grass counties is greatly troubled by the roads. They are all alike, and very numerous. Three paths—one for the horse and two for the wheels—more or less dim according to age and use, is a description of them all. Unfortunately, Brother Ware did not know the way, and we could not travel with certainty either by faith or sight. After many blunders and much loss of time we drew up to a neat little house on the wayside, about nightfall, and were kindly received by Mrs. Caruthers.

"We left early next morning, having sixteen miles to go by 9 A.M. After travelling near two hours, we met a lone man, driving an ox, and asked, 'How far to Reidsville?' '*Sixteen miles*—but you will never get there by this road.' 'Surely you are mistaken,' said we. Said he, 'When a man is travelling he does well sometimes to take a fool's advice. I tell you this is not the way to Reidsville.' 'Well, tell us how to go.' 'I know you are wrong, but I cannot set you right.

Go on to the next house.' On we went, to every point of the compass, back and forth, and across, and after much worry and weariness we reached Reidsville a little after 11 A.M.

"Monday we set out for Swaynesboro', and after a long, hard, hot, lonely ride, arrived about noon. For reasons, here we divided, to meet again at church on the morrow. Rorie was on horseback, and Page, with whom I had journeyed thus far, was in a buggy. These brethren confederated to go on and dine in the country. Then they were to change horses and thus relieve each other. Late in the evening Williams and I became fellow-travellers, and went on our way a few miles to Mr Neil McCleod's. We had gone about five miles when we met Rorie afoot, and leading his horse. 'What is the matter?' 'When we changed horses I forgot my saddle; I am going back for it. Withal, my horse ran away with the buggy, kicked out, and broke things to pieces.' 'Where is Page?' 'He is trying to repair damages, so we may go on when I get back.' The brethren spliced and tied up, and went their way. But Rorie's horse must be *discontinued* at next Conference. He does not suit the itinerancy. We want men and horses for all kinds of work. Those who *kick up* at a change will not answer for our economy.

"In the morning I rose with a dry and bitter mouth; rode through the hot sun near thirty miles, and on reaching the church was wellnigh spent with heat. The house was large and crowded with people; no ventilation above, and after preaching an hour I became deathly sick, and was obliged to sit down with my sermon unfinished. I had talked long enough, it is true, but the application was essential to the completeness of the discourse. Some of these days I must try that place again—by permission.

"My time was out, and brother Gay kindly brought me to the railroad. I must needs hurry to meet the Trustees at Oxford, so giving home the go-by, I slacked not, but went forward.

"I have one more appointment to fill, and then I give

notice that I shall lie by till I start for Texas. Six months' unremitting labor will justify *ten days' rest*, before the fall tour of Conferences."

Of his further movements his next letter tells.

He now went to Texas, and writes:

"On the 27th of September I left home for Texas. Three months of absence and labor and exposure to all the vicissitudes of weather and travel do not make the prospect very inviting. How easy and how foolish for a man to ponder in apprehension the possibilities of such a trip, until he shudders at the undertaking, beclouds his mind, burdens his heart, distresses his family, and leaves in despondency and gloom—shadows ahead and shadows behind. Most men yield to the temptation in such circumstances—sigh, look sad, bewail their trial, and go off with a feeling of martyrdom, leaving their friends in sympathetic sorrow. I have schooled myself and family to a different style. We do not brood over and magnify what must be, until the duty of the hour seems like a punitive infliction—a positive calamity—but think of other things, talk cheerfully, part with smiles and hopes, expecting all to go well till we meet again. This plan seems to me to be sound philosophy and good religion. Some men have a hard time of it, and are always levying upon the sympathy of their friends, not because they fare providentially worse than others, but from their habits of self-torture. They magnify what is past and what may come, and squeeze out of the present every drop of discomfort it contains, and never seem to be happy except when they are miserable. If I were to consult my natural tastes and feelings, I should never leave home for twenty-four hours again; but then my ministerial duties constrain me to long and frequent absences. The thing cannot be altered without infidelity to the Great Master, and a bad example to the Church. This thought cannot be tolerated. Conscience rules it out. Duty must be done. Is duty a hardship to whine about? Has the yoke no padding to make it easy? Shall a man make his right hand offend and then complain because he has to cut it off? Nay,

verily. Let a man stand in his lot and make the best of it. To put the hand to the plough and look back is a fearful risk. To fret in the harness and chafe one's self, and then complain, is weak, foolish, wicked. To go to the Master's work reluctant, moody, like a slave scourged to his task, makes religion a cross and life a burden. Cheerful obedience, a prompt, ready, buoyant spirit, is the way of pleasantness and the path of peace. So I have found it. So may I continue.

"I laid over a day at Oxford, to look after some College interests.

"The change of schedule, which puts us through in the night gave me a day at Nashville. I spent the time pleasantly at Dr. McFerrin's, the Publishing House, and by a visit to the 'Vanderbilt.' My colleagues, Wightman and Doggett, were on hand, doubtless ready for their respective parts in the inaugural ceremonies. On Wednesday much work remained to be done, but numerous hands were busy here and there, and by Monday, the 4th instant, I suppose everything was substantially ready. May the institution prove a blessing. It has ample territory for full numbers and wide influence, and need not and ought not to trench upon other colleges of the Church. There is room for all—work for all. About a *University* there is a prestige, a charm, which 'takes' the public mind, to the damage of schools of humbler title. I have no hesitation in believing that the old college curriculum is the better education in the way of mental training and discipline—better adapted to Southern population and society. Text-books and hard, patient drill for the young and immature; lectures for trained graduates. 'Vanderbilt' proposes, I believe, to combine the two. This is an experiment tried before, but never satisfactorily. I hope for the best. The outset promises to be propitious. Beautiful grounds—ample buildings—an able Faculty—all the appliances of a first-class institution—the future is bright with hope."

He reached the Indian Nation and says:

"The effect of these schools on society it is impossible

to estimate at present. The elevation of a whole people from the status of wild Indian life to the ideas and habits of Christian civilization is necessarily slow. A visible change is going on. The Church has not labored in vain. She has not spent her money for nought The seed is in the ground. The Sun of Righteousness is shining. The dews of Zion are falling. The harvest will come.

"I have just heard of the death of Chili McIntosh. Many Georgians will remember him—the tragic death of his father on the banks of the Chattahoochee, and his own marvellous escape from a violent end. He has lived to be old—has been a prominent leader among his people, but his race is run. He has been for years a Baptist preacher, and died in the fellowship of his Church, and has gone, we trust, to the heaven of the redeemed.

"To-night we leave for Atoka (Choctaw Nation), the place for the meeting of the Indian Mission Conference."

He writes his wife.

"ASBURY MANUAL LABOR SCHOOL,
October, 2, 1875.

"I hope you got my notes from Oxford and Nashville. Well, here I am in the Creek Nation. I have travelled one thousand three hundred miles, made good time, had no accident, kept in health and peace. Praise the Lord, oh my soul! Let us thank him together.

"George is a good traveller as to eating and sleeping. But he is the most absent-minded mortal I ever dealt with. I have to stir him up at every turn. He would leave everything and lose himself if I did not keep an eye on him.

"My heart turns homeward to-day with intense affectionate longing. Six days have fled already. So they go. I remain here till Tuesday, then to Atoka. There I hear from you. I want several letters when I get to San Antonio on the 20th.

"It is a great relief to me that you are with the children. If you were not comfortable I should be unhappy. I can stand my lot if I think you are in pleasant circumstances.

You will not miss me so much while you are with 'our dear son' and loving daughters.

"Love to all."

"ASBURY MANUAL LABOR SCHOOL,
October 5, 1875.

"MY OLD DARLING: I have written to several of the family but never feel like I had done my duty till I write to you. This is my third letter to you. Hope you got them all. They are short, but they show that you are in my thoughts, that is some consolation. I have written a long letter to the *Advocate*. Am tired. Leave in a little while now for Atoka. From that point will write again. Hope to hear from you this week. A letter ought to come through in four days.

"George is well and wild. He came in just now from ball-play with his suspenders broken, his shirt dirty, his coat off, and his face red and dripping with sweat.

"Love to all. Give me all the home news. One week gone. Well, December will come. Let us wait and hope."

Then to Ethel.

"FORT GIBSON, ARK., October 8, 1875.

"Your letter came to hand this morning. I thank you for your letter, your love, and your prayers. God bless you, my darling. Grandfather loves you more than he can ever tell. I wish you could come in your letters, kiss me and hug me, and then go back to tell them at home all about me.

"I am a thousand miles away from you. I am among the Indians—Cherokees, Creeks, and Choctaws. They have very funny names: Bushy-head, Muskrat, Tickeater, Rattle-in-the gourd, and so on. You would laugh to hear them talk. Grandfather has to get some one who can talk English to explain what they say. But they are good people. They love Jesus, belong to the Church, and are trying to do good. Grandfather has come over all these weary miles to tell them about Christ and the way to heaven. You must pray for all of us. Give money to the missions, and help send the Gospel to all the heathen. Hope your eyes are now well. I want

to see them shine when I get back. Kiss mother and May and Warren for me.

"Don't eat too much sugar-cane, you are sweet enough. Be good. Keep your temper sweet and gentle; be kind to all your brothers and sisters; pity and help the poor and needy; love the Lord, try to please him; pray often for grandfather. Ask the Lord to make his throat well again.

"Write often. Love to all. The Lord bless you always.

"Your loving GRANDFATHER."

He wrote to Ella from

"ATOKA, CHOCTAW NATION, October 6, 1875.

"We reached this place last night about twelve, all safe and well. Conference opened this morning at nine. Very few present. Sickness prevails all over the West. Chills, fevers, flux abound. Hope I may escape.

"Am very pleasantly situated—good room, bed, and fare. My hostess has a few drops of Indian blood. Her husband is absent. Will be home in a day or two. George and I are alone. He is getting on very well. Is not homesick. Impatient for Texas. We are fourteen hundred miles from home and have further to go. I have more staging than I bargained for. Expenses are pretty heavy, and money not very flush. But we get on and expect to go through.

"Oh! how I wish to hear from you all. Surely a letter will come this week. If you had written, as I told you, last Thursday or Friday, I should have gotten it by this time. I will wait and hope till Sunday. Stir them all up. Heaven bless you, everyone. Remember me."

He wrote to the *Advocate:*

"The Indian Mission Conference, in every aspect of it—its history, its results, its present status—ought to interest the whole Church. There must be a larger outlay of money, and the introduction of more white missionaries, to meet the growing demands of this interesting field. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, which runs across the entire territory, is working, and will work great changes—social,

commercial, and religious. New towns are springing up, trade is enlarging, agriculture is stimulated, and as the white element comes in, all the more need for the Church and the Gospel. Now is the opportunity, and at least six more white preachers are needed to man the work efficiently. I should like to commune in person or by letter with the brethren who are willing to go. The country is rich and beautiful, in many places society intelligent and agreeable, and the work not more cumbered with hardships than the common circuit work of other Conferences.

"I entered Texas at 'Red River City,' a place without street, house, or inhabitant—the shadow of a name. Denison, near by, has absorbed its people, its business and its prospects. The latter is a flourishing place, with all the characteristics of a new town in a new country. I was detained here several hours, waiting for a train to Sherman, and beguiled the weary spell by strolling about and making observations. The town was astir with business and frolic, but I was lonely and longed to depart. I met my appointment at Sherman, and spent a day and night with my old friend, Rev. Acton Young. The regular trains arrive and leave this point at very unseasonable hours. Never having visited this portion of Texas before, I was anxious to see it by day, but the trains run at night, both ways, so that, although I doubled on my track like a hunted rabbit, I was indebted to the moon and the stars for all the light I had. Leaving after midnight, I went to sleep, and awoke just in time to get a side glimpse of Dallas, the brag town of N. W Texas. I reached Austin and took up my lodging with my old Georgia brother, Tom Murrah. Next morning went out with the Austin preacher, H. V Philpot, and Rev. H. S. Thrall, to a camp-meeting, five miles distant. Preached at eleven, and dined with my fellow-traveller of other days, the Rev. J. W. Whipple, who was host and manager in general. I enjoyed the day, but was constrained to return to Austin, to be ready for the hack going to San Marcos. At this place I was engaged for a two-days' meeting. Brother Joyce, the Presiding Elder, and

Brother Fisher, the stationed preacher, were on hand, and during the day several preachers and lay delegates came in, on their way to Conference. Here, too, I found many old Georgia acquaintances. It was refreshing to meet them. How their full hearts overflowed with memories of men and places and events, and how they bubbled up in questions and narratives of the past! 'The light of other days' still lingers like a spell upon these wanderers to the West. 'The former days were better than these,' is the interpretation of many a sigh, as thought roams backward, and the heart yearns for the sights and sounds, the scenes and associations, of the olden time. Well—'*moving*,' in the long run, is a doubtful experiment. To abide where we were born, as a rule, is perhaps the safest and the happiest.

"To encourage my brethren to preach at odd times and in out-of-the-way places, I will relate an interesting incident: As I went to the Conference room the next morning, I met a man on the sidewalk, who addressed me and said: 'Did you ever see me before?' 'I think not,' said I. 'Do you remember a man who asked you to preach one night at Uvaldi?' 'I recollect preaching there on somebody's invitation, but have forgotten who he was.' 'Well, I am the man. I was the leader of an infidel club: we met weekly to discuss religion and confirm each other in unbelief, and I asked you to preach, expecting to get something new and fresh for entertainment at our next meeting. The word you preached went through me like an arrow. I went to scoff but left to pray, and found no rest till I was converted; and now I am a preacher and a member of this Conference, and have been for several years. I have longed to see you and to tell you this. I was wicked, dissipated, and reckless, and would have been dead and lost but for the change begun that night.'

"The case was this: The stage stopped at Uvaldi—a little frontier village—about sundown. I was asked to preach, and agreed to do so. We assembled in a small 'upper chamber,' about fifteen feet square, and it was full of people. I knew

they seldom heard a sermon, and felt deeply interested to show them the way of salvation; but my main thought was to relieve myself of responsibility, and I hardly hoped for a gracious result as to others. The time, place, and surroundings were all unpropitious. This was in 1859. Thank God one soul was won to Christ, and is now working in his vineyard. This man's story recalled another incident of the occasion. After service I sat down, in the dark, on a bench under a large live-oak. Presently three young men came and sat down on another bench on the opposite side of the tree and began a conversation. One said, 'Well, boys, I never expect to hear another sermon.' The others expressed surprise. Said one, 'Don't you like to hear preaching?' 'Yes—I have liked it very much, but I am done.' The rest remonstrated with him and demanded a reason. 'Well,' said he, 'that fellow made it so plain to-night—I can see all the way through—I am afraid if I hear any of the rest of them I will get confused.' He vowed he would try the journey with the light he had.

"Pardon me—I have digressed. The Conference was a pleasant one and the reports of the work encouraging. The presence of three Mexican preachers added very much to the interest of the occasion. The Mexican Border District is full of promise. A genuine work of grace is in progress there. The field is white unto the harvest. More laborers are needed to enter the open doors. If the missionary treasury could respond to my call, two years' labor would make a grand report. This work on the circumference is yielding more *converts* than the work at the centre, from local and social causes: in the one there is a revolt from Catholicism, and Protestantism is embraced as another theory of religion; in the other the people become Protestants by a personal experience of converting grace. Both fields *must* be occupied—the ground broken, 'the good seed' sown—the harvest will come.

"San Antonio has grown very much, and waits the advent of a railroad in hope of larger expansion. For a man with

means it is a delightful place to live. The poor struggle here as elsewhere. The climate is charming. The old cathedral—one of the ancient landmarks of the town—has a modernized front; and the Alamo, famous in Texas history, is now a sort of warehouse. The old is giving way to the new—the historic to the utilitarian—the Mexican, with his immutable slowness and simplicity, to the progressive American, with his modern improvements. San Antonio will be a great place by and by.

"At San Antonio I had a delightful home with Mr. Bennett and family. They showed me great kindness. The divine benediction rest upon them.

"Texas is an empire in area and capacity, and the possibilities of her future are magnificent. Among those who feel settled, it is amusing to see how vitally they have identified themselves with the country and its interests. They will resent a criticism upon the soil, climate, water, population, politics, religion, or any Texan peculiarity, as quickly as though you had found fault with them or their families. I like the spirit. There is power in it. It can be turned to good account. I hope the Conferences will avail themselves of it to build up their institutions. The glory of Texas is the patrimony of every citizen—an undivided estate—it all belongs to each. Every well-satisfied Texan (and their name is legion) is perfectly amazed that the whole country does not empty itself out there at once; for he thinks we are all bound to come. To him it seems a simple choice between plenty and starvation; or, at least, between poverty and wealth. We who dwell in these old Eastern States are objects of pity. They are sorry for us, and wonder at our stupidity and infatuation. The preachers and people teased my little travelling companion, George, very much about the poor land, red hills, and gullies of old Georgia. He was greatly troubled, for Georgia was *his* beau ideal of a State, and Sparta his standard of a town. He had many debates with the old and the young, and the big tales they told him about the productions of the country rather nonplussed him. But he was a

close observer, and had been with me to several missionary meetings—heard the reports at Conference; so when hard pressed by a crowd, who were having their own fun out of him, he silenced them all by saying, 'You may laugh about the little cotton stalks, the red hills, and the gullies; but when it comes to a collection we can beat you all to pieces.' (Moral—brag less or give more.)"

I cannot, of course, give all he wrote of his travels, interesting reading as it is. He presided at the German Mission Conference of which he says:

"The German Mission Conference is a small body, but full of pluck and enterprise. The preachers and the people are loyal to the Church. They stand up liberally to all its interests. The Conference covers a large territory, and at some points has had considerable prosperity. In the examinations the brethren deal with each other with great directness and fidelity, and all appear deeply concerned to maintain and propagate a pure evangelism. With them Methodism embodies their highest conceptions of spiritual religion, and of wise and strong organization for doing good. The financial help furnished by their American brethren is gratefully appreciated. Would that we could do more. The religious services conducted in German did not edify me much, but those who understood seemed to me to say amen at the right place, and with a will. They respond freely—heartily. Most of our churches are asylums for the dumb. In crowded houses ofttimes I feel as if I were praying in a graveyard. This dead silence is a compliment to the world at the expense of simple, hearty, outspoken religion. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

"One more Conference—the seventh, and last for this campaign. Early in the morning we took the cars for Houston, and next for Hempstead, and then for Brenham—the seat of the Texas Conference. Arrive in good time, and take lodging with Colonel Giddings, of whom I and many more might say as many good things as Paul said of 'Gaius mine host.' We were fed and lodged, and transported back and

forth every day, in princely style. A way to ride I rank high on the list of favors. Walking is an addition to other labors I neither covet nor enjoy. I can do it, but had rather be excused. Brother Giddings made me very comfortable in all respects. The parlor, the chamber, the table, all had their appropriate charms—and then I rode in and out, and thus saved my strength for the chair, the cabinet, and the pulpit.

"The present session was to me a very pleasant one. Socially and religiously I had a good time. The cares and responsibilities of my office I have learned to bear with equanimity of spirit. Conscious of a sincere desire to do right in the kindest way, 'without partiality and without hypocrisy,' seeking the wisest counsel within and without, my position can command, and humbly invoking the divine direction and blessing when my work is done, my mind sinks into satisfaction and repose. Mistakes may have been made (infallibility is no endowment of mine) and dissatisfaction may be felt. But dissatisfaction, either with preacher or people, is no proof of mistake. There are so many ways of accounting for any friction that may follow, that I am always content to await the vindication of time, Providence, and grace. So I rest and always hope for the best."

I have preferred to give his account of his journeyings without breaking their connection, and to give his letters to his own dear ones altogether.

To Ethel.

"DALLAS, TEX., November 18, 1875.

"Thank you for your loving letter. I have been staying at two places where there were some little girls like you. I told them about you, how much you loved me, how sweet you were. I promised them I would tell you about them. You must ask me about them when I get back. It will be a long time yet before you will see me on the cars. One of the bishops is dead, and another is sick. I have to do my work and his too. Keep praying for me. God bless you.

"Your loving

"GRANDFATHER."

To his Wife.

"SAN ANTONIO, TEX., October 19, 1875.

"God bless you and all the children. I reached here at one P.M., and got two letters from you, one from Ella, one from Claude, one from Mary, one from Tom D——, and one from Pierce. The latest date of any is the 11th. Hope to hear again while here. My heart warms to you all.

"Well, I have been to Austin, to San Marcos, by General Pitts's place, and now am in this old Mexican town. It has grown and improved vastly since we were here. The whole country has settled up very much.

"I am staying with a Mr. Bennett, his wife a Methodist. It is an elegant place. *My room* is ahead of anything about Sparta, even the parlors. We had *coffee* for dinner, and *it was coffee*. Everything as pleasant as I could desire.

" I am out of letter-paper, and must go into the city to find some before I write to the rest. But I cannot put you off, and so I use this half-sheet. Everything, great and small, that I can do to make you happy, my heart prompts. I would not fail you in anything. I owe you much in many ways, and keep trying to pay up, but, I fear, imperfectly."

"SAN ANTONIO, October 20, 1875.

"DEAR TOMMIE: George is writing to Johnnie, so I drop you a line. We are far away from you all; but this is the furthest place. We shall take the back track next Monday, but will be a long time on the way. We see many curious things—great herds of horses, droves of cattle, flocks of sheep. Twelve oxen to a wagon and no rope to any of them. How do you suppose they are managed? Think of that. George is writing a book; you must read it.

"How do you get on with Latin? Can you decline penna? I must examine you. Get ready. Try to learn. Improve your mind by reading. Write a good deal. Spell right. Above all, try to be good. Write to me. Kiss Ella and Annie and Ethel for me. Good night."

"DALLAS, TEX., November 18, 1875.

"DEAR ELLA AND ANNIE AND ETHEL: Grandfather wishes to see you all so bad, hear you talk and laugh, feel your little arms about his neck, have you in his lap, and kiss you all over and over again.

"How are Ready and Trusty? Do they grow? Are they smart? Do you feed them?

"Look out for me some of these days. Come down to the train and let me hug you. Pray for me, as I do for you.

"Affectionately, GRANDFATHER."

"DALLAS, TEX., November 18, 1875.

"MY DEAR ELLA: Your letter to Paris reached me at Corsicana. Glad to get it any time. I am on my way to Carthage. George and I keep well. Both are longing for home. In twenty-seven days I expect to turn my face and my steps to the East. How long it will take to get home I know not; some four or five days at least. I am a long way off.

"Well, what are you all about? How does the crop turn out? Any financial improvement? Is the Judge hopeful or cast down? Has he got my sheep? Stir him up. Your sausage hog is gone 'glimmering,' I learn. We will try Augusta again. Feed the turkeys. Buy some more.

"I preach to-day at eleven. Leave to-night. Am thronged with company. 'Oh for a lodge!'"

"BRENHAM, December 10, 1875.

"MY DEAR CLAUDE: A large batch of letters have been forwarded to me from Carthage, among them yours to George. We have fared very well this trip in the way of letters. *You* deserve *high* commendation. Many daughters have done well (even mine), but *thou* excellest them all; and now, lest you should be exalted above measure, how much of *my* share is due to George's being with me 'this deponent sayeth not.' But never mind, I got the letters. Herein I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.

"Well, George and I are counting the days, and planning the routes, and guessing the time of our arrival. He is much disquieted at the thought of getting home on Friday or Saturday. He wishes to lie over somewhere, so that we may arrive on Monday He wants time to tell his story *before Sunday.* I shall not humor him, if *I can help it.* I am for home—any day—the earliest preferred.

"I do hope there will be no *skeletons* to mar our Christmas feast. Let us all do the best we can, study economy and thrift, and put our trust in God. A good name is better than great riches. Honesty, industry, patience, hope, and faith will bring us all through. Watchman, what of the night?—The morning cometh. Good-night. May good angels encamp all about you, and the God of angels and men, *our* God and Father, bless you and yours."

"MARSHALL, TEX., November 22, 1875.

"MY DEAR CLAUDE: Your last came to me like a breeze from Araby the blest, laden with perfume. Your love, confidence, and devotion are appreciated beyond measure. The love of my children I rank among the richest natural blessings of my life. But none of you can exceed me. My heart responds, throb for throb. I ache now to see you all. Your case concerns me most just now. The end of the year is coming, and settlements must be made. I feel that all will come out right. Wait and see. Hope and be patient. The Lord will provide. Do not pine or be scared. The morning cometh.

"George is getting tired. The hope of seeing the Gulf of Mexico next week keeps him up. After that I expect he will *cave.* He is doing well; becomes a favorite with all the families where he stops. Tell Claude he has picked up some more sweethearts down here in Texas. He has got to kissing the girls, and smacks his lips as if he liked the sport. He amuses the people with his talk. Georgia is his standard, and Sparta the chief place in Georgia. They are 'brags' out here. George told a crowd of them the other day, 'You

all laugh at the red hills of Georgia, but when it comes to a *collection* we beat you all to pieces.' It was a centre shot. They give but little here to anything. George had noticed it, and let them have it. Well, good-by for a while. Time running out.

"Love, love to all."

During the summer he went to the mountains, and his letter from the Dahlonega District incidentally gives us a view of his opinions on education. He did not think the common free-school system was wise. He did believe in the State having a judicious poor-school system, and standing in *loco parentis*, whenever the parent was not able to help his child, and he believed in a State University, well endowed and well sustained, for the education of teachers.

"I hope the Trustees of Athens will double the appropriation to this important adjunct of the University. As I cannot attend the session, I have written recommending this, and, if present, would urge it earnestly. Let the State support the higher institutions of learning, and provide through them a sufficient number of well-qualified teachers, and the people will take care of the common schools without her intermeddling. I am no friend to the common-school system. Something is due to parental responsibility in primary education, and the only duty of the State, in my judgment, is to provide, from her own population—by endowment of her University and its branches, and by extension of their privileges to deserving young men—the needful teachers, and leave the rest to the churches and the people. I hope the college at Dahlonega will get speedy help, and enough of it to enable her to fulfil her grand mission."

He went to Texas in August and preached at San Marco C. M.; Hempstead, Dallas, Bethel C. M.; Palestine, Georgetown, Ennis, and Waxahachie, spending quite a month, during which period he preached twenty-four times. He went on his fall visitations, and returned to meet the Conference in Sparta.

He presided over the North Mississippi and the Memphis Conferences in the early part of November, and came back in good time to preside over the North Georgia Conference, which was to meet for that session in Sparta. Seventy years before, the South Carolina Conference, of which Georgia was a part, held its session in Sparta, then a very small village; and here Lovick Pierce, and his brother Reddick, were received into full connection. The old doctor was still living, and furnished to the town paper an article on the Conference of seventy years before.

There were many things connected with this Conference which made it one of great interest to Bishop Pierce. It was in Sparta, near his home. His father was at it. Lovick, his son, was a lay delegate to it, and was to entertain a score of its members. Hancock was deeply interested in the Conference, and was to do her best to entertain it, and to attend its sessions. He felt a kind of county pride in the work being well done; but alas, when he returned from the West he returned with a fearful soreness of the throat. He could not preach or eat, and could barely talk; but he presided over the Conference sessions and saw to the appointments. His indomitable will kept him up, he filled his place, and presided over every session. His friends saw he was a very sick man, but he made as though it was a light thing. His friends saw that he must stop or die, and urged upon him attention to his health. He had not been seriously sick since he came from California, and he had accounted that severe and prolonged sickness as a small matter, and he accounted this a smaller one; a mere sore throat, which would soon yield to treatment. When a skilful physician examined him, he pronounced the disease pharyngitis, and told him candidly it was seldom cured. He must desist from preaching, and he consented to do so for a little while. The pulpit was to him a necessity. He loved it. He luxuriated in preaching the Gospel. He did not preach at the South Georgia Conference, held at Sandersville, but he did at the Florida, and while he did not leave home in the early part of the year, he

FERDINAND PHINIZY.

preached every Sunday for a month, till he went to Florida again, which he did in March, going as far as Manatee County, and returning to Sparta in April, preaching twelve times during the month he was absent.

In May he went to Nashville, and from there wrote his wife, April 29, 1877:

"Thus far the Lord hath brought me on safely. I am at McFerrin's. Leave here in the morning. Found Pa at Chattanooga, in fine condition. Stood the trip well. Looks well.

"I thought of you and the future all the way. All things will work right, I believe. Let us trust God and be patient.

"Be sure to write. Make Doc write, Claude, Mary, and Ann. Ella promised. Pierce was well. His heart was full when he saw me."

The year 1876 was the last year of health the dear old bishop was ever to have. The next eight years were a struggle for life. They were beautiful, though painful; for they told the story of cheerful, patient endurance, which has not often been told. He had been very busy in his work for Emory College, and his general oversight of the Church, in the District Conferences. He spent about six months of every year remote from home, and while he was resting he spent his time in careful supervision of the Georgia work.

He was to preach the Commencement sermon at Athens. He was the guest of Ferdinand Phinizy. The Sunday morning of the Commencement he said to his host:

"Phinizy, I am puzzled to know what to do to-day I feel very much like preaching an old camp-meeting sermon, but I am afraid it will be out of place; what do you think?"

"Well, bishop," said his host, "if you leave it to me, I do hope you will give them the old-time Gospel."

"Very well, let me be quiet; don't talk to me."

They rode to the chapel together, and he preached with old-time fervor and unction. The subject was his favorite theme, the power of the Gospel as seen in the cross of Jesus Christ. He was at his best; Bishop Beckwith, Chan-

cellor Lipscomb, Professor (afterward Chancellor) Mell, Dr. (afterward Chancellor) Tucker, General Toombs, Governor Jenkins, and Mr. Stephens were present. The *élite* of Georgia filled the pews, but he saw only sin and the Saviour. I shall not attempt, as I have not attempted, to describe him in these hours of triumph. I should as soon attempt to describe a gorgeous sunrising, or the midday glories of Southern April.

He met his Conferences in the fall and preached at all of them. He was still confident that his throat trouble would give way, and never allowed himself to be at all depressed.

CHAPTER XXI.

TOWARD THE SUNSET, 1878–1884, AGED 67–73.

General Conference in Atlanta—Break down—Kentucky Conference—Indian Mission—Arkansas—Death of Dr. Lovick Pierce—Visits to Texas—Letters from North Carolina—Love of the Preachers—Last Presidency in the Georgia Conferences—Alabama—Florida—Struggle for life—Close of his Work.

THE General Conference met in Atlanta in May. It was a trying session. There were delicate and unusual questions to be disposed of, in which there was much to disturb.

The Publishing House was bankrupt, and a debt of $350,000, for the payment of which the honor of the Church was pledged, hung over it. The assets of the concern could not pay one-half the debt, and they were all mortgaged.

Bishop Pierce was virtually the Senior Bishop, and felt the responsibility of his position. He had heavy burdens of his own to bear, but he had now these Church burdens in addition. The throat trouble did not give way, but it did not pain him, and did not always affect his voice. So he was able to preside, and he made some of his most effective speeches during the session.

Some one had sent him a pair of California quails, and he sent them home and wrote to his wife, May 3d:

"Bless your old soul; you will not write to me, so I will keep writing till I stir you up.

"I hope the birds got home safely; take good care of them. Give them some green thing to eat. Tell Doc to have a cage made of laths, the bigger the better, and set it under the fig-trees in the garden. Put some brush in the cage for a hiding-place. I want them to lay and set and hatch. Let

me know how they come on. Don't let the children disturb them.

"The Conference starts off slowly. Heap of *gas* and *gab* on hand. I will let you know when to come. I am tired already. Throat is better. Will keep on writing to some of you. Love and peace."

To Ella, later.

"You need not think me indifferent, because I have not written. Mother will bring you the evidence of my thought and affection. Bless your little soul. I shall not forget my dear first-born.

"I am wearied with cares and labors here. No rest by day or night. Conference moves slowly, but safely. The main thing is yet on hand—the 'Publishing House.' It comes up in the morning. Mother goes home in the morning, and can give you all the social news. I keep up, but still annoyed with my throat. Am hoping for the best. I write to Ethel on the other page. Kiss her for me. I send some dresses for you, Ella, Annie, and Ethel. Love to all."

He held his place as President in his turn, and was busy in council with the wise men of the Church. The question of a proper settlement of the publishing interests, which pressed upon all, gave him much concern. He believed that if Dr. McFerrin would take the agency confidence would return, the bonds could be sold, the property saved, and the character of the house upheld. The doctor refused to take the place. He said he was too old. He could not attend to the details. The bishop suggested that if some one would take the management of the business the case might be relieved.

The old doctor was willing to yield if that man could be found. The bishop had his eye on him. He was an old student at Oxford, Lewis D Palmer, then a member of the Conference from Los Angeles. Sending for him, he said to him, "Lewis, you are not a preacher, but you love the Church; now I want you to do one thing for me and the Church," and he laid before him the scheme. Palmer prom-

ised to consider the matter, and he did so, and finally gave his consent to take the business management, and to his carefulness and untiring energy the relief of the house is largely due. Bishop Pierce did not think the time opportune for the election of new bishops. He perhaps paid a high price for this opinion, and years of suffering might have been averted if he had thought of the Church less and of himself more; but that was never his way.

The death of Marvin left Paine, Pierce, Wightman, Doggett, McTyiere, Keener, and Kavanaugh as the Episcopal College. These men were none of them young, and but two of them really vigorous. The work had expanded, the demands of the District Conferences were imperious, and it would have required a stronger argument than any presented at that time to have convinced all that no bishop should have been elected. The result of this failure to strengthen the college was seen painfully before the General Conference of 1882 assembled, and most so when Pierce, who ought to have been at home resting, was compelled by the exigencies of the times to travel through dust and heat and wind and storm. The Conference, after a long and most important session, at last ended its sitting and he went home. He had overtaxed himself, and with the heat of June he gave way. He was quite feeble all summer, and wrote to the *Advocate* in the fall:

"First, let me say that during the summer I was strangely out of order; lost flesh and strength, grew feeble, and found it necessary to abate my labors. When the time for the West Virginia Conference came, Bishop McTyiere kindly offered to substitute for me. This was a great relief to my feelings in this first trial of my official life. When the Kentucky Conferences approached, I resolved to go. My friends and the doctors remonstrated, prophesied evil, and saw me depart with many misgivings. I have never admitted my disability was the result of overwork; such things have been, but mine is not an example in point. Without stopping to define or explain, my ailments had a different origin. Work

is wholesome. More preachers come to nought from lack of it, than ever suffer from excess. I am happy to say that I steadily improved from the first hour of my leaving. Did all the work without weariness, and returned home stronger and with several pounds of flesh upon my bones.

"Dr. Wilson, the Missionary Secretary, was present to represent the great interest committed to him. Grandly he is doing his work.

"Bishop Kavanaugh preached for me on Sunday. Wise brethren advised me not to tax my new-born strength, so I took up the cross of silence.

"On Sunday next I tried to preach; felt no harm, soul or body."

From the seat of the Conference he wrote his wife:

"SHELBYVILLE, September 19, 1878.

"It is late, and I am weary, but before I lie down I take time to say I am slowly but steadily improving, I think. The preachers say I look better to-day than yesterday. Well, I am thankful. My throat is about the same, except that I cough less. That is something. I am suited exactly in my home here. I have some trouble here with the appointments —some difficulties—but I shall go through somehow. I have made two little speeches with great effect. The general opinion is I ought not to preach on Sunday. Love to all."

To his Grandchild.

"CADIZ, KY., October 4, 1878.

"MY DEAR CLAUDE: If I were to tell you *how happy, how delighted*, I was to get your letter, you would think I was making fun. I was *glad* to know that you loved me and thought of me in my absence, and then your letter was so well written as to fill me with real pleasure. I did not know that I had so promising a granddaughter. You have real talent for writing, and I hope you will cultivate it. The highest attainment in female education is for a girl to learn to talk elegantly and to write gracefully.

"I thank you, my dear, for your letter. Now a word about myself. I am a great deal better than when I left. Stronger, able to work without fatigue, can eat, sleep, and preach. Whether I have fattened any I cannot tell, for I have not weighed. I have consumed beef and chicken and pig, coffee, milk, and butter enough, to say nothing of biscuit, batter-cakes, and muffins, and pies, to put flesh on a skeleton.

"Love me, pray for me, even as I do for you. Kiss mother and all for me."

A little later to his wife:

"LOUISVILLE, September 28, 1878.

"I have just written to pa and Claude and Dud, but everybody likes their own letter best, so though I have written to you four or five times, and will not have another chance till I get to Cadiz, I give you a line to-day.

"I sent a book through the post-office, given me by the authoress. It is an interesting book. The family with whom I staid have a great fancy for chickens, and the man proposed to send me a pair of 'Seabright Bantams.' They are beautiful. If they come, take good care of them. I am spending the day with Bishop Kavanaugh. He has a nice home. I am in good condition. Everybody says I look better day by day. Perhaps I will realize your dream. Wish I may. I leave to-day for Russellville, on my way to Conference. I hope to find many letters at Cadiz. You are all in my debt except Ann. I will write to her on next Monday. Keep praying for me—my health and safety. God has been good to me in soul and body. I did not preach at Shelbyville, but made several talks. Expect to preach a short sermon to-morrow. Expect to get home on October 12th. Will try to let you know more definitely. *Much* love to all, and *more* to you."

He now returned home decidedly improved, and very hopeful and confirmed in his opinion that work was good for him.

In November he went to the Virginia Conference at Petersburg. From thence he writes to his wife and Claude:

"PETERSBURG, November 18, 1878.

"Your letter received to day. Happy to hear from you.

"The weather has been fine up to Saturday; then clouds and rain. Yet I tried to preach on Sunday. The Lord helped me much. I never had such extravagant compliments in my life. The first-class men say the like will never be heard again unless I am the preacher There, now, what do you think of that? Oh, well, I have been praised till I am satiated. You would enjoy it more than I. They say I am a great favorite in this country. Well, *I* like *that.* Love and confidence are good things. Tell pa I got his letter, and will write to Kennedy. I think we shall adjourn to-morrow night. I shall go to Norfolk to fatten on fish and oysters. My health is good. Hoarse to-day from the weather—wet and chilly Have some care and trouble in my cabinet, as usual. Nothing serious. Will write to some of the rest when I get through here. Love to all the tribe. Write next time to Reidsville, N. C.; then to Charlotte. Heaven bless you and ours.

"P.S.—If my *little pet* is with you, kiss her for me. Tell her I will write to her."

"CHARLOTTE, N. C., December 4, 1878.

"MY DEAR ANN: Your short sweet epistle is at hand. I have written to all the rest and now for your turn.

"I am sorry to say I have not been well for several days. Have had another bad cold, and as usual, my throat sympathizes. Hope for the best, however. Nothing so far gives me relief from coughing and expectoration. It makes me a nuisance to myself and others. Yesterday I was sick from medicine. Am a good deal better and may come as soon as this letter. It seems a long time since I left you all. I long to be back. Home grows dearer as age comes on, and all the more as I have not been myself for months. I need the

freedom of home, the presence of my dear ones and many nameless things, that the kindness of strangers cannot supply. I fare wonderfully well, the preachers all love me, the people are attentive and obliging, but then! no place like home. I wish I was there now with the whole tribe around me. Tell Pauline she must not forget me. Say to Foster grandfather says he must not get too big for his breeches. Some boys do. Kiss little Ella for me. Hope to find her stepping around before Christmas.

"My love to all. God bless you. As ever, yours."

"CHARLOTTE, N. C., 1878.

"MY DARLING CLAUDE: I can hardly hope for a letter from you this time. But you ought not to be left out because you are careful and troubled about many things. Martha had *no children*, so that your case is more excusable than hers. Indeed it would be unreasonable to hold you to the formal ceremonies of polite correspondence. Your father at least will not do it, nor cloak his own laziness under the pretense of being neglected. You would if you could. I take the will for the deed. Your loving devotion and confidence is a great satisfaction to me. It would be unjust to say you love me more than the others, but I have thought that there was more of dependence and trust. I feel so, and sympathize with you accordingly. Oh that my resources were equal to my will. I would supply all your wants, anticipate every trial, and strew your path with flowers. But I can only do the best I can. Not much, but free, hearty and full of love.

"Well, I am in good health and spirits. Eat, sleep, work day and night. All right but my throat. The weather for a week has been cloudy, damp, chilly. This is bad for me, but the Lord is wonderfully good to me. I have been able to preach and meet all my duties. It has been years since I was in these Conferences, and their greeting is so loving as to be almost an ovation. They embarrass me by their love and admiration, their prayers and praises. One of the F. F. V's

who heard me, said that he was delighted, but sad to think that such a man as I had to die. Forgive this, I thought *you* would like it. Love to all. Let me hear from some of you at Newbury, S. C.

"The Lord make his face to shine upon you all."

"CHARLOTTE, November 30, 1878.

"MY DEAR ETHEL: Grandmother writes me that you have been staying with her a week. I am glad of it and happy to hear that you talk about me sometimes. I love for you to love me and think of me. I hope you pray for me too. I pray for you every day. I want you to be good, sweet, and loving, kind to your brothers and sisters, obedient to your father and mother. You must love the Lord and try to please him. This is the way to be happy. You must go back to stay with grandmother. She needs somebody to cheer her up, now that she has hurt herself.* Go up and wait on her. You must not *kick* her on her sore knee at night. Tell mother to kiss you for me, and then you kiss *her* back for me. Tell Annie I will bring her a nice present, and she must love me too. Did you get my letter the other day? I hope so. I want to see you all very much. It is late at night, and now I must go to bed. Rosy sleep and sweet dreams be with you. Love to all the folks.

"Your loving GRANDFATHER."

There never was a man more universally and more tenderly loved than Bishop Pierce, at every period of his life. Living in Georgia since my birth, moving among the people, some of whom knew him from his boyhood, I never knew a good man ever to speak harshly of him. But to the preachers he was especially dear. No one ever feared him. No preacher ever feared his displeasure, and what to a Methodist preacher is even worse, his indifference. They knew how carefully, how prayerfully, and how lovingly he studied each case. That not the great alone, but the humblest, had his concern. They always loved him, but now when he was strug-

* From a fall.

gling so for life, when the beautiful eye which had once twinkled, and sparkled with the gleam of the highest joy, told now the unmistakable story of days and nights of suffering, the hearts of the people and preachers went out to him as never before, and to this fact he most tenderly alludes. The North Carolina preachers felt they were looking upon his face, it might be for the last time. The steel engraving which is presented as a frontispiece shows the sweetness and tenderness of his look, and tells how the ravages of disease were there; but the old sweet smile was there still, as bright and as witching as in the days of his first circuit. He clung more closely to his old friends, Caleb Key, John Knight, now in his last sad days; Duncan, blind and old, and with his home broken up; Walter Branham, who still kept his house open for him when he was at Oxford. How dear these were all to him! Hardy Culver, Hawley Middlebrooks, were gone to Heaven. Dear Dick Johnson, his neighbor, was in Baltimore. The Colonel, as he always called Colonel Thomas Turner, lived not far from him, and he saw him daily. Joe Lewis, as he called his old shoulder-to-shoulder comrade, was now stricken with disease, waiting in his simple home at Sparta, for the summons from above, and they often met. He had moved from Sunshine to his large house in Sparta, where the preachers of the Church could come and see him, and his hospitable board was spread for all. His father lived with him. The pastor of the village station, the preacher in charge of the circuit, and especially the junior preacher, found in him counsellor and friend. If the young man was unlettered, if he was, as he always was, inexperienced, there was nothing that tender consideration could do that the bishop did not do for him. His grandchildren were now many, and were very near and very dear to him.

His daughters lived near. Delicate Mary lived in the house; Ella at Sunshine, Claude, not far away, Ann, a few hundred yards from his home, and Doc, as he always called Lovick, and his interesting household, close to him. As he realized that his days were growing fewer, and as they felt

that his stay was shortening, they redoubled all the effort that tenderness could suggest to make the pathway smooth. Thousands of prayers went up for him daily The man grew more ethereal, more heavenly, until his wasted face shone like the face of Moses on the Mount. The old father was with him all the time now. He was very feeble and required constant care, and the good bishop was always with him when he could be home. He was sometimes fretful for part of a moment, sometimes irritated by trifles, but it was over like a lightning flash. He never complained, never murmured, never doubted, never surrendered. He believed he would yet get well. There was then, as there is now, a great specialist in Atlanta, whose fame is world-wide, Dr. A. W Calhoun. Refusing fee or reward he took the bishop's case in hand, and when the bishop decided that he must have constant medical attendance, he put himself under his treatment. Repeated visits to the doctor's office were necessary, and in them he spent the days with his old friend Dr. Hiedt, then pastor of Trinity Church in Atlanta.

He, however, would not rest, and at the Bishops' Meeting in May, he took a Western District again. His work did not begin till the fall. He was busy in completing the work on Emory College, and had been compelled to borrow large sums of money to make the college ready for the students who were now flocking to its halls, under the Presidency of Dr. Haygood.

During this summer Ella, his first-born, had her silver wedding, and to her the good father writes this letter:

"SPARTA, July 21, 1879.

"MY DEAR ELLA: You are my first-born, and hold no second place in your father's heart. I wish you a long and happy life. A *short* estate and *long* division will not allow me to send you much. But along with this, mother will hand you a small memento—our joint recognition of your 'silver wedding.' Hope you will have many presents and a happy time."

In September he began his journey to the West. He was to go to Indian Mission, then return to St. Louis. Then to Holston, and to three Arkansas Conferences.

His first letter is from St. Louis, and is to Ethel.

"ST. LOUIS, September 5, 1879.

"MY DEAR ETHEL: I am resting here to-day, and will travel all night. Went down into the city this morning and saw a great show in the streets. I wish you and Warren and all the little ones had been with me. I saw eight elephants hitched to a chariot of gold, and a lady up on the top of it; and then another with twelve ponies about as big as my little bull, and eight more big as your father's merino ram; and then about one hundred of the finest horses, and men and women, and boys and girls, all covered with silver; and then a wagon, open on all sides, with a man in it, on one side of him a lion, and on the other a Bengal tiger. And then a band of music—set up high on a carriage drawn by sixteen horses. Take them all together the procession would reach from the front gate to Sparta. I never saw anything equal to it. I must tell you all about it when I get back. When the buggy comes you must go to school. Tell mother to kiss you for me. Did Wash's clothes fit him? Does he like them? I hope so. God bless you and all. Pray for me."

"FORT SMITH, September 6, 1879.

"MY DEAR ANN: We reached here yesterday about sundown. Am very comfortably quartered. Lie over till Monday, then go out to see the Indians. Am very well except some disorder in my bowels. My voice is good, throat improves, cough very little. It is very dry out here and the dust is against me. Walter and I are both doing well. He is very thoughtful and observant. Helps me in many little things. He is very anxious to see the Indians. Some prospect of rain to-day. If it comes and then clears up, it will help very much. We have travelled nine hundred and thirteen miles. So you see we are far apart. Oh! that I could

hear from you all this morning. I hope you are all doing well. Tell Wash to look out. I have had three *bad dreams* about him. Have the turnips and the rye and the red clover all sowed. Save the pea-vines. Take good care of Missouri and her calf. Tell pa I hated to leave him but felt it my duty to do my work. I am persuaded I did right. There are important interests to be provided for, and I am relied on to take care of them. I think he will live for months, perhaps a year or two. If not, all will be well anyhow. The Lord bless you, my dear, a thousand-fold in temporal and spiritual things. Your prudence and thrift have saved me from many cares when at home and when far away. Your husband trusts in you. I shall not write you again for ten days I reckon. Hope to find letters here when I return, Monday week. In the meantime the Lord take care of us and bless us. *Love to the tribe.*"

"CHOCTAW NATION, DOUBLE SPRINGS,
"September 13, 1879.

"MY DEAR CLAUDE: It is night. The Conference business is all over except reading out the appointments. I am weary but well. Have improved in health, voice, and strength. If I could only put some flesh on my bones I would be myself again. The Lord has been kind, provident, and good to me and Walter. We are living very rudely at present. We are in the woods, amid Indians, half-breeds, and a sprinkling of whites. Some say there are two thousand people present. *Waldron* would go beside himself with the sight of horses, ponies, mules, dogs, Indians—big and little. Walter, I think, has forgotten the tenth commandment in his desire for a pony He has ridden one or two and is ready to mount them all. He would try two at a time rather than miss a ride.

"We are having a good time—several conversions. One or more at every service. We have had one stormy night—heavy wind and rain. Some funny doings took place. I will tell you face to face—too tedious to write. Walter and I are

honored with a mattress. The rest are sleeping on their blankets. My improvement under the circumstances is a remarkable providence. I preached yesterday through an interpreter. I am to preach to-morrow, D. V., without one. Three-fourths of the crowd, they say, can understand me. I am begged to preach day and night. I have appointments for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. The next day I go to St. Louis and will rest till Sunday, and have promised to preach *once*. The Tuesday following I go to Fredericktown for Conference."

The Conference was held at a camp-meeting, and he says:

"The camp-meeting closed in old style on Monday morning. I had an appointment fifteen miles distant in Hackett City.

"We arrived in good time, had a large congregation, and a most refreshing time. Verily it was good to be there.

"This county is largely settled by Georgians. They knew me in other days, so I could not resist these opportunities to preach to them again.

"The congregation was large and attentive, the service spiritual and profitable."

From thence to Fredericktown, Mo., where he held the St. Louis Conference, and of which he writes:

"Neither preachers nor laymen said a word to me before or during the session about an appointment. I had no complaints nor petitions. Go thou do likewise."

Surely this was work enough for a sick man, but the hardest part of the work was yet to be done. He returned home, and in November went to Arkansas. The dear old doctor was at his house. For years he had been very feeble, but he was strangely preserved. The thread which held him to earth was almost worn in two. No one expected when the bishop left him that he would see him again; he hardly thought so himself, but he recognized the call of the Church of God, as of God himself, and he went on his way. In November, 1879, while the bishop was in Arkansas, the

dear old man fell on sleep, and at ninety-four years was gathered to his rest. The news reached the son in Arkansas, and he writes to Ella from the Hot Springs :

"HOT SPRINGS, ARK., November 21, 1879.

"MY DEAR ELLA: You have heard from me through your mother and Doc, I presume. But a letter direct to any one is more satisfactory. 'So here goes.'

"Well, I am at the Hot Springs of Arkansas. The most marvellous place I ever saw. I will give you an account when we meet. Too tedious to write.

"I have been away seventeen days. It seems months already. Twenty-seven days more ere I return. Since I left, a great change has taken place. The thought that I shall see my dear old father no more (in the flesh) is a sad one. Yet I cannot mourn his death. Life had no interest to him. He was growing more and more dependent, and child-like in his wants and fears. He rests at last. Sorry I was away. I thought he would last till my return. God has ordered otherwise. His will is right.

"Save a cold in my head, I am very well. Stand my work finely. Travel is hard, and a heap of it. I have a most pleasant home here. Everything thing suits me except that I have a *stove* instead of a fireplace. Write to me at Jacksonport. Love to all."

"HOT SPRINGS, ARK., November 21, 1879.

"MY DEAR ETHEL: Grandfather is sitting in a nice room ; there are no children about, no noise and all is quiet. I wish you were in my lap, your little arms around my neck, and your sweet eyes shining with love. But this cannot be. We are too far apart. I must wait. Come down to the railroad on Thursday. If I am not on the train, then come next day. Maybe I will have something for you.

"I went up yesterday to that *Smoking* Spring and took a bath. I tell you it takes off the dirt and dead skin. Wish you had one at old Sunshine. I would come and live right

by it. This is a wonderful place, with its mountains and rocks and springs. But I had rather see you, hear you talk, and feel like you loved me, than to look on all these wonders. You must come up and stay with me Christmas. Let us play and have a good time. Will you come? Ask mother if you may.

"Kiss mother for me, and tell her to give you a sweet kiss for me."

He was getting to be an old man, and he was a feeble one; but he did not feel so, nor to us who knew him so well, seem so. He was as bright as sunshine. He would preach often, but was much more prudent than he had been. He remained at the home in Sparta and preached in the village, or went on short visits to the churches round about, until the May meetings. Bishop Doggett was dead, Bishop Wightman was very sick, and the burden fell on him and he bore it. He did not suffer any pain, but his strength diminished day by day. It was needful that he should go on his tour, and he started on his tour in September. He reached the centre of Texas and wrote

To his Granddaughter Claude.

"CORSICANA, TEX., November 2, 1880.

"Of all the grandchildren only Ethel is ahead of you. I shall be happy to hear from you again.

"Do you know that you will soon be a young lady? And especially do you know that the habits you form now will cling to you through life? Well, it is so. Hence the importance of beginning right. Life is made up largely of little things, yet great results follow. You must learn to be neat in your person and dress, orderly in all your ways. Do everything *promptly*—do not put off on any pretext. Be attentive, punctual, regular. A slovenly, slipshod woman is an abomination. Learn to take care of your things. Cultivate the power of *attention*. Do not forget anything. Strive to

be handy, expert, graceful, about all you do. Resolve to be independent; wait on yourself. Study economy and accustom yourself to plan and shift and do for yourself. Do not wait for mother or anybody to help you. Be self-reliant—equal to every emergency All this will require effort, practice, time, and patience. Try, and keep trying. Never give up. I want you to go to college. You must study and get ready. You are not reading the right kind of books; you are forming a bad taste. Very few novels are worth reading. Drop them, and take up books from which you may learn something—histories, biographies, and so on. You have a talent for writing if you will store your mind with ideas. I wish you to grow up a sensible, elegant woman, not a giddy, dressy, light-brained, frivolous girl, who knows nothing but to dress and giggle and flirt with men as silly as herself. Think over all these things. And now, above all things, try to be *religious*. Fear God and love him, and keep his commandments. Do not be persuaded out of your convictions of right. Never begin to do wrong. Keep a clean conscience, a pure heart, a holy life. God bless you in all things. Love to mother and all. Write again."

He went to the German Conference and presided, and writes to Ella from there:

"FREDERICKSBURG, TEX., October 21, 1880.

"Considering how much I love you all, I have been vexed with you all because not one wrote to me at Luling. To-day a letter was forwarded to me from Luling; it was from Doc. I was glad to hear, though the letter was dated the 10th instant. That is my last news from home. Suppose I shall not hear again till I get to Waco, the 10th of November. Well, I am up here in the mountains. Had a hard ride—rocky road, poor hack, narrow seat, thin cushion, travelled all night, air very cold, and no chance to sleep. Did nod, but the jolting woke me. Got here before day. Last night

I *slept.* To-day I am bright; feel well—first rate. My voice is better, but throat still troubles me.

"The air up here is pure and dry, the weather charming. I think I shall improve. If I do, I shall remain a few days after Conference. This is a small body. I could get through to-morrow, but will drag along till Monday Sunday belongs to Conference anyhow. I am very kindly entertained by an American family. Some things do not suit me, but I never complain, you know. The fare is good, and I can sleep anywhere, anyhow, if I am not jolted up. I trust Ethel got her letter—bless her little soul. I wrote her a long letter from Fort Gibson. It was an answer to you and her both. Mostly to her. This is to you.

"On the whole I have made my way along very pleasantly. The preachers and people have been very kind to me. Their confidence and love make me feel my responsibility. God help me to do my duty. Write often. Tell me everything. Kiss all the children. God bless you and yours."

He returned from Texas in time to preside over the South Georgia Conference, which met at Hawkinsville early in December.

He had been connected with this Conference, over which he presided, for quite fifty years, and there was not a man in active work in it who had not entered it since he began his ministry. The members of the body realized the fact that their dear bishop was not long for them, and were as tender and considerate as they could be. I remember well the closing scene in the Conference. He had made the appointments, some of them he knew would be painful. He said to his brethren, after telling them of how carefully and prayerfully they had been made: "After all the work was done, and my brethren had left me, I got down on my knees and laid them before the Lord, and the glow of his approval came into my heart, as I felt the work was his." It is needless to say that not a man flinched or failed to take his place, however hard.

They were delayed in reaching Brunswick and were compelled to spend a day in Fernandina, Fla. When they reached the railroad station, twenty-eight miles from Ocala, they were met by Dr. De Pass, and started in a buggy. The buggy broke down, and they only reached their resting place after midnight. It was a cold night, in December, but this feeble, suffering man refused to rest. He must be at the Conference at its opening, and they started at one o'clock at night, and by sunrise were in Ocala.

He returned to Sparta after the Florida Conference adjourned. He made a brave struggle for recovery, and submitted to what was to him a self-denial of the severest kind—inactivity and silence. He remained at home, or went to Atlanta to see Dr. Calhoun, and preached occasionally in Sparta, or in one of the country churches near by. He was deeply concerned for Emory College, and had succeeded in finishing the buildings needful for her efficient working. He needed help, and among those who gave it cheerfully and liberally was R. B. Reppard, Esq., of Savannah, Ga. At that time Mr. Reppard was a prosperous lumber merchant of large means. He gave the college some very liberal gifts. The bishop's correspondence with him goes over some length of time, and shows how he was concerned about the college. He had formed a little circle, consisting of Reppard, Corley, and himself, who had covenanted to pray daily for the college. These letters show the untiring solicitude and care he showed for the college. Few things annoyed him more than financiering. To borrow money to protect paper is never a pleasant business to a man of limited resources, and he had burdens enough of his own; but he had not only to attend to his own finances, but to see after those of this struggling institution.

During the summer he was busy trying to recruit his strength, and presiding over District Conferences near home. His presidency of a District Conference was a great blessing. He had no committees but one. He paid much more attention to the spiritual interests of the church than to its temporal.

He would often inject burning, earnest words into the discussions as they were going on, correcting errors, speaking words of good cheer, or perhaps of stern rebuke. He was very easy and familiar with the plain laymen, who formed the bulk of the membership. He preached every day while he was able, and, feeble as he was, was always at his place at the preaching service. His humor was always ready, and he often made dark things bright by its sparkle. At one of the Conferences a young brother gave a doleful account of his work. He had a piny-woods circuit. He had no home, he had walked his circuit, sometimes wading knee-deep in water. He had travelled six months, and received up to that time fifteen dollars in all. The Conference was very sympathetic, and so was the bishop, but he could not repress his humor. "Well, my brother," he said, "let me caution you, if riches increase, set not your heart upon them." One day I said to him, "How is it you are never depressed? I never saw a shadow on your face; are you naturally so buoyant?" "No," he said, "I am prone to depression; when I was young I used to have very dark hours, but I was satisfied depression was of the devil, and resulted from selfishness, and I resolved never to yield to it, but to take God's will, as expressed in his providence, as my will."

His sermons at these Conferences were always practical and full of unction. He never preached without tears himself, and always brought tears from other eyes. In illustrating devotion to duty and urging to it, he told at one of these Conferences this incident: That at one time, going from the West to the East, it was possible by an all-night ride to spend a few hours at Sunshine. He reached home in the early morning. He had been gone several weeks—he was to be gone several more. His wife at last heard the stage rumbling toward the gate; heroic as she was, it was too heavy a tax on her endurance, and she burst into tears and threw herself on his breast, and said, "Oh, it is too hard." He kissed her tears away, and went on his journey. "I had hardly," he said to me, "reached my appointment, when I

got a long letter from her begging me to forgive her weakness."

During the latter part of the summer he started on his tour, which led him again to the West, and his first letter is

To his Wife.

"NASHVILLE, August 23, 1881.

"For the first time, I believe, I am writing to you on Sunday. No time on yesterday. Well, I am here safe and well. Preached to a crowd to-day. Had a good time. Will leave here in the morning at half-past one o'clock. . Hope you have rallied your feelings and your faith, and have committed me and yourself to the Lord. We have every reason to trust, and not to be afraid. God has taken care of us a long time, together and alone. The brethren are praying for me. I hope to go through, do good, and get back in good time, ready for more work. Live near to God. Visit our blessed children. Cherish pleasant, hopeful thoughts. Do not allow your spirits to flag. I am in the path of duty, and that is always safe. I shall try to be prudent. Do not mean to overwork. Remember that I love you, pray for you, and am greatly concerned to see you comfortable and happy. Pray for me."

To Ella.

"HOWARD, KAN., September 8, 1881.

"It is your turn. It is cool up here and raining. My overcoat comfortable. Fire would be agreeable, but the house in which I am domiciled has no fireplace. The stoves are not up. The summer heats I judge are past for this time. I keep wonderfully well. My throat is better, but not well. Eat with less annoyance. Hope to improve. I am looking for a letter from some of you at this point. Here am I *fifteen hundred miles* away from home. Oh, me! Getting on rapidly with my Conference business. Return Monday to Kansas City, on my way to Moberly, Mo. The Lord is gracious to me. The people are very kind. All goes well with me. So I trust with you and yours."

When he preached St. Louis he wrote Ella:

"ST. LOUIS, September 21, 1881.

"You do not deserve a letter, but I give you one. Here am I in *clover*—fine house, elegant fare, good company, perched on high. I look down on you poor country crackers, Georgia trash. In your humble house and shabby furniture, and doing your own cooking, *without wages too*, you ought to feel honored to get a letter from my *eyrie*. Don't get proud. Be grateful enough to answer me. What was the matter with old Olive? Well, get another. Hear you have had rain. Start the ploughs and keep them going. Sow rye, sow oats. I have found another doctor here and have set him to work on my throat. The lime dust of the streets is bad for me. I don't wish to fall back, so I mean to go to him every day. He treats me just like Calhoun, and says the same things about my case. I am getting on well. Will wind up here on Sunday night I think. Then to Springfield, where I *demand* a letter. I came here expecting a *pile, but not a line from anybody*. Too bad.

"After all I like Sunshine and its inhabitants better than all the pomp and luxury of St. Louis. Tell my precious pet I am waiting to hear from her. I expect to reach Atlanta by the 26th or 27th of October. If you will meet me then I will spend a day and take you home, bearing all expenses. I do not care to stop and will go right in home if you prefer it. Come up on the 24th, and I'll try to meet you on Wednesday or Thursday. When I hear from you on this point I will write again. Love to all."

To Ethel.

"ST. LOUIS, September 17, 1881.

"DEAR PET: I am here in a great city, heap bigger than your father's plantation and all the way to Sparta. Oh the people, the people! You never saw the like. Wish you were here to see and wonder. But you must wait awhile. Would like to have you with me all the time, but you must go to school first and learn how to profit by travel. Hope to

hear from you at Muskogee. Give me all the news. Kiss old Grand."

He went to the Nation and wrote to Ethel:

"NEW HOPE ACADEMY, 1881.

"I am here in the midst of fifty Indian girls, all going to school. They are nice clean girls. They have good teachers and behave well. All of them came up and shook hands with me. Some of them are right pretty. I have an Indian boy with me. I will bring him to see you, I think. He is a good fellow, is going to preach. His name is George Freeman. His father is a Cherokee and his mother a Creek. She is dead.

"I want to see you very much. I am hungry for a kiss. Have you got one for me? I shall expect it and a *hug too.* Get ready.

"I am glad you are at school. Study and learn fast. I wish to hear you read. I cannot find any bead slippers for you and May. But I have a nice little present for both. Did Warren get his bow and arrows? Tell him to be careful. I am resting here to-day Be good and pray for me. Kiss grandmother and mother for me."

As he wrote Ethel, he took the Indian boy from his prairie home, and brought him to Sunshine, and sent him thence to Oxford to school; but the deadly foe of the Indian taken from his plains, consumption, fastened upon him and the bishop found that George must die. He sent him back to his own prairies, and there, in the full triumph of the Gospel, the Christian Indian went to Heaven. A little later he wrote:

To his Granddaughter, Claude Middlebrooks.

"CADDO, LA., October 4, 1881.

"Sorry to hear you have been sick. Trust you are well again, and am very glad you are at Macon and in College. Now resolve to improve your time and chance. Study your books closely. Strive to understand everything. Do not

slight any lesson. Learn to fix your mind on your work. Cultivate the habit of *attention*. You must acquire the habit of thinking consecutively. It will take time, effort, and patience. Never be discouraged. Keep trying. Never give up. You must now learn to take care of yourself. Just mean to do right, and stick to *that*. Do not imitate anybody. Be yourself. Be independent in your tastes, sentiments, and opinions. Try always to please God. Be always neat and tidy in your dress, be orderly in your room. Do not throw things about.' Be methodical, keep everything in its place. A careless girl will make a slovenly woman, and *she* is a nuisance to everybody. You have by nature all the elements of an elegant lady. So has Clara. I want you both to do the very best for yourselves. I want you to be natural, simple, elegant. Not affected, not fashionable, not simpering, giggling, and foolish, but sensible, refined, full of knowledge and grace, human and divine. Read your Bible daily, say your prayers regularly, attend all the means of grace. Aim to be very religious. Do not seek your enjoyments in the world but in the service of Christ. Improve your spare moments by reading good books—books that will learn you something.

"I wrote Clara ten days ago, hope she got the letter. I want you both to write to me at Dardanelle, Ark, right away. Show this letter to her. I am writing to both. When you write, tell me everything."

Then to his daughter:

"I 'kill two birds with one stone' this time. Received yours at Springfield. If you conclude to come to Atlanta and the railroads offer any accommodations in the way of rates, bring Dooly if she wishes to come. I would be glad if you would come upon the 22d. Then you will be here Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, to see and look around. I think I will reach Atlanta on Tuesday the 25th, noon or night, and would like to go home on Wednesday. I had rather see mother than the show. Nevertheless I can spare

a day Let me hear from you at Dardanelle, Ark. Tell Warren I have sent him and Foster a *bow* and *arrows* bought from the Seneca Indians. One is for Warren the other for Foster. Tell them they must not *point them at anybody.* They can kill robins this winter. They will come by mail directed to the Judge. Am comfortable all over, within and without. Kiss E. and M."

"MY DEAR ETHEL: It is time to write to you again. I have been looking for a letter from you. Are you too busy to write to me, or too happy, or what is the matter? I am waiting to hear from you. Have you started to school? How do you like it? Will you be able to read for me when I get back. I hope so.

"If mother meets me in Atlanta, I want you to come with her, if you can leave school. I long to see you, to kiss you, to see the love in your eyes, and to have you in my lap. Before you get this I will be among the Indians. You must write to me at Dardanelle, Ark. There I will write again. Tell me all about Warren and home, about Belle and Nellie, Cricket and her calf. Have you milk and butter enough all the time? Leave some for me. I get very little milk on this trip, and shall need a heap when I get back. Who is cook, now that old Olive is gone? Can you make a biscuit? You must help mother in her troubles.

"Well, in three weeks and a few days, I hope to be at home again. Will stay a little while and then make another long trip. Then, if the Lord will, I will stay at home for some months. Pray for me every day. God bless you my little darling. Tell grandmother to kiss you for me."

"DARDANELLE, October 21, 1881.

"MY DEAR CARRIE: Your bereavement has made me sad, not on little Ella's account but *yours.* Death is always sad, whoever falls or whatever the circumstances. The death of a young child, rightly considered, the least so of all. While here the child was sick, now it is well. Here it suffered,

yonder it is happy forever. Had it lived who can tell the sins and sorrows it might have fallen into. Now safe in Jesus' arms, bright, beautiful, blest. Submit to the will of God. The Lord gave; the Lord took away, let us bless his name. You feel lonely and sorrowful now, but the time will come when the thought that you have a child in Heaven will make you happy. Henceforth heaven will be *nearer* and more *homelike*. Oh! if we can all get there we shall forget all the trials of the way. The Lord sanctify the death of

BISHOP A. W. WILSON, D.D.

the child to the piety of the parents. God bless you, and Dick and Robert."

Returning home he went to the South Carolina Conference for the last time. It held its session in Union. He wrote to Ethel a short, sweet letter.

"UNION, December 14, 1881.

"DEAR ETHEL: I have been too busy to write to you. Monday night while you were fast asleep the *iron horse* carried me close by you, but would not stop for me to *kiss* you.

I have thought of you day and night. I am glad you are learning so fast. They tell me you are in the Second Reader. Huzza for my little pet. I will hug you hard and kiss you often. Pray for me. Next week I hope to see you and *stay* with you."

The General Conference of 1882 met in Nashville in May, and after an uneventful session adjourned, having elected five new bishops. They were men after his own heart: Dr. Wilson, Dr. Granbery, Dr. Hendrix, Dr. Hargrove, and Dr. Parker. He felt that the work he was leaving off would be safe in their hands, and now prepared for some rest. The whole college was disposed to spare him all the labor possible, and gave him the easiest work. He went for the last time to Virginia, to the Conference which met in Petersburg, and presided over the North Georgia, which met in La Grange, and the Alabama, which met in Troy.

The North Georgia Conference met in La Grange. He presided, as always, to the satisfaction of the entire body. The North Georgia Conference always welcomed him with great heartiness. He knew the work, the work knew him, and he did what he saw best without question. W. A. Candler was stationed in Sparta, where he lived himself. The people were delighted with him, and insisted on his return. He was willing to go back, but the bishop removed him and put him in Augusta. He increased the number of the districts, and put three young men on these, and did it against the counsel of his cabinet.

He believed to the last in small districts, and said the surest way to doom the office of presiding elder was to enlarge the districts. It was at this Conference that he raised five thousand dollars one morning, to buy the lot for the Anglo-Chinese College in Shanghai. He was not well, but he was in excellent spirits, and he went through his work with remarkable ease. He wrote during Conference to Ella and Ethel.

"LA GRANGE, December 7, 1882.

"Yours received. Well, here I am—mother gone, Conference gone, the day dark, wet, cold, gloomy—all alone. Poor me!

"We have had a magnificent Conference. I have scattered the preachers more than ever before. Not a whimper of complaint has reached my ears. Sparta will be down on me I reckon, but I have done right I firmly believe. Tell them all to wait and see. Well, I hope the wheat is sown,

BISHOP J. C. GRANBERY, D.D.

the oats up, and other work going on. The weather is so bad, and the trip so long, and money so scarce, I have declined to come home. I am very busy besides with Church matters. Some of you write to Troy, Ala., right away. Hope mother is at home safely. Love to all."

He went over to Troy, Ala., and presided over the Conference session and then returned home. His friends could see he was not better. He would sometimes rally, and then he would fall back again. He ate with much difficulty. He said his disease seem to defy all classification. It did not

give him pain, it did not affect sometimes his vocal organs, and then sometimes he would lose his voice entirely, and then it would as suddenly return. He remained closely at home, and wrote those stirring articles, "A Revival Needed," which were among the best of his life. Despite the fact that they have been published in his sermons and addresses, and scattered in tract form through the country, they deserve, and but for the limit I have given myself should find, a place in this Memoir. Nothing more powerful ever came from his

BISHOP HARGROVE.

pen, and nothing more important was ever written by him. He spent some weeks writing the articles. They are really a pastoral theology in miniature. He remained at home right closely till the May meeting, when he went to Nashville.

As he drew near the end the brethren realized that he must soon go, and vied with each other in showing the depth and tenderness of their love. He would not rest. His friends offered to pay all charges of a trip to Europe, but he refused it. His friend Mr. Phinizy, who owned a beautiful watering-

place in the mountains, offered him and his wife free entertainment as long as he wished to stay, but he would not stop nor rest.

The people loved to hear him preach, but *they* would not insist on his doing it, he was the one who insisted; but alas, their consideration began too late. When rest would have done him good, they gave him none. It was too late now. The shadows were gathering, all could see that. Hope was against hope. It was growing toward the sunset. We knew it, and wept that we should see him only for a little while.

I have some letters from him I am unable to locate.

"HOT SPRINGS, 1879.

"MY DEAR LITTLE ETHEL: Grandfather thinks of you every day, prays for you, and longs to see you. You must pray for me too.

"Well, I am at the strangest place I ever saw. There are fifty-four springs coming out of the side of a mountain, and the water smokes like an engine. You would think the ground was on fire. All sorts of sick people come here to drink and bathe, and get well. It is a curious place. I shall stay here two or three days. The water is too hot for me to drink much. I have to blow it and sip it slowly. I am going to bathe in it by putting some cold water with it. Then, may be, I will write to you again. Now I must stop.

"Think of me. Love me still, and get ready to hug and kiss me when I get back. God bless you.

"Your loving GRANDFATHER."

"MY DEAR ETHEL: I promised you a letter, and here it is, right out of grandfather's heart. I love you much, think of you often, and pray for you every day. Do you love me? Do you pray for me? I hope so. The Lord hears the prayers of a little child. Have you been up to see grandmother, and to take care of her? Let me know. Tell Annie I have not forgotten the promise I made her. I will have a very pretty pin for her, and she will be even with you and

Ella. You must be good and sweet, and have a heap of hugs and kisses for me when I come. God bless my little darling."

"PRESCOTT, ARK., November 26, 1879.

"MY DEAR ETHEL: I get all your letters with a glad heart. I am happy to know that my *sweet little pet* thinks of me, and wishes to see me. Grandfather carries you all

BISHOP HENDRIX.

about in his heart all the time. I talk about you, too, and tell the people what a loving child you are. At the house where I am staying there is a little girl named *Ethel;* every time they call her, I think of *my* little Ethel.

"Well, I expected to be at home to-day; but here I am in Arkansas, far, far away from you all. It is very cold. We have snow, sleet, and rain. And oh! the mud, the mud! If you were with me I should have to shut you up in my room.

C. W. SMITH, D.D.

You would mire down. The mud would pull your shoes off, and then you would cry, and 'holler' for grandfather, I suspect."

"MY DEAR ETHEL: You ought to have made sister write you a letter for me. It is too late now; grandfather will be at home next week. Will you be glad to see me? Will you hug me, and kiss me, and tell me how much you love me? Take good care of grandmother; don't kick her out of bed, but be still and sweet. Be good and pray for me. Ask the Lord to bless us all, and bring me back to see you. If he can find anything, grandfather will bring you something because you love him. The Lord bless you, and make you good and happy"

He made a brave struggle for recovery. Indomitable in will he still made an earnest effort to meet his engagements at the District Conferences. He presided even when he did not preach, but as soon as they closed he hurried to his home in Sparta.

His district included the Indian Mission, the Tennessee, the North Georgia, and the Alabama. The Indian Mission Conference was very dear to him. He had often presided over it, and was always solicitous for its welfare. At his request it was given to him again.

When he was in the Nation the year before, he had projected some plans and was anxious to carry them out. He had sent the Rev. E. A. Gray to the Choctaw School at New Hope, and with him a new corps of teachers, and among them two of his own grandchildren. A new church was needed at New Hope, and he promised to raise the money for it.

At the Falls he received the sad news from home that Lovick, his little grandson, was dead. He wrote at once to his son.

"WEBBER'S FALLS, September 21, 1883.

"MY DEAR SON: God bless and comfort you. Your letter announcing Lovick's death has saddened me deeply.

Oh, how many precious hopes have gone down to the grave with him. I had many bright expectations of his future. The shadow of death has extinguished them all. However dark this event and heavy this sorrow to us, it is *well* with *him.* Heaven grows more homelike as the family gather there. He cannot return to us, but we can go to him. Blessed assurance. How strange that death has never entered my family except in my absence. This fact presses me heavily sometimes on leaving home. My presence, I know, is no protection, but the thought that some of my dear ones I shall perhaps see no more makes me sad. I do not distrust nor complain, yet I fear. His ways are right—yea, perfect. Let us bow to the will divine. He knows what he has done, and why. We shall know hereafter. Let us wait in trust and hope, assured that all will end in our own satisfaction. May grace abound to you and Sallie and the children. Tell Sallie she has my love, sympathy, and prayers. God bless you all. I keep pretty well. My throat is troublesome at the table. Am able for all my work. I am very comfortably fixed for this country. Would finish to-morrow, but Drs. McFerrin and Kelly and Morton and others got in late this evening. They will consume a session. Thomas is delighted—is willing to stay I hear. His preaching takes wonderfully. I write again. Report to mother. Love to all. Grace and peace be yours evermore."

To Ella.

"NEW HOPE ACADEMY, September 24, 1883.

"As the saying goes, I drop you a line. My trip has been pleasant save the *dust.* It is dry from your gate to Webber's Falls and beyond, as far as I have heard. So it continues. The signs are dry, dry. The ride home promises to be like the one out here. I might have been at home today, but thought it my duty to look after this school and my new teachers; also to preach here and at Fort Smith. If I had foreseen the weather, I should have come home. My throat is very troublesome, hoarse, and cough in eating badly.

Otherwise I am very well. Hope to see you all next Wednesday evening. I am anxious to hear from you. Have sent to Fort Smith for letters. The death of little Lovick, to me, is very sad. Mrs. Thomas writes that Walter is sick too. This makes me uneasy. I long to hear from home. Trust that you have all written, and my mind will be relieved. I was very busy yesterday with my minutes and appropriations. Have work on hand to-day. Love to all."

"NEW HOPE, September 28, 1883.

"MY DEAR SON: All my fatherly and Christian heart is stirred in your behalf. I know you feel your bereavement deeply. But the shock is over and your sensibilities will now lull into a quiet grief. This will abide. The brightness of the world is gone. Life will never have the same interest to you again. Yet you may be happy in God, rejoice in your other children, and be thankful for them. The shadow of a great sorrow never departs, at least always returns. We cannot expect unbroken sunshine. We have had a goodly heritage. God has been good to us, very good. Let us trust him still. May his grace abound to you, his peace fill your soul. I am out of order with my throat, feel badly, but preached to the girls and a few outsiders to-day. We had a good time. I was happy, spoke easily, and with good impression.

"Start home on Monday, hope to arrive Wednesday evening. Preach at Fort Smith, Sunday, D. V., a missionary sermon. Love to Sallie and the children."

"NEW HOPE, 1883.

"DEAR ETHEL: Grandfather is so tired he can hardly sit up, but he promised you a letter and you must have it. I have been a *thousand miles* away from you, have seen a great many things to tell you about when I get back. I am here with forty Indian girls all about me. Some of them are right pretty. They behave well. I am going to preach to them, and persuade them, if I can, to love Jesus. They are very

shy, afraid of strangers. They learn well, the teachers say. I hope you have not missed a word since I left, *head* in all your classes and will have one hundred in everything the next circular. I sent you and May the red coral necklaces. Mr. Orr was to bring them to you.

"Little Lovick's death has made me very sad. You see that children die as well as old people. Try to be good that you will always be ready.

"Wish I had you with me. I long to see you. Pray for me. God bless you."

Returning he went to the Tennessee Conference at Shelbyville, and then presided over the North Georgia, at Dalton. He preached at this Conference and with old-time fire and fervor. It was the last time we ever heard his voice at a Conference session. From 1830 to 1883, for over fifty years, he had been a chief among us. His sun had never known a shadow for even a moment. He had led us always, and always well. Known by all, loved by all, trusted by all, his example had been an inspiration and a benediction. He had never been accused of doing a doubtful thing. Always high-toned, true-hearted, brave, tender, while we felt that we could not hold him we did not see how we could do without him. The beautiful face was wrinkled and pain-worn, the grand form was shrunken, but the eye still flashed, and the brave, loving heart was braver and more loving. He had some painful work to do, but he did it as gently as he could. Sometimes he was a little impatient, but his smile came again in a moment.

We adjourned late at night. It was midnight when we took the cars. Some of the brethren had organized, and as was known against his wish, a Holiness Association, in Georgia. The men who entered it loved him well, but they believed the time had come for this work to be done, and that if the doctrine of the *second blessing*, as many Methodists held it, was rescued, they must combine, and they must not let him stand in the way. They were good men and true, and

he loved them well. He called the president, Rev. A. J. Jarrell, to him. "Joe," he said, "as you know I feared evil results when this thing was first done; but I have been disappointed; it has done good, and, as far as I can see, nothing but good. Stick to the Church, stick to the text, avoid extravagance, avoid fanaticism, and God will bless you." He came by home, and hurried to Eufaula, in Alabama. There I was with him, and for the last time heard him preach. He was as well as usual, and fully alive to his work. He was, for some reason, very anxious to get through by Monday night. The good people wanted the Conference to stay longer, but he brought it to an end by an early hour Monday evening. It became needful to place an absent, and once a very valuable man, on the superannuated list. A brother said: "Bishop, he has nothing; let us pass around the baskets." "No," said the bishop, "a basket collection never comes to anything. Who will give me ten dollars?" The collection was soon taken, and was a handsome one.

I had heard him many times, but I think he never was more eloquent than that Sunday morning as he spoke on the triumphs of the Gospel. He was no pessimist; Christ should reign, and Christ would reign. The face of the old man shone like that of the prophet when he sang of the triumph of Zion as she put on her beautiful garments. The Conference closed Monday night, and we took the cars. He sat bolt upright, all night, and we reached Macon in the early morning. Here Carrie Wilson, his granddaughter lived, and to her home the weary man went, having presided over his last Conference, the Alabama, at Eufaula, the 12th of December, 1883, nearly thirty years after his election in 1854, and in all these years he had never missed but one Conference to which he had been assigned.

With this session of the Alabama Conference his work as a bishop virtually ended. His life for thirty years had been one of unceasing labor and anxiety. He had never lorded it over God's heritage, but had been the servant of all. He loved the Church, and he loved the preachers. He never

spared himself, nor asked for a service from others he would not have rendered. He knew what parliamentary law was; he observed its main features, but was no martinet. He was rapid in his prosecution of business, and sometimes good-naturedly shut off debate by saying, "Well, you have said enough; we will put the question." He was prayerful, painstaking, and considerate in making the appointments. Sometimes, as he said, his Episcopal backbone was sorely tried, but he was sufficiently strong for all the demands of the occasion. He was especially tender and considerate to the old men, and those who were known as gum logs. He was by no means so considerate of those whose soaring ambition asked for consideration. At one time there came to the Georgia Conference a young man for an appointment. He was considered a prodigy of eloquence, and cities vied with each other in lavishing honors on him. He was to have, of course, one of the best stations in the Conference, or at least be a second man in one of our cities. The appointments were read out, and they read him out to a good circuit with a good senior. The circuit was a far better one than the one Bishop Pierce had travelled in his youth, and gifted as the young man was, he never approached him either in brilliance or power or popularity Yet I have heard this very incident alluded to as evidencing the bishop's tyrannical spirit. He sought the young man's welfare, and only that. He laid heavier burdens on his friends than on any others, and if one had a dislike to him he was especially considerate of that one. There were some in every Conference who were especially dear to him, and they were of those who were conservatives of old-time Methodism. He had fine taste and fine culture, but he cared far less for culture than for power. He disliked everything that looked like a ritual, and was heartily glad when the effort to introduce the liturgy of the Church of England, made in 1866, came to such a speedy, and he believed, timely death. Perhaps no man ever made so many appointments, and made them so satisfactorily. To the preachers' wives he was especially considerate. "We have lost our best

friend," said one, with tearful eyes, when she heard of his death. She was the wife of a hard-working circuit preacher, who had known him for thirty years.

When John Knight was superannuated he said: "It was best that he should retire, but he must not go empty-handed. He has a little farm, but it is not stocked or furnished. I want two hundred dollars. Here is ten dollars." And at another time: "Brother R. owes a heavy debt; it distresses him; let us help him; here is ten dollars;" or, "Brother L. needs some money, let us all give him a lift. All of you give him a dollar; here is mine." Thus the man lived and loved.

He wrote many sweet letters to his children and grandchildren in these late days, and I give here a little collection of letters to his little pet, as he called Ethel, and to her mother, which I could not exactly locate, but which I am not willing to leave out.

"MY DARLING PET: How I would like to hug you and kiss you to-night. But I am too far off. So the best I can do is to think of you, love you, and write to you. Mother will read this to you, and you must love me and pray for me. I think of you and the rest every day. I hope when I get back I will be fat and strong. God is good to me, and I pray him to bless you, and make you good and happy. In love."

"DEAR ETHEL: Bless your little soul. How I love you. I had rather kiss you now than eat my dinner. But I am far from you and can do nothing but love you and pray for you. It will be a long time before grandfather can come to see. Bishop W—— is sick, and I must do his work and mine too. I am very well and very busy all the time. Write again. Kiss May for me. Tell Warren to be good."

"LA GRANGE, December 7, 1882.

"MY DEAR ETHEL: Your sweet little letter has been received. I thank you for it. It is very pleasant for my pet to remember me. If I had a kiss from you and a loving hug I would feel better to-day. We are far apart, but we can love

one another all the same. You are in my heart and in my thoughts all the time. You must pray for my health and safe return. God bless you, and make you good and happy."

"PORTSMOUTH, November 17, 1882.

"MY DEAR ETHEL: I do wish I had brought you with me. There is so much for you to see. You would be happy in the family I am staying with. The man says I ought to have brought you and given you to him. He has three boys but no girl. Must I send you on to him when I get back? I do not think I can spare you. But this man has a heap of money and can do more for you than I. You must let me know soon. Bless your little soul, grandfather would not give you up for the Queen of England—no, no. Pray for me as I do for you."

"May 6th.

"MY DEAR ELLA: This is your birthday. Well do I remember the morning. I thought you were the sweetest, prettiest child in the world. As you grew and began to walk and to talk that idea grew upon me. To tell the truth, I have not changed *much* down to date. You were my first-born, and have always been a source of pleasure to me. You have never given me trouble or sorrow by anything said or done. I love you still with a tenderness and depth which you can hardly realize. If I had my way you should never know a want or care or sorrow. I thank God that you have a cheerful, buoyant spirit. May no cloud darken your sky, no shadow fall upon your path. May your children prove to you, as you have to me—an unalloyed blessing. God bless you all. In haste, but with sincere affection.

"This was written, but not sent, for I was very busy Got home yesterday evening. Dr. C—— still sick in Augusta. I send a little box of candy for the children. Tell Ethel I have a present for her when she comes to see me."

"MY DEAR ETHEL: Your sweet little note has been received. I thank you for your love and your letter. Perhaps

when I come you will see how lovingly I think of you. I want to do something for you all the time. You must learn fast, be good, and try to be useful. Let everybody see that you are a Christian by what you say and do, your temper and disposition. I am busy and must be short. Love to all."

"ATLANTA, July 13th.

"DEAR ELLA: Why don't you write? We are anxious about Ann. Her failure is a great disappointment to me. I take mother to Clarksville to-morrow. Next day I go to Athens. Will return here on Monday. Let me find a letter here, with all the news, the cows, calves, chickens—everything. Has William got back? Any rain? Fine showers up here, general round about. Hot, hotter, hottest. Dr. C—— is at work on me. Says I am doing first-rate. Thinks I will get well now. He encourages me much. I am better. Voice greatly improved; eat with little trouble. Write to me, 'Atlanta, Kimball House.' I long to be at home, but must deny myself. Pray for my restoration. What can I do for any of you? is there nothing wanting? Love to all. Tell my pet to ask for something. Heaven bless you all."

"NASHVILLE, TENN., April 2d.

"DEAR ETHEL: I at least can send you a birthday-letter. Ten years old! How smart you ought to be? Ten more, you will be a young lady. Think of that. Now is the time to prepare for the future. Much will be expected of you. You have a good chance to learn—to improve your mind and form your character, and get ready to be a good, useful, lovely woman. I think you will. I have high hopes of you; you have made a good start, and I expect you to grow smarter and better all the time. So may it be."

"DEAR ETHEL: I want to see you so bad, to kiss you, look into your eyes, and feel your arms around my neck. But I must wait. Well, here I am, among the mountains. They are all around me, Cedar Mountain, Blood Mountain, Bold

Mountain, Yonah (which means 'bear') Mountain, Stone Pile, and a great many without names. This morning they are all wrapt in clouds. It has been raining. The clouds are rolling and tumbling like smoke out of an engine. Wish you were here to see it all. You never saw so many springs in all your life as there are here. All sorts, and close together; some warm, some cold, some cold as ice. Grandfather is not much better yet. Hope I will be. Think if I were with you and the rest, I would do better than up here. I mean to come as soon as I can. I must buy you a picture, I reckon. What must I bring May, and Warren, and Mother? I send you a kiss in this letter; see if you can find it."

"MY DEAR ETHEL: Grandfather thinks of his little pet every day. The breast-pin and the fan will both come, when I come. You must love me and pray for me. Grandfather prays for you every day. I want you to be sweet and good always. When I get back you must come up and stay with me, see my birds, and play with me. I want to sit you on my lap, and hug you and kiss you over and over. Good-night."

"NASHVILLE, TENN., May 8, 1882.

"DEAR ETHEL: Very sorry you did not come with me. There are so many things to interest you. I miss your night and morning kiss. Do not give them all away before I get back. I wish to bring you something; tell me what. Any strawberries yet? I have them every day. Rich milk, good butter; everthing nice. You must not eat all the *bacon*, or you will have nothing for me. Nurse the chickens. Make them grow. Take good care of grandmother. Pray for me. Do not forget me. The Lord bless my darling. Kiss all for me."

"DEAR PET: I trust you have got rid of your chills and quinine.

"Are you making up lost time at school? You have a fine chance to *climb*, as you went foot in all your studies. Go *head* in all by the time I get back. You can do it, and

WM. STEVENS, ESQ.

bring your next circular up to hundred all around; I want you to shine, 'a bright, particular star.' I must say good-night. God bless you, my darling."

"MY DEAREST ETHEL: You do not know how I want to see you—to kiss you—to feel your little arms around my neck again. Glad to hear that you pray for me every night. Grandfather thinks of you every day, and prays for you. I will tell you about the Indians when I see you. Cousin Walter has seen a heap of things to tell you about. You must come to the gate next Wednesday, and I hope to throw you something.

"MY DEAR ETHEL: I have written to you once—now again. Grandfather has seen a great deal since he left home. Yesterday, at Kansas City, I went to the Fair Grounds, and saw some hogs as big as Cricket; some beautiful sheep, with wool as fine as silk. One man had a hundred heifers for sale, and expected to get twenty thousand dollars for them. I saw all sorts of machines, ploughs, and buggies. I thought about you, and wished you were with me to see and wonder.

"I have a nice present for you and May and Edith and Julia. I must bring Pauline and Ella something. Grandfather loves you all, but I think you love me better than the rest of them. There is a nice little girl here named Mary, and is just your age. She came and kissed me this morning. You must continue to pray for me. I am better, and I want you to pray that I may get entirely well. Tell Warren to keep his fine clothes for Sunday. You must take good care of grandmother. She is a precious old body. I think a heap of her. Be kind to her all the time. Kiss all around for me, and write as often as you can. Be sure and go to school when the buggy comes. God bless you."

"RED OAK, June 26th.

"MY DEAR SON: You are getting to be a shabby fellow. Why don't you write to me? If I do not get a letter

from you at Little Rock I shall be hurt. I hoped to hear from you ere this, and now Little Rock is the last chance. Save yourself from a scold.

"I am hard at work, 'faint yet pursuing.' Hard travel, daily preaching, *feather-beds*, are telling on me in some respects. My health is good, my voice holds out, but I am weary. I am here preaching every day in the open air; winds are high and cool and the labor of speaking is great.

"It is my purpose to be at home this day *two* weeks *if possible*. Fear I cannot 'make the trip,' but will do my best. This is the hardest year of my life I believe. But the Lord is with me. I enjoy religion, and my efforts to do good seem to be blest. We had a time of power at Batesville. Some conversions here, and much interest in the Church. I leave here to-morrow for Little Rock; take the stage at 4 A.M. next day for Camden. I dread the rough and tumble ride of thirty-two hours. From Camden I go to El Dorado; you remember it, I suppose. From that point Sunshine is my destination. Heaven speed me. I long to see you all. I have much to tell you about this country.

"Kiss Sallie and my little darlings. God bless you all."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CLOSING DAY, 1884, AGED 73.

Golden Wedding—Extracts of Speeches—Visit to Virginia—Letters—Last Commencement—Sermon at Macon—Camp-meeting—Visit to Thomson—Last Hours.

THE day on earth was drawing to its close, but there was no twilight. It was sunshine to the last. He had been married for fifty years in February, 1884, and at the earnest instance of his friends he published the fact that it would be his golden wedding. The day came, and the spacious home of Lovick Pierce, Jr., in Sparta, was thronged with guests. Dr. Fitzgerald who was present, gives a pleasant account of the unique anniversary.

"Near Sparta, Sunshine, the residence of Bishop Pierce, was passed. It was a May-day in February. The south wind blew softly, the air was balmy, and the place seemed well-named. The house is an old-fashioned Southern frame mansion, the roof newly shingled in places, fronted by a grove of cedars, a garden, and a modest-looking peach-orchard in the rear, bounded by a forest of small pines. This was Sunshine—a picture invitingly quiet and hospitable.

"At the depot in Sparta the editor was met by the bishop, and the two lively dark ponies soon whirled him up to the residence of his son, Lovick Pierce, Jr., where the golden wedding was to take place.

"The guests gathered early, filling the reception-rooms by 7.30 P.M. The spacious double parlors were elegantly decorated; above the folding-doors was an arch of beautiful flowers, with sprigs of mistletoe in bloom, with the figure of a white dove pendant with outstretched wings.

"Among the guests were the Rev. Dr. W H. Potter, and the Rev. John W Burke, of the *Wesleyan Advocate;* the Rev. W A. Candler, of the North Georgia Conference; Colonel R. D. Walker and wife, of Savannah, Ga.; Ferdinand Phinizy, Esq., of Athens, Ga.; and Mr. Morton, from Virginia.

"Many handsome presents from all quarters, and gold

J. W. BURKE.

coin enough to jingle pleasantly in the Episcopal pocket for a while were received. Most of the presents were tasteful and elegant; of the coin there was enough to show thoughtful consideration of an old preacher's convenience, but not enough to be an endowment for old age.

"The bishop has five living children: Mrs. Ella Caroline Turner; Mrs. Claudia Snider Middlebrooks; Mr. Lovick Pierce, the only son, who married Miss Sarah C. Turner;

Mrs. Mary Susan Alfriend, and Mrs. Anne Toombs Harley. There are thirty living grandchildren.

"At 8.30 the Bishop entered the room and stood under the arch, his wife leaning on his arm. He looked fresh and buoyant. Mrs. Pierce, dressed with unostentatious elegance, looked plump and radiant, her motherly face set off with a tasteful, snowy French muslin cap, reminding you of earlier times.

"Dr. Potter congratulated them. 'All classes of our people join in these congratulations, and delight to do you honor. They recognize your fidelity to the obligations of citizenship. You have been true to your State—when she has prospered, you have rejoiced with her; when she has suffered, you have sorrowed; Georgia has had no truer son. You have been true to your Church, holding firmly to her standards, and exerting your personal and official influence to maintain the purity of her doctrines and the efficacy of her discipline.'

"The editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate* next addressed the pair:

"'If I stood before you on that joyful night fifty years ago when there was a flutter of orange blossoms in the beautiful city of Savannah by the sea, I should probably have addressed you as Brother and Sister Pierce; but now, after the lapse of half a century, addressing you, sir, as the Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, it seems proper that I should address you as our Father in God, and you, madam, as our Mother in Israel. You stand in the centre of a vast circle to-night—the Pierces and collateral branches of kindred first; then old Georgia; then the Carolinas, Virginia, Maryland, on the one side; then Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, on and on, across the Mississippi, beyond the Rocky Mountains—from the Susquehanna to where the waves of the blue Pacific beat upon the silvery sands by the Golden Gate. Beyond these limits the concentric circles of Christian affection still widen until they touch your brethren and sisters in Mexico, Brazil, and China. Looking

around upon this joyous company—these gray-haired friends of your earlier days; these brethren in the ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ; this manly and affectionate son; these daughters in the ripeness of their matronly loveliness; these grandchildren in the sweetness and bloom of their young lives—we congratulate you upon this happy and hallowed occasion. This little company represent a million of men, women, and children, whose loving remembrance is turned to you this day. It was a heroic act in the fair and gentle girl, who, fifty years ago, was willing to risk her fortunes in life with those of a Methodist preacher; the result has vindicated her heroism as it has your judgment and taste. Standing here in the midst of this bright and joyous circle, in name of the communion to which we belong, and a vast body of your fellow-citizens in all parts of our country, I congratulate you that you have lived to celebrate your golden wedding, invoking upon you the benedictions of the Lord, and praying that the evening and sunset of your lives may be as serene as the past has been faithful to duty and fruitful of blessing to the world.'

"The bishop said: 'We thank you for the kind and pleasant things you have said to us and about us. We accept and rejoice in your cordial greetings.

"'My wife deserves all the commendations you have bestowed upon her. I wish I could say as much for myself. I feel like Spurgeon, who, when invited to visit this country declined, saying, "I know honors and attention will be lavished upon me, and that is more than I can stand. I can bear abuse, but the kindness of friends makes me so sensible of my unworthiness that my heart goes down into my shoes."

"'My wife and I have led very simple, unpretending lives, but I suppose we are the central figures in this scene, and if in responding to you I have a good deal to say of ourselves, the explanation and the apology will be found in the circumstances of the occasion.

"'First of all, let me in this presence, in grateful recognition of the providence of God, acknowledge that goodness

Yours truly

Alfred H Colquitt

and mercy have followed us all the days of our life. As I have been a travelling preacher, we have lived all over Georgia, from Savannah on the coast to Columbus on the Chattahoochee. Our health has been marvellous, unaffected by climate, waters, seasons, or local causes. Neither of us has ever had a spell of sickness. Rarely has a doctor crossed our threshold. We have had seven children. Two died under two years of age, one from a sudden violent attack of croup, the other with suppressed measles, and both in my absence.

"'The survivors, though not a stalwart set, were all sprightly, active, vigorous. I doubt if we ever lost a night's rest with all of them together. They slept well. Whether this was an original constitutional endowment or a quality transmitted under the law of heredity, I cannot determine, certainly they all had the gift of sleep—specially in the morning.

"'We have five children who have come to years—four daughters and one son. It is fair to say my wife is fully persuaded that no two people ever had such another. She never speaks of him to me in private, or refers to him in her letters save as "our dear son." She worships at his shrine with the unflickering fervor of an oriental devotee. To tell the whole truth, I have a very good opinion of the boy myself. Our daughters are married and settled among you. I do not mean to praise them, except to say they have never given us trouble or sorrow by disobedience or misconduct.'"

(Then follows his account of his courtship, which we have already given, and of his marriage.)

"'It is a source of thankfulness to me that I have never turned aside from the work of the ministry for secular profit. What this little woman has been to me I cannot adequately express. Her fidelity and efficiency in the management of home interests has left me free for unreserved service of the Church. You have said that I have been true to my State. Yes, I love her; I love every inch of her soil from Tybee Point to Rabun's Gap, and from the mouth of the Chatta-

hoochee to Tallulah Falls. You said, also, that I had been true to my Church. I have tried to serve her with sincere devotion, and I am thankful for whatever of confidence and affection it has accorded me. I thank God for his goodness to me and mine; I thank God for the love of the Church, and for the hope of heaven. But I will not detain you farther. In a few minutes you will be called to a feast in the dining-room.'

"The night was balmy and the moon shone brightly. After supper the guests amused themselves according to their own pleasure—the young promenading in the halls and walks, the old sitting in pleasant groups talking of bygone days.

"About eleven o'clock the company assembled in the parlors, and the exercises of the golden wedding closed appropriately and touchingly with family prayer, conducted by Dr Potter. The one hundred and third Psalm was read, and three stanzas of the hymn, 'Come, thou Fount of every blessing,' were sung with much spirit, the singing led by the Rev W R. Foote, pastor of our Church at Sparta. The prayer that followed was full of solemnity and deep feeling; the petition was offered that the faith that dwelt in the grandparents and parents might also dwell in their posterity to the latest generation. There were hearty responses from the kneeling worshippers. With the voice of fervent prayer and the echoes of holy song lingering in their minds, the guests, young and old, sought repose—and thus ended the GOLDEN WEDDING."

The manifestations of regard and affection which came from every direction, from saint and sinner, from north and south, were very precious to his loving heart. General Toombs, Mr. Phinizy, Young Harris, old-time friends, as well as his brethren from all the Church round about, sent words of congratulation and handsome offerings. He had much to gladden the hour His children and grandchildren were all in the Church, and he believed were doing the Lord's work. Two of his grandchildren were in the missionary field, his dear Ann was hale and vigorous, and, save for her anxiety

about him, happy. His neighbors revered and loved him, as they loved no other man. He had an unbroken assurance of the divine favor, not a cloud was between him and Heaven. We have but few letters from him at this time. He did not go far from home, and his dear wife went generally with him when he did go; but he wrote one to his granddaughter Claude. The girls from the College made an escapade on the 1st of April, coming to Vineville without consent. It was by them intended as a harmless piece of mischief. Claude, his granddaughter, was among the culprits. When the irrepressible reporter got hold of this fact he made of it a sensation. There was intense mortification among the teachers of the College. They had been deceived by the girls, and the discipline of the school, most excellent always, was reflected upon. The girls were penitent enough, and Claude wrote a sad confession of her thoughtlessness to her dear grandfather and he replied:

To Claude.

"DEAR CLAUDIA: I received your letter of explanation and apology. I am not hurt with you, though I regret the thoughtless frolic. The thing has produced a great deal of unpleasant talk and given the foes of the College occasion to damage her reputation for discipline and good order. But it is done and past. Nevertheless you may learn an important lesson from this folly. That is, that wrong actions, or actions of doubtful propriety never pay in pleasure. The results always mar and poison the enjoyment. You have found this out already. Never do anything that you have to explain and defend.

"*Right will always vindicate itself.*

"All well. I leave to-day for Virginia."

He went to Virginia and paid a short visit, he was back again by the last of May.

During the summer he worked on, almost unceasingly, although he was still so feeble, and growing more so each

day. The Rev. George H. Patillo,* to whom he was tenderly attached, was presiding elder on the Griffin District. The District Conference was to meet at Jackson, and a church was to be dedicated. He came and presided over every session. The Rev. W B. Bonnell, son of his old colleague, was going to China as missionary, and Miss Laura Haygood was going with him. They were at the Conference. The bishop was to present some little token of the love of their friends to them. He said, "I have but little to say to you, my brother, you are but doing what you've engaged to do, giving up all to follow your Master; but with this good sister the sacrifice is greater." He found in Jackson one whom he had tried to rescue from a drunkard's life, and whom he had hoped was saved, but who had gone back to his cups, and had now settled in Jackson. He came to see the bishop. He gave him a long and tender talk, and turning to the pastor, said, "Take care of John, he is a good fellow, but sadly weak; help him." He dedicated the church on Sunday, and raised the collection which paid for it.

His old college students, Dr. William C. Bass and Dr. Cosby W Smith, were in the Female College in Macon. They resided in the college. They had educated his children and his grandchildren. They had always entertained him when he came, and now they earnestly requested him to preach the Commencement sermon. He did so. It was a touching scene, a moving occasion. J. Madison Jones, whom he had received into the Church as a boy, was there. Henry L. Jewett, President of the Capital Bank, who had begun a religious life as a boy under his ministry when he was pastor in Macon, and scattered over the congregation were scores who had come to Jesus at his call. He knew it was his last message. I cannot give a full account of it, but the sermon was with power. He believed in woman's education, he had given his life for it, but he had no taste for masculinity in woman; for women who sought the platform and claimed

* While I am revising these pages this excellent man has just joined his friend in the skies.

the ballot his voice rang clear, and he said in all ardor that he trusted God would hide his head under the sod ere that day should come. He went from Macon to the Oxford Commencement, and then to his camp-meeting at Culverton. Here he preached his last sermon in Hancock. His heart was full, there was an overwhelming pathos in what he said. He said he could almost see Hardy Culver, Hawley Middlebrooks, William Fraley, and Tom Turner as they looked toward the gates and said, why don't Brother Pierce come—"Brother Pierce, why don't you come," and I should answer, "I am still trying to get your children to go with me." He went to Thomson to help his young friend Cary secure funds to pay for the Pierce Institute.

The good people of Thomson had with great effort erected a school-building which was to be a Methodist district school. There was a debt over it of fifteen hundred dollars, and the bishop was requested to visit Thomson and preach to the congregation and try to raise the sum. He came on the morning in which he was to preach—a hot August morning. He found himself very hoarse, his throat giving him great trouble. His host, J. M. Curtis, Esq., expressed a doubt as to his ability to preach, and objected to his making the effort. He, however, insisted on trying, saying he did not know what might be the result. He leaned heavily on the arm of his kind friend as he walked to the church, secured the services of the Rev. Mr. Thrasher to open service for him, and then attempted to preach. He spoke with great difficulty, but he held the place till the collection was taken, and returned to Brother Curtis', where he rested till morning. This was his last appearance in the pulpit. From the home of Mr. Curtis, in which his bosom friend James E. Evans died a short time after, he went to Sunshine, to come from it no more.

The end of a good man never comes; the true Christian never dies, but the time for his departure was at hand. He had finished the course, he had kept the faith, and was ready to be crowned. Returning from Thomson he went at once

to his couch. He was feverish, his appetite gone, his throat trouble increased. Not far from his home, staying at that time with his son, Dr. J. C. Aubrey, was my uncle, Dr. James Rembert Smith, the youngest son of Isaac Smith, one of the earliest of American Methodist preachers. The bishop had led Dr. Smith to Jesus nearly fifty years before. They were born the same year, they lived in adjoining counties, they had been bosom friends for over forty years. Dr. Smith, came at once to see the sick bishop. Dr. Alfriend, a practicing physician, the bishop's son-in-law, was with him all the time. The bishop knew he was seriously sick, but he hoped to rally and to reach the Conference among the Indians, but others saw the hope was a vain one. His friends heard of his illness and hurried to his bedside. Potter, Burke, and Bass from Macon, Haygood from Oxford, his brothers James and Thomas from their homes; all knew he must go.

His brothers Thomas and James reached his bedside on Tuesday; taking the hand of James in both of his, he said, "I am so happy." Late in the night before the final hour, when asked by his daugther Ella if all was bright up there, he said, "There are no spots, the Lord is merciful and gracious."

The rest of the story has been touchingly told by his old friend and student, Dr. Potter, at that time, as now, editor of the *Wesleyan Advocate*.

"He had been dying for two days before the final moment came. Surrounded by his devoted family of children and grandchildren and numerous loving friends, he quietly waited the hour of dissolution. He was the most emaciated object I ever saw. Yet his imperial intellect was undimmed to the very last. Though he could scarcely articulate, and then only in husky whispers, yet he would repeatedly speak to his friends and grieving loved ones.

"On Monday morning, a while before day, he asked all to retire except Mrs. Pierce and his son. There were matters to be talked of with them alone. Then he sent for Dr. Haygood, and after giving him a statement of what he had done

in preparing a biography of his father, asked him to take the incomplete work, and the material he had collected, and prepare the volume for the press. This Dr. Haygood promised to do.

"On Tuesday morning his physician and son-in-law, Dr. Alfriend, in reply to his question, 'How long can I live?' answered, 'Not more than three or four hours.' He then, with the utmost composure, gave his last directions to his only son, Lovick Pierce, Esq., minutely stating different matters of business, and directing as to his burial-place. It seemed then that he would pass away in a few moments. He said to Rev. W C. Bass, as he stood by his bedside, 'I'm almost gone! almost gone!' Brother Bass said, 'Yes, but the way is clear?' 'O yes,' he whispered. He rallied from that sinking and his pulse became stronger. He said to his family, 'The doctor alarmed you just now by saying I would die so soon; but he did not alarm me.' He did not until then give up all hope of attending his first Conference (the Indian Mission), to which he had expected to start in a few days, had he not been stricken down. He had always felt a deep interest in that Conference, and one of his granddaughters and a niece were to accompany him to become teachers in the seminary. Finally despairing of being able to make this visitation, he called Dr. Haygood to him and gave him minute directions for Bishop McTyiere, to whose care he transferred his Conferences. Oh! it was beautiful and touching to see this consecrated man, really in the very waters of Jordan, recommending by name certain preachers for specific appointments.

"As the day wore on, a venerable Christian minister, Dr. J. Rembert Smith, a physician, sat by his side and felt his pulse. 'What do you think about me?' said the dying bishop. 'Do you think I will get well?' The physician paused, and then replied: 'No, Bishop, your work is done; it is impossible for you to recover.' Not a feature changed. The same beautiful smile kept its place on his sunken cheek, and the calmness of submission settled upon his soul. No

language of ours can paint the touching scenes which transpired in the chamber where this good man met his fate. Certainly it was a spot 'favored beyond the common walks of life—quite on the verge of heaven.' Such composure, such gentleness, such patience, are rarely vouchsafed to suffering saints.

"Many friends visited his sick-chamber, and received from him a prompt and welcoming notice. In no single instance, up to the very last moment, did he fail to recognize an acquaintance who entered his room. He would instantly reach out his hand and call the name. To the reading of the numerous notes and telegrams of inquiry which were sent to his family, he invariably gave intelligent and appreciative audience. His grandchildren were present from time to time during his last days, and their presence seemed to add much to his satisfaction and joy. It was his delight to have them come to his room and put their arms about his neck and kiss him. His mind was all the time perfectly clear, and his memory good. He seemed to forget nothing that needed to be remembered.

"Wednesday morning was bright and the air pure and bracing, with just enough motion to be felt on the cheek. The room where the good man lay was a biography in symbol. The doors were wide open, the window sashes were all up, and the blinds thrown back, as they had been for several days. There were no sombre hues on the face of things—every color in the carpet on the floor could be distinctly seen. There were about twenty persons in the room, members of his family, neighbors, and friends. There were some tears, but they were almost silent, and coursed down cheeks that showed no signs of agony or bitter grief—such tears as a mother sheds as she stands in the door and waves good-by to her daughter as she goes forth leaning on the arm of the approved bridegroom. There were no pagan lamentations—the pain of parting, that was all, nothing more.

"There was no conflict on the death-bed, except a purely physical one. The death-rattle could scarcely be heard across the room. The chest and lower face of the Bishop

registered the progress of disease, but in his eyes and on his upper face there rested the repose of the early morning; and at 9.15 A.M., while they all knelt about his bed and joined Dr. Haygood in thanksgiving and prayer, he was gone. The wires flashed the news, and telegrams of condolence began to come in.

"On Thursday morning his remains were taken from Sunshine to the residence of his son in Sparta. During the day many ministers and friends reached the town, having come to be present at the funeral on the next day. Among them was the bishop's old friend, Rev. Dr. McFerrin, of Nashville, Tenn.

"After tea a goodly company had gathered in the spacious parlors where the remains lay in a neat coffin. The bishop's son, in beautiful harmony with his own custom and his father's, asked Dr. McFerrin to conduct family worship. The doctor asked Dr. Haygood to read the forty-second Psalm and a few verses of the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel by St. John. He then led the company in a comprehensive and touching prayer. After which he sang, first, the closing verse of his favorite hymn: 'Let me love thee more and more,' and then two verses of the hymn beginning, 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' and then called upon Dr. Potter to pray. The widow of the bishop, full of the joy of God and of human sorrow, and many of his children and grandchildren were present. Several persons remarked, as they went out into the hall, that it was the most glorious prayer-meeting they were ever in.

"Friday was fixed for the funeral services. Delegations came from Atlanta, Augusta, Macon, Warrenton, and from all other parts of the State. Trinity Church, Atlanta, sent a Bible made of tuberoses and jessamines, a beautiful white dove surmounting it. There was another of the same kind sent from Augusta.

"The funeral services were held in the spacious court-house. The village was draped in mourning—every hammer still, every store closed. The people of the county, black and

white, thronged the streets. The large auditorium of the court-house was crowded with hearers. The services were opened with reading the one hundred and third Psalm by Dr. Key, and a lesson from the New Testament by Dr. Mann; reading the hymn, 'Servant of God, well done,' by Brother Breedlove, an old pastor of the bishop's family. Dr. Potter led in a most touching and beautiful prayer, and then Dr. Haygood rose and announced his text. Immediately in front of the speaker was the family of the bishop. He has but one son, Lovick Pierce, Jr., and three daughters—Ella Turner, Claudia Middlebrooks, and Ann Harley. His grandchildren are numerous, and were here; and one of the most touching sights was the pale, sad face of the dear woman who for fifty years had been the joy of his life. The colored people crowded into every vacant space, and the old family servants were present to pay their last tribute.

"With such an audience before him it was not probable that Dr. Haygood should be other than deeply affected. He knew how Bishop Pierce loved him, and I hazard nothing in saying that the dead bishop was dearer to the preacher than any other man in the world. There was something beautiful in his taking as a motto for a biographical sketch a text Bishop Pierce had often preached from: 'No man liveth to himself—living or dying we are the Lord's.' The sermon was a masterpiece of its kind.

"After Dr. Haygood's sermon the report of the Nashville meeting was read, and Dr. McFerrin rose to speak.

"Forty-four years before John McFerrin, from Tennessee, and George Pierce, from Georgia, met in the General Conference at Baltimore. They were both young, not thirty years old, they had much in common, and they became intimate at once. When swords were crossed, and the clans were arrayed in 1844, they stood side by side. For near fifty years they had been bosom friends, and now the old Tennessean, snatched from the grave's mouth, came to drop a tear on his old friend's grave. His heart was full. He spoke with difficulty, for his voice was husky and his eyes

tearful. It was a beautiful tribute to a friendship of nearly fifty years. He wound up by saying, as the tears gushed from his eyes, 'Farewell, Brother Pierce, we will meet again before long on the plains of glory.'

"We bore him in sad procession to the graveyard of the village, and laid him to sleep."

My pages are full, and yet how much has been left unsaid. The whole land joined in the sorrow of the Church. General Toombs, with husky voice, told of his love for him. The New York Preachers' Meeting paid its tribute to him. Universities, conferences, assemblies, all united to pay honor to him. It is needless to introduce these.

In the village of Sparta resided the old-time friend of Bishop Pierce, William Stevens, an Englishman by birth. He asked the privilege of paying some tribute to the memory of his friend, and placed a beautiful tablet to his memory in the village church. Handsome portraits were placed in the chapels at Oxford and Macon. He had discouraged the idea of any costly monument over his grave, but when the Rev. J. W Roberts suggested that one should be erected there was a generous response from North and South. Mr. George I. Seney sent a generous contribution, and his old friends from all sections united and placed a handsome marble shaft over his grave in the Sparta Churchyard. It was the spontaneous offering of loving hearts North and South.

The best monument of the man is the life he lived; his deeds and words. If I have shown him as he was I have paid the best tribute to his memory. I would have been very glad to have given a place to some of the very many eulogies from pulpit and press, but my space forbids.

General Toombs said of him that he was the most symmetrical man he had ever known. The handsomest in person, the most gifted in intellect, and the purest in life.

Judge L. Q. C. Lamar said of him, that of all the great Georgians he considered him the first; and Governor Colquitt, who sat under his ministry in his youth, who entertained him at his home, who sat with him on boards of trustees, and

who was his cherished friend for many years, said that no man of any position in her whole history had ever done so much to mould the Georgia people, and had done so much to direct them in the right way, as Bishop George F. Pierce. A whole volume could not contain utterances such as these from all classes of our people. As he said beautifully of Bishop Capers, in his memorial sermon, "there were no sins to lament, no vices to deplore." From the school at Athens in 1827, to the grave in Sparta in 1884, his pathway had been that of the just, shining to a perfect day.

FINIS.